

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Continued

VOL. 13



SCULPTOR IN THE CAVERN'S GLEN.

One of the episodes of a dark story, into which this picture gave coloration, has brought a large party, found in a greater picture of natural decoration, —
 CHAS. DICK.

IVANHOE

A ROMANCE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.



EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

1870



*How fitted the ladies, now increased the sort,
And often well-bred, but mostly back to sport !"*

Pope.

THE Author of the Waverley Novels had hitherto presented in an unbroken course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed L'Esprit Ombre of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the reader was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for piquet added to his narrative. It was, however, obvious, that this kind of interest must in the end acquire a degree of sameness and repetition, if exclusively restricted to, and that the reader was likely at length to adopt the language of Edisto, in Parrot's Tale:—

——— " Remove the quill," he cries,
" And let it fairly new refine,
The pencil has been shown."

* This would allude to the Author returning to the stage especially after having taken leave.

Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts than to persist (if he can possibly persist it) in the character of a universalist in his studies, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of entering upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the authors of their pleasure, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the aversion usually passed by vulgar criticism upon authors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the sale of their art.

There is some justice in this opinion, at least always in so much as it affects general currency. It very often happens on this stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the natural qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be rendered exclusively of matter of thought, and powers of expression, which confines him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will claim for him success in another, and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition, than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his progress by any partiality of audience, or confirmation of power, proper for particular parts, or, by any peculiar mechanical habit of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Whether this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present author felt, that, in confining himself to subjects purely dramatic, he was not only likely to weary out the indulgence of his readers, but also greatly to limit his own power of affecting them pleasure. In a highly polished society, where so much genius is rapidly employed in catering for public amusement, a fresh topic, such as he had himself had the happiness to light upon, in the untried spring of the drama:—

How then their story and will it last.

But when man and horse, with, snake, and dragon-kind, have passed the spring into mud, it becomes indelicate to those who sit first drunk of it with eagerness; and he who had the merit of discovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with the tribe, must display his talents by a fresh discovery of untried fountains.

If the author, who finds himself limited in a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to those of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely to fail. If the vein is not wrought out, the strength and capacity of the mine become necessarily exhausted. If he closely revisits the resources which he has before rendered unprofitable, he is doomed to "wander that they please no more." If he struggles to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he speedily discovers that what is obvious, general, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the undesignable charm of novelty, he is forced upon artifice, and, in so doing, must become extravagant.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to comment on many reasons why the author of the *Swiss Family*, as they were then exclusively termed, should be desirous to make an experiment on a subject purely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, to have rendered the experiment as complete as possible, by bringing the intended work before the public as the effort of a new candidate for their favour, in order that no days of prejudice, whether favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a new production of the Author of *Waverley*; but this intention was afterwards dispirited from, for reasons to be hereafter mentioned.

The period of the narrative adopted was the reign of Richard I., not only as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as offering a striking contrast between the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still regarded us as a conquered, tributary nation. The idea of this contrast was taken from the vigorous and unfortunate Lopez's tragedy of *Barhamstead*, in which, about the same period of history, the author had seen the Saxon and Norman heroes opposed to each other on different sides of the stage. He does not recollect that there was any attempt to contrast the two races in their habits and sentiments; and indeed it was obvious, that history was violated by introducing the Saxons still existing as a high-civilized and martial race of nobles.

They still, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were exceptions to the humble condition of the race in general. It seemed to the author, that the existence of the two races in the same country,

the unexhausted distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the free spirit infused by their ancient institutions and laws; the others, by the high spirit of military fame, personal education, and valour, could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, might, interested with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the author should not fail on his part.

Lordship, however, had been of little use to exclusively as the scene of what is called *Historical Romance*, that the preliminary letter of Mr. Laurence Templeton became in some measure necessary. To this, as to an *Introduction*, the reader is referred, as expressing the author's purpose and opinion in undertaking this species of composition, under the necessary reservation, that he is far from thinking he has attained the point at which he aimed.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no idea or wish to pass off the supposed Mr. Templeton as a real person. But a kind of confirmation of the Title of my Lordship had been recently suggested by a stranger, and it was supposed this Defensatory Epistle might pass for some initiation of the same kind, and thus, putting inquiries upon a false scent, induce them to believe they had before them the work of some new candidate for their favour.

After a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the Publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, recommended strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and concluded that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of *Waverley*. The author did not make any delicate opposition, for he began to be of opinion with Dr. Wheler, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of "*Maneuvering*," that "*Truth upon Truth*," might be too much for the patience of an undisciplined public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour.

The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed confirmation of the *Waverley Novels*; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors.*

* Speaking of the manuscript of this novel, Mr. Lockhart says, that the portion written in the Author's own hand "appears not only as well and as fully completed as that of any of the Titles of My Lordship, but distinguished by having still fewer corrections and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragment is beautiful to look at—many pages together without one alteration. His, I suppose, superfluities to add, that as no instance had been written the piece before sent for it to the press. Whatever may have been the case with its poster, the world uniformly received the prime man of the novel." 7

Such associations as may be useful to assist the reader in comprehending the characters of the Jew, the Templar, the Captain of the mercenaries, or *Juan Cuspidemus*, as they were called, and others proper to the period, are added, but with a sparing hand, since sufficient information on these subjects is to be found in general history.

An incident in the tale, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of many readers, is more directly borrowed from the stores of old romance. I mean the meeting of the King with Friar Tuck at the cell of that famous hermit. The general tone of the story belongs to all lands and all countries, which circulate each other in describing the ramblings of a dissipated sovereign, who, going on search of information or amusement into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures deriving its reader or hearer from the constant interest the romancer's national appearance and his real character. The *Eastern Entertainer* has for his theme the dissipated expiations of *Haroun Alraschid*, with his faithful attendants *Haroor* and *Uglia*, through the midnight streets of *Bagdad*; and Scottish tradition dwells upon the amiable exploits of *James V.*, distinguished during such excursions by the travelling name of the *Goodman of Ballin-gogh*, or the *Commander of the Faithful*, when he destined to be interrogate, was known by that of *St. Dunbarton*. The French minstrels are not silent on so popular a theme. There must have been a Romance original of the Scottish material romance of *Rosy Collier*, in which *Charlemagne* is introduced as the valiantest peer of a character-man.* It seems to have been the original of other poems of the kind.

In merry England there is no end of popular ballads on this theme. The poem of *John the Duke, or Stewart*, mentioned by *Dalrymple* among the *Reliques of English Poetry*,† is said to have turned on such an incident; and we have, besides, the *King and the Tanner of Temworth*, the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*, and

* This very curious poem, long a desideratum in British literature, and given up as irretrievably lost, was lately brought to light by the discovery of the MS. in the *Advocate's Library*, and has been reprinted by Mr. *Scott Laing*, Edinburgh. ("The Fate of Rosy Collier, how he tumbled King Charley," is the first article in a volume containing *Selected Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*," *Edinb.*, 1850, 8vo. "Contributions to study in its more sophisticated," it was entitled by the editor in the *Walker* issue.)

† See vol. II. p. 146. (This important publication of the celebrated *Drum* MSS., in the series and original form, arranged by *Robert Blair and Francis*, 1850, includes *John the Duke* in ballad). It is an English poem in three parts, of the fifteenth century.]

others on the same topic. But the peculiar tale of this nature in which the author of *Jennibee* has to acknowledge an obligation is more marked by two features than any of these last mentioned.

It was first communicated to the public on that curious record of current literature, which has been accumulated by the combined exertions of *The Spectator*, *Punch* and *Mt. Vernon*, in the periodical work entitled the *British Bibliographist*. From thence it has been transferred by the Reverend Charles Henry Martineau, M.A., editor of a very curious volume, entitled, "Account Historical Tales, printed chiefly from original sources, 1653." Mr. Martineau gives no other authority for the present fragment except the article in the *Bibliographist*, where it is entitled the *Kyng and the Hermit*.^{*} A short abstract of its contents will show its similarity to the meeting of *King Richard and Peter Task*.

King Edward (we are not told which among the monarchs of that name, but, from his temper and habits, we may suppose *Edward IV.*) sits forth with his court in a golden hunting-meat in Sherwood Forest, in which, as it is not unusual for princes to remain, he falls on with a deer of extraordinary size and swiftness, and pursues it closely, till he has outstripped his whole retinue, fired and hounds and horns, and finds himself alone under the glare of an enormous forest, upon which night is descending. Under the apprehensive nature of a situation so uncomfortable, the king resolves that he has heard how good St. is, when apprehensive of a bad night's lodging, pray to Saint Julian, who, on the Druidical calendar, stands Quarter-Rogue-General to all fortune travellers that wander him the longest. Edward puts up his orisons accordingly, and by the goodness, doubtless, of the good Saint, makes a small path conducting him to a chapel in the forest, having a hermit's cell in the close vicinity. The King leaves the nearest man, with a companion of his willings, following his leads within, and manly requests of him quarters for the night. "I have no accommodations for such a lord as ye be," said the Hermit. "I live here on the wilderness upon roots and herbs, and may not venture into my dwelling over the poorest wretch that lives, unless it were to cure his life." The King inquires the way to the next town, and understanding it to be by a road which he cannot find without difficulty, even if he had daylight to lightened him, he

^{*} The fragment of *The Kyng and the Hermit*, as printed in a MS. in the Additions Collection of Oxford, was originally contributed to the *British Bibliographist*, vol. iv. p. 41, in 1816, by an eminent scholar, the Rev. Frederick J. F. Conybeare. Mr. Martineau had an opportunity of consulting the MS.

declared that, with or without the Herald's consent, he was determined to be his guest that night. He is admitted accordingly, and without a hint from the Herald, that were he himself out of his private needs he would care little for his share of being welcome, and that he gives way to him not out of indulgence, but simply to avoid scandal.

The King is admitted into the cell—two bundles of arms are placed down for his accommodation, and he comforts himself that he is now under shelter, and that

A night will soon be gone.

Other wants, however, arise. The guest becomes clamorous for supper, drinking,

*"For articles, as I you say,
I no had need to carry a day,
That I no had a merry night."*

But this indication of his taste for good cheer, joined to the recommendation of his being a follower of the Court, who had lost himself at the great hunting-match, cannot induce the wretched Herald to produce better fare than bread and cheese, for which his guest showed little appetite; and "this drink," which was even less acceptable. At length the King presses his host on a point to which he had more than once alluded without obtaining a satisfactory reply.

*Then said the King, "By God's grace,
There want is a merry place,
To shoot should there be,
When the fowls be so fat,
Somehow there might have of the best,
All of the wild deer;
I would hold it for no small,
Though there be but low and barren land,
Which there had a Prince."*

The Herald, in return, expresses his apprehension that his guest means to drag him into some confession of offence against the forest laws, which, being betrayed to the King, might cost him his life. Heward answers by fresh assurances of amity, and again urges on him the necessity of procuring some venison. The Herald replies by once more insisting on the duties incumbent upon him as a steward, and continues to assure himself free from all such breaches of order. —

"Many day I have here been,
 And fresh meat I eat every,
 But such of the life .
 Where they will, and go to sleep,
 And I will lay that with my cap,
 By the life."

It would seem that the manuscript is here imperfect, for we do not find the reasons which justify inducing the cardinal Prior to attend the King's cheer. But acknowledging his guest to be such a "good fellow" as has seldom graced his board, the holy man at length produces the best his cell affords. Two candles are placed on a table, white bread and baked pasties are displayed by the light, besides choice of venison, both salt and fresh, from which they select collage. "I might have eaten my bread dry," and the King, "had I not guessed that on the score of archery, but now here I drink like a prince—if we had but drink more."

Thus too is afforded by the hospitable ecclesiastic, who dispatches an assistant to fetch a pot of four gallons from a ward corner near his bed, and the whole three sit in to serious drinking. This amusement is superintended by the Prior, according to the custom of certain French courts, to be repeated by every competitor in turn before he drinks—a species of High Society, as it were, by which they regulated their potations, as toasts were given in latter times. The one takes up forty handles, to which the other is obliged to reply, strikes pastimes, and the Prior punts many juts on the King's count of money, who sometimes forgets the words of caution. The night is spent on this jolly pastime. Before his departure in the morning, the King invites his honored host to Court, promises at least to requite his hospitality, and expresses himself much pleased with his entertainment. The jolly Hermit at length agrees to venture thither, and to inquire for Jack Fletcher, which is the name assumed by the King. After the Hermit had shown Edward some feats of archery, the joyous pair separate. The King rides home, and rejoins his retinue. As the romance is imperfect, we are not apprised how the discovery takes place; but it is probably made in the same manner as in other narratives turning on the same subject, where the host, apprehensive of death for having betrayed on the report due to his sovereign, while incapable, is suddenly surprised by receiving honour and reward.

In Mr. Northcote's collection, there is a romance on the same

*Foundation, called King Edward and the Shepherd,** which, considered as illustrating manners, is still more curious than the *King and the Hermit*; but it is foreign to the present purpose. The reader has here the original legend from which the incident on the romance is derived; and the illustrating the *Irregular Romance* with the *First Book of Robin Hood's story*, was an obvious expedient.

The name of *Frankie* was suggested by an old rhyme. All woodlarks have had mention at some time or other in verse, with *Falstaff*, that they knew where a company of good women were to be had. On such an occasion the author claimed to tell to memory a rhyme recalling three names of the women profaned by the capture of the celebrated *Shepherd*, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

*Fring, Wing, and Frankie,
For striking of a blow
Shepherd did forge,
And just he would escape so.*

The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects, for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. His pretence is held that last quality is to be of no small importance. What is called a telling title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work as it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an ever fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the *Despenser Plot*, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be universally disposed to cast upon the author or the work, the unpleasant feelings that ensue. In such a case the literary adventurer is exposed, not for

* Like the *Parrot*, the *Shepherd* makes haste to escape the King's grace, but by means of a stag, not of a lion; like the *Parrot* too, he has his peculiar phrase of exculpation, the sign and counter-sign being *Penetration* and *Insultation*. One can scarce imagine what humor our ancestors found in this species of glitcheff, but

* I marked it proved an excuse for the gloss."

having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of.

On the footing of unvarnished communication which the author has established with the reader, he may here add the trifling circumstance, that a roll of Norman warriors, according to the *Archiviste* manuscript, gave him the formidable name of *Front-de-Pierre*.*

Jacques was highly successful upon his appearance, and may be said to have procured for its author the freedom of the Duke, since he has ever since been permitted to exercise his powers of fiction composition in England as well as Scotland.

The character of the fair Jeanne found as much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was concerned, because, when arranging the fate of the character of the dream, he had not assigned the hand of *Wifred* to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Emma. But, not to mention that the propensity of the age rendered such a union almost impossible,† the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to connect it with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romances, that virtues of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denial character is furnished with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Jacques, the reader will be apt to say, *virtue has had its reward*. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifices of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away.

Anniversary, 1st September 1825.

* *Mr. Walter Scott*, in his account of the *Archiviste* MSS. prefixed to his edition of the *Yvaine*, mentions that of *Rebecca* of *Norman*, *Barons* of *Norm*, &c. says, "some resemble *Wifred*, or *Wifred de la Roche*, *Front de Pierre*, &c."

† *Rebecca* & *Emma* were.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE

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THE REV. DOCTOR DRYASDUST, F.R.S.

RESIDING AT THE CASTLE GATE, YORK.

YOUR ESTEEMED AND DEAR SIR—It is scarcely necessary to mention the various and concurring reasons which induce me to place your name at the head of the following work. Yet the chief of these reasons may perhaps be supplied by the imperfections of the performance. Could I have hoped to render it worthy of your patronage, the public would at once have seen the propriety of ascribing a work designed to illustrate the domestic antiquities of England, and particularly of our *honourable* forefathers, to the learned author of the *Essays upon the Manners of King Charles*, and on the *Lords* patroned by him upon the patronage of St. Peter. I am conscious, however, that the slight, unsatisfactory, and trivial manner, in which the results of my antiquarian researches have been recorded in the following pages, takes the work from under that class which bears the proud motto, *Deus dignetur*. On the contrary, I fear I shall incur the censure of presumption in placing the venerable name of Dr. James Dryasdust at the head of a publication, which the more grave antiquary will perhaps class with the idle novels and romances of the day. I am anxious to vindicate myself from such a charge; for although I might trust to your friendship for an apology in your eyes, yet I could not willingly stand associated in those of the public of so gross a crime, as my share had me in ascribing my being charged with.

I must therefore remind you, that when we first talked over together that class of productions, in one of which the private and family affairs of your learned northern friend, Mr. Oldbuck of Montrose, were so respectfully exposed to the public, some discussion occurred between us concerning the cause of the popularity these works have

situated in the life age, which, whatever other merit they possess, must be admitted to be hastily written, and its violation of every rule assigned to the species. It seemed then to be your opinion, that the charm lay entirely in the art with which the unknown author had avoided blarney, like a second *M. Flaminio*, of the antiquarian trash which lay scattered around him, supplying his own confusion or poverty of resources, by the incidents which had actually taken place in his country at no distant period, by introducing real characters, and merely suppressing real names. It was not above thirty or twenty years, you observed, since the whole north of Scotland was under a state of government nearly as simple and as patriarchal as those of our good allies the Mohawks and Iroquois. Admitting that the author cannot himself be supposed to have witnessed these times, he must have lived, you observed, among persons who had acted and suffered in them, and even within those thirty years, such an inquiry always has taken place in the manners of Scotland, that men look back upon the habits of society proper to their immediate ancestors, as we do on those of the reign of Queen Anne, or even the period of the Revolution. Having these materials of every kind lying strewn around him, there was little, you observed, to embarrass the author, but the difficulty of choice. It was no wonder, therefore, that he very began to work a mine so plentiful, he should have derived from his works fully more credit and profit than the facility of his labours merited.

Admitting (as I could not deny) the general truth of these observations, I cannot but think it strange that no attempt has been made to make an interest for the traditions and manners of Old England, similar to that which has been obtained in behalf of those of our former and less celebrated neighbours. The English grain, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings, as the variegated texture of the north. The name of *Druid Ford*, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as true as that of *Red Bay*; and the patriots of England deserve no less their names in our modern circles, than the *Druids* and *Wallons* of Calabron. If the memory of the north be less remarkable and sublime than that of the southern mountains, it must be allowed to possess in the same proportion superior softness and beauty; and upon the whole, we feel ourselves entitled to censure with the patriotic System—"Are not *Flournois* and *Albion*, rivers of Domergue, better than all the rivers of Israel?"

Your objections to such an attempt, my dear Doctor, were, you may remember, twofold. You insisted upon the advantages which

the *Scotsman* journal, from the very recent existence of that state of society in which his name was to be read. Many were those, you remarked, well remembered persons who had not only seen the celebrated *Ray M'Drager*, but had fought, and even fought with him. All these remote circumstances belonging to private life and domestic character, all that gives universality to a narrative, and individuality to the persons introduced, is still known and remembered in Scotland; whereas in England, civilization has been so long complete, that our ideas of our ancestors are only to be gleaned from rusty records and chronicles, the authors of which seem generally to have imagined to suppress in their narrative all interesting details, in order to find room for flowers of rhetorical eloquence, or brief reflections upon morals. To assist an English and a Scottish author in the vital task of un-
 bedding and reviving the traditions of their respective countries, would be, you alleged, in the highest degree unequal and unjust. The Scottish magazine, you said, was, like *Lauren's* which, at liberty to walk over the rural field of battle, and to select for the subject of remembrance by his verses, a body whose limbs had recently perished with violence, and whose throat had but just uttered the last note of agony. Such a subject even the powerful *Bricklin* was compelled to select, as alone capable of being reanimated even by last potent magic—

— *gallies his arm'ds methinks,
 Pulveriz'd rigid sinews and calcin'd bones,
 Immov'd, as stones deposited on arid ground.*

The English author, on the other hand, without suppressing him last of a conqueror than the Northern *Macbeth*, can, you observed, only have the liberty of selecting his subject amidst the dust of antiquity, where nothing was to be found but dry, unpoetic, unadorned, and disjointed bones, such as those which filled the valley of *Jehovahabad*. You expressed, besides, your apprehension that the expatriate population of my countrymen would not allow fair play in such a work as that of which I endeavoured to demonstrate the probable success. And this, you said, was not entirely owing to the more general prejudice in favour of that which is foreign, but that it rested partly upon improbabilities, arising out of the circumstances in which the English reader is placed. If you describe to him a set of wild manners, and a state of primitive society existing in the Highlands of Scotland, he is much disposed to suppose in the truth of what is asserted. And reason good. If he be of the ordinary class of readers, he has either never seen these remote districts at all, or he has wandered through these desolate regions in the course of a summer

low, sitting and dreaming, sleeping on trouble beds, striving from dissipation to dissipation, and fully prepared to believe the strongest things that could be told him of a people, wild and adventurous enough to be attacked to victory in extraordinary. But the same worthy person, when placed in his own snug parlour, and surrounded by all the comforts of an Englishman's household, is not half so much disposed to believe that his own ancestors led a very different life from himself; that the shaded tower which now forms a view from his window, once held a haven who would have long kept him up at his own door without any form of trial; that the birds by whom his little perfume is wafted, a few centuries ago would have been his slaves; and that the complete influence of feudal tyranny was attended over the neighbouring villages, where the attorney is now a man of more importance than the lord of the manor.

While I own the force of these objections, I must confess, at the same time, that they do not appear to me to be altogether insurmountable. The continent of materials is indeed a formidable difficulty; but no one knows better than Dr. Dryden, that to those deeply read in antiquity, little concerning the private life of our ancestors lies scattered through the pages of our various historians, having, indeed, a slender proportion to the other matters of which they treat, but still, when collected together, sufficient to throw considerable light upon the various periods of our forefathers; indeed, I am convinced, that however I myself may fail in the coming attempt, yet, with more labour in collecting, or more skill in using, the materials within his reach, illustrated as they have been by the labours of Dr. Henry, of the late Mr. Strutt, and, above all, of Mr. Sharon Turner, no other hand would have been successful; and therefore I pushed forward against my argument which may be founded on the failure of the present experiment.

On the other hand, I have already said that if anything like a true picture of old English manners could be drawn, I would trust to the good nature and good sense of my countrymen for securing its favourable reception.

Having thus replied, to the best of my power, to the first class of your objections, or at least having shown my resolution to surmount the barrier which your goodness has raised, I will be brief in writing that which is more peculiar to myself. It seemed to be your opinion that the very office of an antiquary, employed in prose, and, as the vulgar will sometimes allege, in tedious and minute research, must be considered as incompatible with successfully composing a tale of this sort. But permit me to say, my dear Doctor, that

this objection is rather formal than substantial. It is true that such slighter compositions might not suit the *more quietus* of our friend Mr. Colclach. Yet *Horace Walpole* wrote a public letter which has floated through many a house; and *George Ellis* could transfer all the playful fascination of a *hamlet*, as delightful as it was uncommon, into his *Abdulgami* of the *Arabic Historical Romance*. So that, however I may have occasion to rue my present volubility, I have at least the most respectable precedents in my favour.

Still the more antiquary may think that, by thus intermingling fiction with truth, I am polluting the well of history with modern inventions, and impressing upon the rising generation false ideas of the age which I describe. I cannot but in some sense admit the force of this reasoning, which I yet hope to traverse by the following considerations.

It is true that I neither can nor do pretend to the character of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. But the same motive which prevents my writing the *dialogues* of the piece in English or in German-French, and which prohibits my sending forth in the public this essay printed with the types of *Genes* or *Weyden de Wards*, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period in which my story is laid. It is necessary for existing interest of any kind that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language, of the age in which we live on. No fascination has ever been attached to Oriental literature, equal to that produced by Mr. Galland's first translation of the *Arabian Tales*: in which, retaining on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the wildness of Eastern fiction, he mixed these with just as much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible, while he abridged the unwieldy narratives, rectified the monstrous repetitions, and rejected the endless repetitions, of the Arabian original. The tales, therefore, though less purely Oriental than in their first recension, were exclusively better fitted for the European market, and obtained an unequalled degree of public favour, which they certainly would never have gained had not the manners and style been in some degree familiarized to the feelings and habits of the Western reader.

In point of justice, therefore, to the multitude who will, I trust, devour this book with avidity, I have as far explained our manner of writing in modern language, and as far detailed the character and statements of my persons, that the modern reader will not find himself, I should hope, much troubled by the regulative dryness of mere

tear, eating hot dinners, sleeping on trundle beds, shelling peas, devotion to devotion, and fully prepared to believe the strongest things that could be told him of a people, wild and extravagant enough to be attached to scenery as extraordinary. But the same morning passed, when placed in his own snug parlour, and surrounded by all the comforts of an Englishman's house, he was half as much disposed to believe that his own country led a very different life from himself; that the distressed tower which now forms a vista from his window, once held a haron who would have kept him up at his own door without any form of trial; that the bludge by whom his little paragon is managed, a few centuries ago would have been his slave; and that the complete ignorance of feudal history once extended over the neighbouring villages, where the attorney is now a man of more importance than the lord of the manor.

While I saw the force of these objections, I must confess, at the same time, that they do not appear to me to be altogether insurmountable. The scarcity of materials is indeed a formidable difficulty; but no one knows better than Dr. Dugdale, that in those deeply read in antiquity, hints concerning the private life of our ancestors lie scattered through the pages of our various historians, bearing, indeed, a slender proportion to the other matters of which they treat, but still, when collected together, sufficient to throw considerable light upon the various points of our forefathers; indeed, I am convinced, that however I myself may fail in the arduous attempt, yet, with more labour in collecting, or more skill in using, the materials within his reach, illustrated as they have been by the labours of Dr. Henry, of the late Mr. Strutt, and, above all, of Mr. Daines Turner, an older hand would have been successful; and therefore I protest beforehand against any argument which may be founded on the failure of the present experiment.

On the other hand, I have already said that if anything like a true picture of old English manners could be drawn, I would trust to the good nature and good sense of my countrymen for insuring its favourable reception.

Having thus replied, to the best of my power, to the first class of your objections, or at least having shown my readiness to surmount the barriers which your goodness has raised, I will be brief in mentioning that which is more peculiar to myself. It seemed to be your opinion that the very office of an antiquary, employed in prose, and, as the vulgar will sometimes allege, in tedious and unvaried research, must be considered as incompatible with manfully compressing a tale of this sort. But permit me to say, my dear Esther, that

this objection is rather formal than substantial. It is true that such slighter comparisons might not suit the *severe tastes* of our friend Mr. Gifford. Yet Horace Walpole wrote a *gothic tale* which has thrilled through many a bosom; and George Eliot could transfer all the playful fascination of a *novel*, as delightful as it was common, into his Abolishment of the Ancient Historical Romance. So that, however I may have occasion to run my present analogy, I leave at least the most respectable grounds in my favour.

Still the more antiquary may think that, by thus intermingling fiction with truth, I am polluting the well of history with modern speculations, and impressing upon the rising generation false ideas of the age which I describe. I cannot but be aware even of the force of this reasoning, which I yet hope to remove by the following considerations.

It is true that I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of *antiquarian costume*, much less in the more important points of language and manners. But the same motive which prevents my writing the *dialogues* of the poets in English-Saxon or in Norman-French, and which prohibits my writing forth to the public this story printed with the types of Gutter or Wycherley de Words, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period in which my story is laid. It is necessary for every interest of my kind that the subject presented should be, as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language, of the age we live in. No justification has ever been attached to Oriental literature, equal to that produced by Mr. Gifford's first translation of the *Arabian Tales*; in which, retaining on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the *artfulness* of Eastern fiction, he united these with just as much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible, while he abridged the long-winded narratives, curtailed the monstrous reflections, and rejected the needless repetitions, of the Arabian original. The tale, therefore, though less purely Oriental than in their first conception, were immensely better fitted for the European market, and obtained an universal degree of public favour, which they certainly could never have gained had not the manners and style been in some degree familiarised to the feelings and habits of the Western reader.

In point of matter, therefore, to the multitude who will, I trust, devour this book with avidity, I have as far explained our ancient manners in modern language, and as far detailed the characters and sentiments of my persons, that the modern reader will not find him-
self, I should hope, much troubled by the repulsive degrees of mere

antiquity. In this, I expressly stated, I have in no respect modelled the four letters due to the author of a fictitious composition. The late impression Mr. Smith, in his remembrance of *Queen-Hen-Hall*,^{*} added upon another principle; and in distinguishing between what was ancient and modern, forgot, as it appears to me, that whatever natural growth, the large proportion, that is, of manners and customs which are common to us and to our ancestors, having been handed down unaltered from them to us, or which, arising out of the principles of our common nature, must have existed while in either state of society. In this manner a man of talent, and of great antiquarian erudition, limited the popularity of his work by excluding from it every thing which was not sufficiently obsolete to be altogether forgotten and unimelligible.

The lesson which I would have indicated, is so necessary to the execution of my plan, that I will cross your patience while I illustrate my argument a little further.

He who first opens Chaucer, or any other ancient poet, is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, multiplied circumstances, and unexpected appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay the work down in despair, as unwritten for him with the rest of antiquity, to prevent his judging of its merits or testing its beauties. But if some intelligent and accomplished friend points out to him, that the difficulties by which he is startled are more in appearance than reality, if, by reading aloud to him, or by reducing the ordinary words to the modern orthography, he perceives that only about one-fourth part of the words employed are in fact obsolete, the novice may be easily persuaded to approach the "cell of English undressed," with the certainty that a slender degree of patience will enable him to enjoy both the humour and the pathos with which old Geoffrey delighted the age of Chaucer and of Spenser.

To pursue this a little further. If our examples, strong in the man-born love of antiquity, were to undertake to imitate what he had learnt to admire, it must be allowed he would not very judiciously, if he were to select from the Glossary the obsolete words which it contains, and employ those exclamations of all phrases and maxims retained in modern days. This was the error of the unfortunate Chatterton. In order to give his language the appearance of antiquity, he rejected every word that was modern, and produced a dialect entirely distinct from any that had ever been spoken in Great Britain. He who would imitate an ancient language with success, must attend rather

^{*} The Author last visited his posthumous work of Mr. Smith, the General Preface to the present edition, vol. i. p. 20.

in its grammatical character, form of expression, and mode of arrangement, than labour to collect extraordinary and antiquated terms, which, as I have already observed, do not in ancient authors approach the number of words still in use, though perhaps somewhat altered in sense and spelling, in the properties of one to ten.

What I have applied to language, is still more justly applicable to sentiments and manners. The passions, the sources from which ideas must spring in all their manifestations, are generally the same in all ranks and conditions, all countries and ages; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the opinions, habits of thinking, and actions, however influenced by the peculiar state of society, must still, upon the whole, bear a strong resemblance to each other. Our ancestors were not more distant from us, rarely, than Jews are from Christians; they had "ages, lands, organs, dispositions, senses, affections, passions;" were "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer," as ourselves. The *feelings*, therefore, of their affections and feelings, must have been the same general properties to our own.

It follows, therefore, that if the materials, which an author has to use in a romance, or fictitious composition, such as I have ventured to attempt, he will find that a great property, both of language and manner, is in proper to the present time as to those in which he has laid his time of action. The freedom of choice which this allows him, is therefore much greater, and the difficulty of his task much more diminished, than at first appears. To take an illustration from a sister art, the anticipations which may be said to represent the peculiar features of a landscape under delineation of the pencil. His *factual* time must arise in due captivity; the *figures* which he introduces must have the costume and character of their age; the *pace* must represent the peculiar features of the scene which he has chosen for his subject, with all its appropriate elevation of rock, or precipitous descent of water. His *general* colouring, too, must be copied from nature: The sky must be clouded or sunny, according to the climate, and the general tints must be those which prevail on a natural landscape. As for the painter to be bound down by the rules of his art, to a precise imitation of the features of nature; but it is not required that he should debase to copy all her more minute features, or represent with absolute accuracy the very bark, flower, and tree, with which the spot is decorated. These, as well as all the more minute points of light and shadow, are attributes proper to

memory in general, referred to each situation, and subject to the artist's disposal, as his taste or pleasure may dictate.

It is true, that this license is confined to other men written in humane bounds. The painter must introduce no ornament inconsistent with the climate or country of his landscapes; he must not plant agaves from Spain *Jack-Hornia*, or Scotch firs among the ruins of *Paragolis*; and the author has under a corresponding restriction. However far he may venture in a more full detail of passions and feelings, there is to be found in the ancient compositions which he imitates, he must introduce nothing inconsistent with the manners of the age; his insights, squares, pyramids, and pyramids, may be more fully drawn than in the hard, dry delineations of an ancient theoretical manuscript, but the character and costume of the age must remain unaltered; they must be the same figures, drawn by a later pencil, or in speech more modestly, created in an age when the principles of art were better understood. His language must not be exclusively obsolete and unintelligible; but he should admit, if possible, no word or turn of phraseology betraying an origin directly modern. It is one thing to make use of the language and sentiments which are common to ourselves and our forefathers, and it is another to crowd them with the sentiments and dialect exclusively proper to their descendants.

This, my dear friend, I have found the most difficult part of my task; and, to speak frankly, I hardly expect to satisfy your long-ported judgment, and more extensive knowledge of such subjects, since I have hardly been able to please my own.

I am conscious that I shall be found still more faulty in the tone of language and costume, by those who may be disposed rigidly to examine my Tale, with reference to the manners of the most period in which my actors flourished: It may be, that I have introduced little which can justly be termed modern; but, on the other hand, it is extremely probable that I may have expressed the manners of two or three centuries, and introduced, during the reign of Richard the First, circumstances appropriated to a period either considerably earlier, or a period still later than that era. It is my comfort, that errors of that kind will escape the general class of readers, and that I may share in the ill-deserved applause of those artists, who, in their modern Gothic, do not hesitate to introduce, without rule or method, ornaments proper to different styles and to different periods of the art. Those whose extensive researches have given them the means of judging my backslidings with more severity, will probably be lenient in proportion to their knowledge of the difficulty of my

book. My honest and neglected friend, Zephylus, has furnished me with many a valuable hint; but the light afforded by the Monk of Croydon, and Geoffrey de Pinesoff, is dimmed by such a conglomeration of uninteresting and unintelligible matter, that we gladly fly for relief to the delightful pages of the gallant Periwinkle, although he flourished at a period so much more remote from the date of my history. If, therefore, my dear friend, you have generosity enough to pardon the presumptuous attempt to frame for myself a novelised account, partly out of the pearls of pure antiquity, and partly from the trivial stories and poets, with which I have endeavored to enliven them, I am convinced your opinion of the difficulty of the task will reconcile you to the imperfect manner of its execution.

Of my materials I have but little to say: They may be chiefly found in the singular Anglo-Norman MS. which Sir Arthur Wotton preserved with such jealous care in the Ward room of his nation's cabinet, scarcely allowing any one to touch it, and being himself not able to read one syllable of its contents. I should never have got his consent, on my visit to Scotland, to read in those precious pages for so many hours, had I not promised to dispose of it by some emphatic mode of printing, as *The Relations Manuscript*: giving it, thereby, an individuality as important as the *Beowulf* MS., the *Ardenhol* MS., and any other monument of the patience of a Gothic scribe. I have said, for your private consideration, a list of the contents of this curious piece, which I shall perhaps oblige, with your approbation, in the third volume of my Tale, in case the printer's devil should continue impatient for copy, when the whole of my narrative has been composed.

Adding, my dear friend; I have said enough to explain, if not to vindicate, the attempt which I have made, and which, in spite of your doubts, and my own incapacity, I am still willing to believe has not been altogether made in vain.

I hope you are now well recovered from your spring fit of the gout, and shall be happy if the advice of your learned physicians should recommend affluence to those parts. Several operations have been lately dug up near the wall, as well as at the ancient station of *Malden*. Talking of the latter, I suppose you have long since heard the news, that a silly dandrish baron has destroyed the ancient statue, or rather her-relief, popularly called *Queen of Rotherhithe*. It seems *Rolun's* fame attracted more violence than was consistent with the growth of the heather, upon a more worth a skilling an acre. *Reverend* as you would yourself, be successful for once, and give word me that he may be visited with such a fit of the stone, as if he had

all the fragments of poor Robin in that region of his shores where the storm holds its seat. Tell this out in truth, but the Scots rejoice that they have at length found a parallel instance among their neighbours, in that barbarous deed which desecrated Arthur's Tomb.* That there is no end to immolation, when we belabour ourselves to such subjects. My respectful compliments attend Miss Dryden†; I endeavoured to match the specimen acceptable to her commission, during my late journey to London, and hope she has received them safe, and found them satisfactory. I send thee by the blood carrier, so that probably it may be some time upon its journey.‡ The last news which I hear from Edinburgh is, that the gentleman who fills the situation of Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,§ is the best amateur antiquarian in that kingdom, and that much is expected from his skill and zeal in delivering those specimens of national antiquity, which are either mouldering under the slow touch of time, or swept away by modern taste, with the same havoc of destruction which John Knox used at the Reformation. Once more adieu; take thanks, and remember me. Adieu and so be,

Respectfully, and very dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

LAWRENCE TEMPLETON.

TOOTHMOUTH, NEAR BARNABURGH. |
 CUMBERLAND, Nov. 15, 1815. |

* Arthur's Tomb, or Cross, a considerable barrow, belonging to the parish of Eastert, Northampton, was pulled down in 1718, and the stones used in repairing a neighbouring mill-race.

† This antiquarian proved but too true, as my learned correspondent did not receive my letter until a fortnight after it was written. I mention this circumstance, that a gentleman attached to the cause of learning, like Francis Harding, who now holds the principal control of the post-office, may consider whether by some mitigation of the present excessive rates, some thing might not be done to the correspondence of the principal literary and antiquarian societies. I understood, indeed, that this experiment was now tried, but that the mail coach bearing letters down under the weight of postage addressed to members of the Society of Antiquaries, it was anticipated as a tremendous experiment. Surely, however, it would be possible to hold these vehicles in a more secure and sustained stage-way to the post, and besides in the wheels, so as to support the weight of antiquarian learning; when, if they should be found to travel successfully, they would be not the less agreeable to equal travellers (the sequel).—Ed. T.

‡ Mr. Thomas of Edinburgh is now detained, so that I have not still the letter to include the various articles of drawings, exhibiting the various localities alluded to in these Novels. [1825.]



Thus consumed time ; within its ivory door,
 The dull but silent statue with craning form ;
 Gaze'd'st, reluctant, to the several stars,
 With fit obsequies, and vegetable urns.

Pope's *Corinth*.

In this pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wincobilla Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley ; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses ; and here also flourished in ancient times these bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of inordinate oppres-

dom. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the presence of Henry the Second had again reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient licence in its utmost extent ; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of Bishops, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national councils which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franchises, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now extremely precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose, but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was as dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of irritation and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inefficient conduct, and to the arms of the king.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the claims of triumph, while the other groined under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our

lateral assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxons princes and nobles had been exterminated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the Norman great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as constituting the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monuments of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the class, and many others equally unknown to the militer and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the minds of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was needed, Norman-French was the only language employed, in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of shew, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who have no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded between the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the northern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or conquest, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second, yet the great national distinctions between them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest

had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Romans and the vanquished Britons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-tailed, wide-browed oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiers, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greenward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as twice to interrupt the level beams of the setting sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the harmony of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of almost solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and many trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rights of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Stones stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character, which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form, unguessed, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This principal vestment reached from the throat to

the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred, that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient kilt-belt. Bands, bound with thongs made of bear's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of this leather was twisted artificially around the legs, and ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the wrists by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scarp, and to the other a ram's horn, accented with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buckle-bone handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and have even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and smoothed by the influence of the sun into a rusty golden colour, forming a contrast with the evergreen beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or asher hue. One part of his dress only remained, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and secured fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be impossible of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Runic characters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Guth, the son of Boorwicht, is the born thral of Gud's of Rothwood."

Beside the swiftness, for such was Guth's occupation, was noted, upon one of the fallen Dracledon monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all

around him, its width, contrasted with its rest of length, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had then silver hose-lets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wanda, the son of Winton, is the thief of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of amulets with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were encased in a suit of garters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff band of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned sightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern house. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crowed, half-cowering expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic slaves or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedious of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a strip, attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class where it is esteemed dangerous to interest with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sort of sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wanders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the one, or bondman, was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there glimmered, under the appearance of sullen dependency, a sense of opposition, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wanda, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and filigree impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue

which they maintained between them was called as in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the entire class, excepting the Norman soldiers, and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation.

"The curse of St. Withold upon these infernal perfomers!" said the wretched, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of leech-mast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the smoky haunts of the forest, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper. "The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!" said Gorth; "if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Hark, Fange! Fange!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice in a ragged wolfish-looking dog, a sort of harrier, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran leaping about as if with the purpose of searching his master in collecting the refractory grazers; but which, in fact, from inapprehension of the wretched's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice personæ, only drove them farther and farther, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy. "A devil drove the teeth of him," said Gorth, "and the mother of mischief rebuked the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the throats off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade!" "Wanka, up and help me as thou best a man; take a turn round the back of the hill to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage, then may'st drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wanka, without stirring from the spot, "I have committed my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unkindness to my sovereign person, and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gorth, I advise thee to call off Fange, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with herds of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted

* Note B. Ranger of the Forest.

into Normans before morning, to lay no small strain and constraint."

"The strain turned Norman to my comfort," quoth Girth, "exposed that to me, Wanda, for my heart is too dull, and my head too weak, to read riddles."

"Why, how will you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wanda.

"Swine, dog, swine," said the lady; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the pastor; "but how will you the cow when she is fayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Fork," answered the retainer.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wanda; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles, what dost thou think of this, blind Girth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, blind Wanda, however it go into thy dull's pore."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wanda in the same tone, "there is old Alderman On continue to hold his Saxon apparel while he is under the charge of wife and householders such as thou, but becomes fool, a dory French gallant, when he arrive before the vanguard of jays that are destined to conquer Sir. Mythen Cold, too, becomes Monsieur De Vaux in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires teaching, and takes a Norman name when he becomes master of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Girth, "thou speakest but not truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been tainted with much heresies, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the trials they lay upon our shoulders. The fleet and the fittest is for their bond, the lowliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their design masters with soldiers, and winter distant lands with their homes, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our master Gorbic, he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap; but Reginald Frost-in-Snow is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Gorbic's trouble will avail him.—Now, here," he exclaimed again, raising

his voice, "So ho! so ho! well done, Fanga! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Guth," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One used to Reginald Foul-de-Blood or Philip de Melroise, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman—and thou art but a ordinary retainer—thou wouldst wear as one of these iron as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Nay, thou wouldst not betray me," said Guth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage!"

"Betray thee!" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself—but soft, where have we here?" he said, listening to the tramping of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Guth, who had now got his head before him, and, with the aid of Fanga, was driving them down one of the long dim vaults which we have endeavored to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wanda; "perhaps they are come from Fairy-land with a message from King Oberon."

"A merry tale thou," rejoined the retainer; "with them talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us! Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rains, I never saw such broad down-pour! that drops fall out of the clouds, the cold, too, notwithstanding the midn weather, ask and crack with their great tongues as if announcing a tempest. These must play the mischief if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us hasten to the store before we rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wanda seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Norman strode hastily down the first glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fanga, the whole herd of his numerous charge.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A Monk there was, a Sayer for the nation,
 An adviser that loved reason;
 A ready man, to be on either side,
 Full many a debate there had he to abide;
 And when he rode, men might his bells hear
 Chattering in a whistling wind so clear,
 And also in truth, on such the chapel bell,
 There as this Land was deeper of the well.

CHAPMAN.

HOWEVER, amidst the occasional ebullience and chiding of his companion, the man of the horseman's feet continuing to approach, Wanda could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, upon every pretence which occurred; now catching from the forest a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to hear after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horseman, therefore, soon overtook them on the road.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the position and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Claretian monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungainly folds, around a handsome, though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore an Hâle the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the post-horne of his eye, that sly, suspicious twinkle which indicates the cunning voluptuary. In other respects, his profane and satirical had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured, social indulgence. In defiance of canonical rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much

polished upon and ornamented, as that of a Quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, contrives to give to her simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of respectable attention, answering but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well-dol saddle, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convert, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating saddle, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for his use on other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and hangings of this superior palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage, and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the convulsion.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bone, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to do a thousand more. His head was covered with a musket cap, fixed with fur—of that kind which the French call *warrior*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted warrior. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to inspire a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to shimmer after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the audi-

ness with which the upper lip and its thick black mustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes, told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exercise of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured on the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was to a slight and partial degree distorted.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long masculine mantle; but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a short, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plated and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking-loom, and of less elaborate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by spalls, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail-hose, reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

His rode, not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully armed for battle, with a chamber or plumed head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short bottle-case, richly inlaid with Damascus carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and head of mail, with a long two-handed sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banner, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that emblazoned upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered

with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the jewels from being seen.

These two equesters were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages, white turbans, and the Oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant Eastern country.* The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and barbarous; the dress of his equesters was gorgeous, and his Eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the former were naked from the elbow, and the latter from mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and opulence of their master; forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked swords, having the hilt and habits inlaid with gold, and enriched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore on his saddlebow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet preserved in the martial exercises called *Al Javel*, still practised in the Eastern countries.

The steeds of these attendants were in appearance as fierce as their riders. They were of Saracen origin, and consequently of Arabian descent; and their fine slender limbs, small skulls, thin noses, and very springy motion, formed a marked contrast with the large-plated heavy horses, of which the race was cultivated in Flanders and in Normandy, the favourite man-steeds of the period in all the provinces of plate and mail; and which, placed by the side of these Eastern creatures, might have passed for a perversion of substance and of shape.

The singular appearance of the cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the prior of Jorweth's Abbey, well known for many miles round as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if these did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows.

Yet so loose were the ideas of the times respecting the conduct of the clergy, whether secular or regular, that the Prior Agner maintained a fair character in the neighbourhood of his

* Note G. Page 34 verso.

abbey. His free and jovial temper, and the readiness with which he granted absolution from all ordinary delinquencies, rendered him a favourite among the nobility and principal gentry, to several of whom he was allied by birth, being of a distinguished Norman family. The ladies, in particular, were not disposed to see too nicely the morals of a man who was a professed adviser of their sex, and who possessed many means of dispelling the tedium which was too apt to intrude upon the halls and bowers of an ancient feudal castle. The Prior mingled in the sports of the field with more than due eagerness, and was allowed to possess the best trained hawks and the finest greyhounds in the North Riding,—circumstances which strongly recommended him to the youthful gentry. With the old, he had another part to play, which, when needed, he could sustain with great decorum. His knowledge of books, however superficial, was sufficient to inspire upon their ignorance respect for his supposed learning, and the gravity of his deportment and language, with the high tone which he exerted in setting forth the authority of the church and of the priesthood, impressed them no less with an opinion of his sanctity. Even the common people, the poorest cotters of the conduct of their houses, had communication with the father of Prior Aymur. He was generous; and charity, as it is well known, overflows a multitude of men, in another sense than that in which it is used to do so in Scripture. The revenues of the monastery, of which a large part was at his disposal, while they gave him the means of supplying his own very considerable expenses, afforded also those largesses which he bestowed among the peasantry, and with which he frequently relieved the distresses of the oppressed. If Prior Aymur rode hard in the chase, or remained long at the banquet,—if Prior Aymur was seen, at the early peep of dawn, to enter the portern of the abbey, as he glided home from some rendezvous which had occupied the hours of darkness, men only shrugged up their shoulders, and reascribed themselves to his irregularities by reflecting that the same were practised by many of his brethren who had no redeeming quality whatsoever to atone for them. Prior Aymur, therefore, and his character, were well known to our Saxon seck, who made their rule strictness, and received his "*broðir, was þu,*" as return.

But the singular appearance of his companion and his attendance arrested their attention and excited their wonder, and they

could scarcely attend to the Prior of Formale's question, when he demanded if they knew of any place of halting-place in the vicinity; so much were they surprised at the half-mountain, half-military appearance of the courtly stranger, and at the unusual dress and air of his Eastern attendants. It is probable, too, that the language in which the benediction was conferred, and the information asked, sounded unpleasant, though not probably unintelligible, in the ears of the Swiss peasants.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior, raising his voice, and using the *largo Franco*, or mixed language, in which the German and Swiss men conversed with each other, "if there be in this neighbourhood any good man, who, for the love of God, and devotion to Mother Church, will give two of her humblest servants, with their train, a night's hospitality and refreshment?"

This he spoke with a tone of conscious importance, which formed a strong contrast to the modest terms which he thought it proper to employ.

"Two of the humblest servants of Mother Church!" repeated Wanda to himself,—but, still as he was, taking care not to make his observation audible; "I should like to see her disciples, her chief butlers, and her other principal domestics!"

After this internal commentary on the Prior's speech, he raised his eyes, and replied to the question which had been put.

"If the reverend fathers," he said, "loved good cheer and soft lodging, few places of refuge would carry them to the Priory of Brunnwirth, where their quality could not but secure them the most honourable reception; or, if they preferred spending a penitential evening, they might turn down yonder wild glade, which would bring them to the hermitage of Oepenshaw, where a pious anchorit would make them sleep for the night of the shelter of his roof and the benefit of his prayers."

The Prior shook his head at both proposals.

"Nun lassen stand," said he, "if the jangling of thy bells had not damped their understanding, those nighters have known Christian duties now dormant. But in to say, we churchmen do not exhaust each other's hospitality, but rather require that of the laity, giving them thus an opportunity to serve God in honouring and relieving his appointed servants."

"It is true," replied Wanda, "that I, being but an am, am, nevertheless, honoured to hear the bells as well as your reverend's

male; notwithstanding, I did conceive that the charity of Mother Church and her servants might be said, with other charity, to begin at home."

"A trace to thine residence, fellow," said the armed rider, breaking in on his protest with a high and stern voice, "and tell us, if thou canst, the road to——How called you your President, Prior Aymer?"

"Celris," answered the Prior; "Celris the Saxon.—Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gerth, who looks silence for the first time, "and the family of Celris retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow," said the military rider, "We may for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gerth, mildly, "if I should show the way to my master's house, to those who demand as a right the shelter which most are free to ask as a favour."

"Do you dispute with me, slave?" said the soldier; and, sitting apart to his horse, he cursed him, making a denudato across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gerth darted at him a savage and revengeful smile, and with a fierce, yet hesitating motion, laid his hand on the hilt of his knife; but the interference of Prior Aymer, who pushed his noble heretofore his companion and the reinsward, prevented the meditated violence.

"Nay, by St. Mary, brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens; we islanders love not slaves, nor those of holy Church, who chasteneth whom she loveth.—Tell me, good fellow," said he to Wamba, and succeeded his speech by a small piece of silver coin, "the way to Celris the Saxon's; you cannot be ignorant of it, and it is your duty to direct the wanderer even when his character is less sanctified than ours."

"In truth, venerable father," answered the Auster, "the Saxon head of your right reserved companion has frightened

out of mine the way home—I can not say I shall get there to-night myself."

"Yea," said the Abbot, "then must tell us of thee yet. This renowned brother has been all his life engaged in fighting among the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, he is of the order of Knights Templars, whom you may have heard of, he is half a monk, half a soldier."

"If he is but half a monk," said the Foster, "he should not be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets upon the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that so very concern them."

"I forgive thy wit," replied the Abbot, "on condition thou wilt show me the way to Colrice's manse."

"Well, then," answered Wamba, "your reverences must hold on this path till you come to a stubble cross, of which scarce a mile's length remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Stubble Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser, and the cardinals, sitting apart to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night storm. As their horses' heads died away, Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow thy wise direction, the renowned fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night."

"No," said the Foster, grinning, "but they may reach Staffeld; if they have good luck, and that is no ill a place for them. I am not so bad a woodman as to show the dog where the deer lies, if I have no mind he should chase him."

"Thou art right," said Gurth; "I was ill that Aymer saw the Lady Rowena; and it were worse, it may be, for Colrice to guess, as it must likely he would, with this military rank, that, like good servants, let us hear and see, and say nothing."

We return to the riders, who had soon left the footmen far behind them, and who maintained the following conversation in the Norman-French language, usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the few who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent.

"What reason these fellows by their capricious madness?" said the Templar to the Benedictine, "and why did you prevent me from chastising it?"

"Marry, brother Bala,," replied the Prior, "teaching the one

of them, it were hard for me to render a reason for a fact speaking according to his folly; and the other chest is of that strange, fierce, impenetrable race, some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Spaniards, and whose supreme pleasure it is to lustily, by all means in their power, their enemies to their conquerors."

"I would soon have lost him into courtesy," observed Brian, "I am accustomed to deal with such spirits. Our Turkish captives are as fierce and impenetrable as Odin himself could have been; yet two months in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, subservient, servicable, and obedient of your will. Marry, sir, you must beware of the poison and the dagger; for they are either with due will when you give them the slightest opportunity."

"Ay, but," answered Prior Aymor, "every head has its own reasons and fashions; and besides that boasting that fellow could procure us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house, it would have been sure to have established a quarrel between you and him had we found our way thither. Remember what I told you, this worthy Franklin is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable; a withholder of the selling, and even of his neighbours, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and Philip Malvoisin, who are no babes to strive with. He stands upon strongly for the privilege of his race, and is so proud of his uninterrupted descent from Horsaard, a renowned champion of the Haploachy, that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon; and makes a boast of his belonging to a people from whom many others endeavour to hide their descent, lest they should encounter a share of the misdeeds, or avenging imposed upon the vanquished."

"Prior Aymor," said the Templar, "you are a man of gallantry, learned in the study of beauty, and as expert as a translation in all matters concerning the arts of love; but I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Horsaard, to counterbalance the self-dread and self-consciousness which I must exert, if I am to court the favour of such a selfless child as you have detached her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," replied the Prior, "and is but of remote relation, she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to, and is but distantly connected with him by birth. Her guardian, however, he is, self-constituted as I believe; but his word is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her

beauty you shall soon be judge; and if the purity of her complexion, and the majestic, yet soft expression of a mild blue eye, do not chase from your memory the black-haired girls of Palestine, or, the houses of old Mahomet's paradise, I am an infidel and no true son of the church."

"Should your boasted beauty," said the Templar, "be weighed in the balance and found wanting, you know our wage?"

"My gold collar," answered the Prior, "against ten baths of Chios wine;—they are more as usual, as if they were already in the current trade, under the key of old Darius the collarer."

"And I am myself to be the judge," said the Templar, "and am only to be corrected on my own admission, that I have seen no maiden so beautiful since Pentecost was a twelvemonth. Run it not to!—Prior, your collar is in danger, I will wear it over my girdle in the face of Ashby-de-la-Southe."

"Woe it fasty," said the Prior, "and wear it as ye will; I will trust your giving true response, on your word as a knight and as a churchman. Yet, brother, take my advice, and fit your tongue to a little more courtesy than your habits of prisonmaster over tithed captives and Eastern bondsmen have accustomed you. Ours is the Sacre, if offended,—and he is no way slack in taking offence,—is a man who, without respect to your knighthood, my high office, or the sanctity of either, would clear his house of us, and send us to lodge with the larks, though the hour were midnight. And he would have you look on Rowena, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care; as he takes the least alarm in that quarter, we are but lost men. It is said he banished his only son from his family for lifting his eye in the way of affection towards this beauty, who may be worshipped, it seems, at a distance, but is not to be approached with other thoughts than such as we bring to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, you have said enough," answered the Templar; "I will for a night put on the useful restraint, and depart as unsexedly as a maiden; but as for the fear of his expelling us by violence, myself and equires, with Hamet and Abdoles, will warrant you against that danger. Doubt not that we shall be strong enough to make good our quarters."

"We must not let it come so far," answered the Prior; "but here is the church's eastern cross, and the night is so dark that we can hardly see which of the roads we are to follow. Do but, in turn, I think, to the left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best of my remembrance."

"To the left, certainly, the left; I remember his pointing with his wooden sword."

"Ay, but he held his sword in his left hand, and so pointed across his body with it," said the Templar.

Each maintained his opinion with sufficient obstinacy, as is usual in all such cases; the attendants were appealed to, but they had not been near enough to hear Wamba's directions. At length Brian remarked, what had at first escaped him in the twilight, "Have a care one either asleep, or lying dead at the foot of this cross—Haps, strike him with the butt-end of thy lance."

This was no sooner done than the figure arose, exclaiming in good French, "If however thou art, it is discourteous in you to disturb my thoughts."

"We did but wish to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to Rotharwood, the shade of Cedric the Saxon."

"I myself am bound thither," replied the stranger, "and if I had a horse, I would be your guide, for the way is somewhat intricate, though perfectly well known to me."

"Then shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety."

And he named one of his attendants to mount his own led horse, and give that upon which he had hitherto ridden to the stranger, who was to serve for a guide.

Their conductor pursued an opposite road from that which Wamba had recommended, for the purpose of misleading them. The path soon led deeper into the woodland, and crossed more than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marches through which it flowed; but the stranger seemed to know, as if by instinct, the soundest ground and the safest points of passage; and by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wider avenue than any they had yet seen, and, pointing to a large low irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotharwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon."

This was a joyful intimation to Aymer, whose nerves were now of the stranger, and who had suffered much affliction and alarm in the course of passing through the dangerous hope, that he had not yet had the curiosity to ask his guide a single question. Finding himself now at his ease and under shelter, his

curiosity began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer.

"You had better have carried them to light for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Templar.

"True, Harassed for Knight," answered the Palmer, to whom the appearance of the Templar seemed perfectly familiar, "but when those who are under oath to recover the holy city, are found travelling at such a distance from the scene of their duties, can you wonder that a peaceful peasant like me should decline the task which they have abandoned?"

The Templar would have made an angry reply, but was interrupted by the Prior, who again expressed his astonishment that their guides, after such long marches, should be so perfectly unacquainted with the names of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Gadrin,—a low irregular building, containing several courtyards or enclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground, and which, though he was agreed the abbotsman to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, towered, and castellated buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England.

Botherwood was not, however, without defences; no habitation, in that disturbed period, could have been so, without the risk of being plundered and burnt before the next morning. A deep fosse, or ditch, was drawn round the whole building, and filled with water from a neighbouring stream. A double stockade, or palisade, composed of pointed beams, which the adjacent forest supplied, defended the outer and inner bank of the trench. There was an entrance from the west through the outer stockade, which communicated by a drawbridge, with a similar opening in the interior defences. Some precautions had been taken to place these entrances under the protection of projecting angles, by which they might be flanked in case of need by archers or slingers.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horse loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

CHAPTER THIRD.

There (and where?) from the black wood that bears
 The German Green oak, deep-brown, strong,
 and yellow-barked, the blue-eyed birch come.

THOMSON'S LEXICON.

It is a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long narrow table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Oedipus the Sæian. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the plank and slat; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned, had polished the rafters and beams of the low-beamed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner sliding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Sæian period, which Oedipus pegged himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern huts. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the *chais*, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons sat, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient divan-chaises, which, arranged on the same principle, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Husted chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the *chais*, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to

protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the date extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or embroidery, executed with indistinct or rather poorly colouring. Over the lower range of tables, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs most elevated above the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their family title of *houou*, which signifies "the Directors of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Goble the French, who, though but in rank a slave, or, as the Japanese called him, a *Franklin*, sat, at the delay of his evening meal, an indolent neophyte, which might have become an allusion, whether of ancient or of modern times.

It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a French, but hearty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigues of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour which often helps with a soldier and hearty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and volatile disposition of the man, had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders: it had but little tendency to grey, although Goble was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furled at the throat and

cuffs with what was called *mincey*; a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and *fermet*, it is believed, of the skin of the grey squirrel. This doublet being unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which sat tight to his body, he had branches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the loins exposed. His feet had wraps of the same fashion with the pendants, but of finer materials, and secured to the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly-embroidered belt, in which was stuck a short straight two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Folded his coat was long a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the upstart landholder when he chose to go forth. A short hair-queue, with a broad and brightened band, also reclined against the back of his study, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purpose of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions between the richness of their master's, and the more and simple attire of Girth the smithard, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Baron dignitary. Two or three servants of a superior order stood behind their master upon the dais; the rest occupied the lower part of the hall. Other attendants there were of a different description; two or three large and shaggy greyhounds, such as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as many slow-hounds of a large heavy breed, with thick necks, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the smaller dogs, now called *terriers*, which waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, desisted to intrude upon the noisy silence of their master, apprehensive probably of a small white transverse which lay by Gabriel's toes, for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependants. One grizzly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favourite, had placed himself close by the chair of state, and consciously vintured to solicit notice by putting his large hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand. Even he was repelled by the stern command, "Down, Bolter, down! I am not in the humour for foolery."

In fact, Gédric, as we have observed, was in no very good state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to spend an evening mass at a distant church, had not just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There was as yet no tidings of Gúth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest; and such was the anxiety of the parties, as to render it probable that the delay might be explained by some depredation of the wolves, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighboring baron, whose consciousness of strength made him equally negligent of the laws of property. The matter was of consequence, for great part of the domestic wealth of the Saxon proprietors consisted in numerous herds of swine, especially in Dorsetland, where these animals easily found their food.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon there was impatient for the presence of his favorite clowns, Wanda, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of amusement to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Gédric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past, a sense of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; and particularly to his cup-bearer, who-afforded him from time to time, as a sedative, a silver goblet filled with wine—"Why tarrys the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a female attendant, with as much confidence as the favorite lady's maid usually assumes the master of a modern family; "you would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her head and kirtle! and no lady within the door can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress."

This unobtrusive argument produced a sort of acquiescent sigh! on the part of the Saxon, with the addition, "I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk;—but what, in the name of ten devils," continued he, turning to the cup-bearer, and raising his voice as if happy to have found a channel into which he might direct his indignation without fear or control—"what, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gúth so long a-field? I suppose we shall have an evil account

of the lord, he was wont to be a faithful and constant drudge, and I had desired him for something better; perhaps I might even have made him one of my vassals."

Oswald the explorer modestly suggested, "that it was scarce an hour since the taking of the castle," an ill-chosen apology, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to Simon's ears.

"The devil find," exclaimed Osbald, "take the curfew-bell, and the tyrannical lorded by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue in a Saxon ear! The curfew!" he added, pointing, "ay, the curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness!—Ay, the curfew;—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Melreine know the use of the curfew as well as William the Bastard himself, or else a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall leave, I guess, that my property has been swept off to serve from starving the hungry household, whom they cannot support but by theft and robbery. My faithful slave is murthered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wanda!—where is Wanda? Did not some one he had gone forth with Gerd?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay! why this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. Fools are we all indeed that serve them, and slier subjects for their morn and laughter than if we were born with but half our wits. But I will be avenged," he added, starting from his chair in indignation at the supposed injury, and catching hold of his horse-peg; "I will go with my complaint to the great council, I have friends, I have influence—none to men will I equal the Normans to the late, let him come in his plate and his mail, and all that can render cowardice bold; I have sent such a javelin as this through a stronger than thou thou of their war shields!—Nay, they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Harwood is in the veins of Osbald.—Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he continued in a lower tone, "could thou have

* The original has *Osborne*, by which the Normans seem to have designated a class of military attendants, sometimes free, sometimes bondsmen, but always ranking above an ordinary domestic, whether in the royal household or in those of the nobles and bishops. But the term would, were applied tonight, having been converted into the English language as equivalent to the Norman word *chamberlain*, I have avoided using it in its more ancient sense, to prevent confusion.—L. T.

ruled thine unmovable position, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the fall sweep of the tempest!" The reflection seemed to converge into wisdom his irritated feelings. Replacing his javelin, he resumed his seat, but his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in meditative reflection.

From his tracing, Colrice was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yell and harking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building. It was some exercise of the white trappers, well attended by the existence of the domestic, to silence this noisy clamour.

"To the gate, knaves!" and the hounds, hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells us of—to wit, to wit, I wot, some holiday" and merriment which has been done upon my lands."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced, "that the Prior Aymer of Forreval, and the good knight Brian de Don-Graffert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present."

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer! Brian de Don-Graffert!"—exclaimed Colrice; "Normans both;—but, Normans or Bretons, the hospitality of Balafrwood must not be impeded, they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way—But it were unworthy to refuse for a night's lodgings and a night's food; in the quality of guests, at least, even Normans must suppose their residence—Go, Balafrert," he added, to a sort of major-domo who stood behind him with a white wand; "take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and packs, and see their tails kept swinging. Let them have change of garments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when these strangers are ready to share it. Say

"Farewell."

to them, Hunchbert, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the door of his own hall to meet any who share not the blood of Saxons' royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxons shut her doors at once his poverty and his errand."

The majordomo departed, with several attendants, to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymor!" repeated Cedric, looking to Gerold, "the brother, if I mistake not, of Gilem de Maulmever, now lord of Middleham?"

Gerold made a respectful sign of assent. "His brother sits in the west, and wears the parramung, of a better man, the man of Ulfric of Middleham; but what Norman lord dares not the same! That prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who turns the wine-cup and the beguilement better than hell and hook: Good; let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Bela de Bois-Guilbert."

"Bois-Guilbert!" said Cedric, still in the morning, half-sleeping tone, which the habit of living among dependants had accustomed him to employ, and which resembled a man who talks to himself rather than to those around him—"Bois-Guilbert! that name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order; but stained with their usual vices, pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness; a heart-broken man, who knows neither fear of earth, nor awe of heaven. He say the few warriors who have returned from Palestine.—Well; it is but for one night; he shall be welcome too.—Gerold, bring the oldest wine-cask; place the best meat, the mightiest ale, the richest meat, the most sparkling cider, the most delicious pigments, upon the board; fill the largest horns.—Templars and abbots love good wine and good merriment.—Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha, with great readiness, "for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

* These were details used by the Saxons, as we are informed by Mr. Turner: Mead was made of honey sweetened with the juice of wallflowers; Pigment was a sweet and rich liquor, composed of wine highly spiced, and sweetened also with honey. The other liquors need no explanation.—L. T.

Colene started at the forward glance, a glance of hasty examination, but flowers, and whatever belonged to her, were preserved and secure from his sight. He only replied, "Silence, maiden, thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Beg my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a prince." Elphie left the apartment.

"Palestine!" repeated the Baron; "Palestine! how many eyes are turned to the isles which disclaim armistice or hypocritical pilgrims bring from their fatal land! I too might sail—I too might inquire—I too might listen with a beating heart to strains which the wily strolcher deems to cheat us into hospitality—but no!—The son who has deceived me is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself more for his fate than for that of the most worthless among the millions that ever shaped the bones on their shrouds, rushed into excess and blood-guiltiness, and called it an accomplishment of the will of God."

He bent his knees, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground, as he raised them, the sliding doors at the bottom of the hall were rent wide, and, preceded by the eagle-dome with his wing, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

With cheap and shaggy guide the pathless land,
And the paces slow was on the trackless strand;
With the peregrine, they find the mountain road;
With every height the bounding gullain crow'd.

Diagonal spear, Ulysses shares the feast;
A great table red ignites the seat,
The Prince reposes—

OSWERT, Book XII.

THE PRIOR AYMER had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope narrowly embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring, which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded

with precious gems, his mantle was of the finest leather which was imported from Spain, his beard trimmed to an small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown encased by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed, and, though less studiously bearded with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his short of mail for an ermine tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of apocryphal white, in sauple folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer covered his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually stout complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marred by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unbounded authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual make of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern house, having similar folds for covering the arms, and was called a *Schewe* or *Schewen*. Coarse mantles, bound with thongs, on his bare feet, a broad and shaggy hat, with cockle-shells attached on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the pilgrim's attire. He followed modestly the part of the train which entered the hall, and observing that the lower table court afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cebrin and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the starved should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cebrin rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and, descending from the dais, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then veiled their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "vermuch that my new house can

to advance so farthcr upon this floor of my fallow, even to involve such guests as you, and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my stomach has expended to you the sum of my evening banqueting. Let me also pray, that you will excuse my speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits. If not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Yea," said the Abbot, "must be released, worthy Franklin, or permit me rather to say, worthy Thane, though the title is antiquated. Yea are the knots which tie us to Heaven—they are the cords which bind the soul to the home of the dear,—and are therefore,—as I said before,—to be untied and discharged, unless our Holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly held communication in that spoken by my respected grandmother, Hilda of Middleham, who died in colour of modesty, Hilda short, if we may presume to say so, of her glorious namesake, the blessed Saint Hilda of Whitby. God be gracious to her soul!"

When the prior had ceased what he meant as a confessorly harangue, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak ever French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

Coltré darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances, which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, recollecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, nodding with his head, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendant hastened to obey Coltré's commands, his eye distinguished Gorth the winebearer, who, with his companion Wanda, had just entered the hall. "Send those larderers kneeze up hither," said the Squire impatiently. And when the couple came before the door,—“Have come ye, whether I bid ye have larderers stand so late as this! Hast thou brought home thy charge, stand Gorth, or hast thou left them to robbers and marauders?"

"The herd is safe, so please ye," said Gorth.

"That it does not please me, thou knowest," said Coltré, "that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and all

have deriving vengeance against my neighbours for wrongs they have not done me. I tell thee, shackles and the prison-house shall punish the worst offences of this kind."

Gertie, knowing his master's indomitable temper, attempted no contradiction; but the Justice, who could pronounce upon Cedric's tolerance, by virtue of his privileges as a *fool*, replied for them both: "In truth, uncle Cedric, you are neither wise nor reasonable in sight."

"How, sir?" said his master; "you shall to the porter's lodge, and taste of the discipline there, if you give your folly such license."

"First let your wisdom tell me," said Wamba, "is it just and reasonable to punish one person for the fault of another?"

"Certainly not, *fool*," answered Cedric.

"Then why should you shackle poor Gertie, uncle, for the fault of his dog Fänge? for I dare be sworn we lost not a minute by the way, when we had got our herd together, which Fänge did not manage until we heard the vanger-hell."

"Then hang up Fänge," said Cedric, turning hastily towards the wretched, "if the fault is his, and get thee another dog."

"Under arrest, uncle," said the Justice, "that were still somewhat on the bow-land of fair justice, for it was no fault of Fänge that he was lame and could not gather the herd, but the fault of those that struck off two of his fore-legs, an operation for which, if the poor fellow had been consulted, he would surely have given his vote."

"And who dared to lame an animal which belonged to my bondsmen?" said the Baron, kindling in wrath.

"Marry, that did old Hubert," said Wamba, "Sir Philip de Malvoisin's keeper of the chase. He caught Fänge strutting in the forest, and sold he chased the deer contrary to his master's right, as warden of the walk."

"The *fool* had take Malvoisin," answered the Baron, "and his keeper both! I will teach them that the wood was dedicated in terms of the great Forest Charter. Not enough of this. Go to, knave, go to thy place—and thou, Gertie, get thee another dog, and should the keeper dare to touch it, I will tear his anarchy; the name of a sword on my head, if I strike not off the forefingers of his right hand!—he shall draw hawking no more.—I crave your pardon, my worthy guests. I am here with neighbours that watch your welfare, Sir Knight, in

Holy Land. But your heavenly fare is before you; feed, and let welcome make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread upon the board, needed no apology from the lord of the manor. Rufus's table, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of birds, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge lances and cakes of bread, and sundry costly and choice kinds of fruits and honey. The smaller sorts of wild-fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in upon small wooden spits or brooches, and offered by the pages and domestics who bore them, to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. Beside each person of rank was placed a goblet of silver, the lower board was accommodated with large drinking horns.

When the repast was about to commence, the majordomo, or steward, suddenly raising his hand, said aloud,—*"Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena."* A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Colin, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his viceroy appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the manor. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of submission, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The China vine is your vine."

"Had I not so?" answered the Prior; "but check your reputation, the Patriarch observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulses of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes directed on the Eastern beauty, more striking perhaps to his imagination, because differing widely from them of the Eastern salience.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the white cut of her linen and features prevented the impurity

which sometimes attached to fair beauty. Her clear blue eye, which was enshrouded beneath a graceful archway of brown soft curls marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindly as well as stern, to command as well as to beseech. If nobleness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain, that in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Spanish lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a colour between brown and black, was arranged in a beautiful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, in some which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with green, red, being worn at full length, indicated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the most sacred, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were ivory. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of canopy round the shoulders.

When Borena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of her glance was disapproved. Celris saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the checks of our Spanish maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the free glance of a cavalier."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Borena's pardon,—for my boldness will carry me no longer."

"The Lady Borena," said the Prior, "has pardoned us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let us hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

"Our going thither," said Celris, "is uncertain. I know not

these vaults, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free."

"Let us hope, nevertheless," said the Prior, "our company may detour the you to travel disarmed; when the roads are so rough, the escort of Sir Brian de Ben-Gulfart is not to be despised."

"Sir Prior," answered the Baron, "wherever I have travelled in this land, I have hitherto found myself, with the assistance of my good sword and faithful followers, in no respect needing of other aid. At present, if we need journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, we do so with my noble neighbour and countryman Archbishop of Canterbury, and with such a train as would set offends and feudal enemies at defiance. — I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine, which I trust your taste will approve, and I thank you for your courtesy. Should you be so rigid in adhering to monastic rule," he added, "as to proffer your acid preparation of milk, I hope you will not strain courtesy to do me wrong."

"Nay," said the Prior, laughing, "it is only in our abbey that we confine ourselves to the *in abbe* or the *in anabbe* either. Conversing with the world, we use the world's *inabbe*, and therefore I answer your pledge in this honest wine, and leave the weaker liquor to my lay brother."

"And I," said the Templar, lifting his goblet, "drink wassail to the fair Rowena; for since her marriage introduced the world into England, has never been one more worthy of such a welcome. By my faith, I could pardon the unhappy Fortigore, had he half the cause that we now witness, for making shipwreck of his honour and his kingdom."

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without winking herself; "or rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palantine, a theme more agreeable to our English ears than the compliments which your French breeding teaches."

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Ben-Gulfart, "excepting the confirmed tilings of a truce with Saladin."

He was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was decorated with two men's arms, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with

vicarage from his own brother; a favour, however, which the Jester shared with the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wanda, with a small table before him, his hands tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his eyes half-dart, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed folly.

"These women with the infants," he exclaimed, without caring how audaciously he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an odd team of me!"

"Go to, know, how so?" said Cedric, his features prepared to receive forwardly the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wanda, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old."

"I will warn you against dying of old age, however," said the Templar, who now recognised his friend of the forest; "I will secure you from all deaths but a violent one, if you give such directions to wayfarers, as you did this night to the Prior and me."

"How, sirrah!" said Cedric, "misdirect travellers! We must have you whipped; you are at least as much rogue as fool."

"I pray thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly, for once, protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left; and he might have perished a greater, who took a fool for his counsellor and guide."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admitt him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which must without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his waste be ministered to with all care—kiss to it, Goodell."

And the steward left the long-swinging hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"
Shakespeare on Venice.

Orswold, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it that I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gauth do thing often, Orswold," said Wanda with his usual effrontery; "the vanguard will be a fit usher to this Jew."

"Saint Mary!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelonging Jew, and admitted into this presence?"

"A dog Jew," asked the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre?"

"By my faith," said Wanda, "it would serve the Templars less the Jews' advantage better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Colric; "my hospitality would not be wounded by your diffidence. If Hassan here with the whole nation of uneducated unbelievers for seven years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrains no man to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a board and a carved spoon-carver," he said smiling, "these turban'd strangers will abate his noisiness."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Barons shew are true Moslems, and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

"Now, in faith," said Wanda, "I cannot see that the worshippers of Eshbaur and Tormagant have so greatly the advantage over the people once chosen of Hassan."

"He shall sit with thee, Wanda," said Colric; "the fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wanda, "wielding the relics of a gentleman of house," will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave."

"Hush," said Colric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old

man, who, however, had lost by the habit of sleeping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His features, lean and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the ecclesiastical and profane vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapacious nobility, and who, perhaps owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character, in which there was much, to say the least, mean and execrable.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which contained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great brevity at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon was such as might have excited the most prejudiced among of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a furtive suppleassing glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxons themselves spread their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very barons themselves, as Isaac drew near them, cried up their whiskers with indignation, and hid their hands on their girdles, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his hourly approach.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy. But the Abbot had, at this moment, engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favourite hounds,

which he would not have interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac thus stood on sentinel in the present society, his kin people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the pilgrims who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, thy garments are dried, thy hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a stove, the darning boards which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mass of pottage and scalded kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall—whether from unwillingness to hold more close conversation with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

Had there been pilgrims in those days capable to discuss such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form, and expanded his dried and truckling hands over the fire, would have formed no bad sentimental personification of the winter season. Having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the warming vessel which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish, that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Cedric continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the laughing Yvelyn, whose eye wandered from the Jew to the Baron's beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"I marvel, worthy Cedric," said the Abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your proficiency is in your own easily language, you do not reserve the Norman-French into your sleep, so far at least as the mystery of wood-craft and hunting is concerned. Surely no tongue so rich in the various phrases which the sportsmen demand, or furnish means to the experienced woodman as well to express his joyful art."

"Good Father Agram," said the Baron, "he is known to you, I care not for those over-ornate schisms, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods. I can wind my lance, though I will not the blast either a schism or a verté—I can cheer my dogs on the prey, and I can stay and quarter the

asked when it is brought down, without using the now-forgotten jargon of *aves, arbes, moules*, and all the babble of the fabulous Sir Tristram."

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the pompousness and authoritativeness two which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the class, but that of love and war, in which latter should be wit and courtesy defied."

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Colrie, "and tell another to the Abbot, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Colrie the Scot then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French trappings, when it was told in the ear of Henry; and the field of Haverham, upon the day of the Holy Standard, could tell whether the Scotch war-cry was not heard as far within the ranks of the Scottish host as the *adieu* of the boldest Norman hero. To the memory of the heroes who fought there!—Pledge me, my guests." He drank deep, and went on with increasing warmth. "Ay, that was a day of clashing of shields, when a hundred banners were bent downwards over the heads of the valiant, and blood flowed round like water, and death was held better than flight. A fierce lord had called it a feast of the woods—a gathering of the eagles to the prey—the clashing of bills upon shield and helmet, the clashing of battle more joyful than the clashing of a bridle. But our heads are no more," he said, "our heads are lost to those of another year—our language—our very names—is hardening to decay, and none hearken for it save one silly old man—Oup-hoorer I know, all the gollies—To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not me wearing this badge to murmur," said Sir

* There was no language which the Normans more formally separated from that of common life than the terms of the chase. The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, changed their names with year, and there were a hundred conventional terms, to be guessed at which was to be without one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader may consult *Du Ruisseau de la Chasse* for the subject. The origin of these terms was ascribed to the celebrated Sir Victor, famous for his exploits with the horned hinds. As the Normans reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themselves, the terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the French language.

Belin de Bon-Guilbert: "yet to whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the prize be assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knights Hospitallers," said the Abbot; "I have a brother of their order."

"I suppose not their fame," said the Templar; "nevertheless!"

"I think, Grand Cordre," said Wache, interposing, "that had Richard of the Lion's Heart been wise enough to have taken a shrewd advice, he might have staid at home with his merry Englishness, and left the recovery of Jerusalem to those merry Knights who had meant to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple, and of St. John?"

"Fugate you, lady," replied De Bon-Guilbert, "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the menacing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to none," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned toward the spot from whence the unexpected declaration was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim, in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to none who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and met to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these antagonists were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Belin de Bon-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the latter mood of rage which rendered yet darker the nearly consciousness of the Templar. In the intensity of his resentment and confusion, his quivering fingers gripped towards the handle of his sword, and perhaps only withdrew, from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cordre, whose feelings were all of a right-minded and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by more than one object at once, carried, in the joyous glow with which he heard of the glory

of his countrymen, to remark the angry confusion of his guest; "I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim," he said, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the banners of merry England?"

"That wilt I do blithely," replied the Pilgrim, "and without guerdon; my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold."

"I will wear the bracelet for you, if you will, friend Palmer," said Wanda.

"The first in honour as in arms, is known to us plain," said the Pilgrim, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric, "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrim; "Sir Thomas Mowbray of Gloucestre was the third."

"Of Essex descent, he at least," said Cedric, with conviction.

"Sir Peck Dooly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrim.

"Essex also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the Normans, in the common triumph of the King of England and his islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Forrester."

"Genuine Essex, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric—"And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lower renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company, less to add their enterprises than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance Britain and my horse's feet occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Trarlez, nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet thus wilt I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and dost repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Arras, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and slay the sixth."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with words of the issue of a conflict, which you will know cannot take place. If Ioukhou ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meet you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Prior of Jerusalem crossed himself and repeated a paternoster, in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without veiling his breast, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Agnew hold my pledge and that of this senseless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ioukhou comes within the four seas of Britain, he undertake the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Cross in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence, "my word shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the silent Ioukhou. I affirm he will meet fully every honourable challenge. Could my weak woman add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge same and dare that Ioukhou give this proud knight the meeting he dares."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have occupied Cedric, and kept him silent during this discussion. Gladdened pride, resentment, embarrassment, crossed each other over his broad and open brow, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field, while his attendants, on whom the tone of the sixth knight seemed to produce an effect almost electric, hung in suspense upon their master's looks. But when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this becomes not; were further pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended, as I am, would yet gage my honour for the honour of Ioukhou. But the wager of battle is complete, even according to the Statute of Robert of Normans divinely—is it not, Father Agnew?"

"It is," replied the Prior, "and the blessed wife and six children will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent, until the decision of this warlike challenge."

Having thus spoken, he resumed himself again and again, and after many genuflections and muttered prayers, he delivered the reliquary to Brother Andrew, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up with his crosier, but perhaps with no less internal satisfaction, the golden chalice, and bestowed it in a pouch lined with perfumed leather which opened under his arm. "And now, Sir Colvic," he said, "my ears are clanking weapons with the strength of your good wine—permit us another pledge to the welfare of the Lady Beccles, and bid adieu to us with liberty to pass to our repose."

"By the roof of Brombeche," said the Saxon, "you do but small credit to your fame, Sir Prior! Report speaks you a heavy monk, that would bear the malice skins off his gutted his head, and, old as I am, I feared to have shame in encountering you. But, by my faith, a Saxon boy of twelve, in my time, would not so soon have relinquished his point."

The Prior had his own reasons, however, for persevering in the course of temperance which he had adopted. He was not only a professed peacemaker, but from practice a hater of all frolic and levity. It was not altogether from a love to his neighbours, or to himself, or from a mixture of both. On the present occasion, he had an instinctive apprehension of the fiery temper of the Saxon, and saw the danger that the reckless and presumptuous spirit, of which his companion had already given so many proofs, might at length produce some dangerous explosion. He therefore greatly indicated the incapacity of the nature of any other country to engage in the great conflict of the host with the hardy and strong-headed Saxons; something he mentioned, but slightly, about his own holy character, and ended by pressing his proposed to depart to repose.

The green-up was accordingly served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their host and to the Lady Beccles, arose and mingled in the hall, with the hands of the hardy, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Tumbler to him the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou lend thy name to the sacrament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend fathers."

"Ay," said the Knight; "to grace the brows of our soldiers with glory, and to gild women and boys with guerd and toys—I warrant thee store of shillings in thy Jewish coyn."

"Not a shilling, not a silver penny, not a halving—as help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands; "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Bishopric of the Jews" have imposed upon me—Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch—the very gibbet-line I wear is borrowed from Boston of Tulsehorn."

The Templar smiled smugly as he replied, "Forswear thee for a false-hearted knave!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he continued with his Moslem slave in a language unknown to the bystanders. The poor Jew's face seemed so staggered by the address of the military monk, that the Templar had passed on to the extremity of the hall ere he raised his head from the humble posture which he had assumed, as far as to be sensible of his departure. And when he did look round, it was with the startled air of one at whom just a thunderbolt has just burst, and who hears still the ascending report ringing in his ears.

The Templar and Palmer were shortly after marshalled to their sleeping apartments by the steward and the cupbearer, each attended by two torch-bearers and two servants carrying refreshments, while servants of inferior condition conducted to their rooms and to the other guests their respective places of repose.

* In those days the Jews were subjected to an Exchequer specially devoted to that purpose, and which held them under the most onerous impositions.—A. T.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

To buy his favour I asked the friendship;

If he will take it, no; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

MILTON'S *OF VISION*.

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this large

and irregular manner, the employer coming behind him whispered in his ear, that if he had an objection to a cup of good brand in his apartment, there were many directions in that family who would gladly bear the news he had brought from the Holy Land, and particularly that which concerned the Knight of Iverdon. Wanda promptly appeared to accept the same request, observing that a cup after midnight was worth three after coffee. Without disputing a matter urged by such grave authority, the Palmer thanked them for their courtesy, but observed that he had included in his religious vow, an obligation never to speak in the kitchen on matters which were prohibited in the hall. "That vow," said Wanda to the employer, "would serve suit a serving-man."

The employer shrugged up his shoulders in displeasure. "I thought to have lodged him in the spare chamber," said he; "but since he is so attached to Christmas, I've let him take the next stall to leave the Jew's.—*Adieu!*" said he to the landlady, "carry the pilgrim to the southern cell.—I give you good-night," he added, "Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy."

"Goodnight, and Our Lady's blessing," said the Palmer, with emphasis; and his guide moved forward.

In a small antechamber, into which several doors opened, and which was lighted by a small iron lamp, they met a second interruption from the waiting-maid of Emma, who, saying in a tone of authority, that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of *Adieu!* and, bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow. Apparently he did not think it proper to decline this invitation as he had done the former; for, though his gesture indicated some surprise at the summons, he obeyed it without answer or remonstrance.

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid beam of oak, led him to the apartment of the Lady Emma, the scale magnificence of which corresponded to the respect which was paid to her by the lord of the mansion. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings, on which different-colored silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, had been employed with all the art of which the age was capable, to represent the sports of hunting and hawking. The bed was adorned with the same rich tapestry, and surrounded with

curtains dyed with purple. The suite had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was accompanied with a festoon of ivory, curiously carved.

No fewer than four silver candlesticks, holding great waxen tapers, served to illuminate this apartment. Yet let a modern beauty carry the magnificence of a Swiss princess. The walls of the apartment were so ill finished, and so full of crevices, that the rich hangings shook to the night blast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended to protect them from the wind, the flames of the tapers streamed sideways into the air, like the unguided flames of a chafin. Magnificence there was, with some rude attempt at taste; but of comfort there was little, and, being unknown, it was unrequited.

The Lady Eirena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair on the lay down to rest, was seated in the sort of throne already mentioned, and looked as if born to exact general homage. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to it by a low prostration.

"Rise, Pilgrim," said she graciously. "The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth, and honour mankind." She then said to her train, "Eudox, excepting only Eglitis, I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The ladies, without leaving the apartment, retired to its distant extremity, and sat down on a small bench against the wall, where they resembled more as statues, though at such a distance that their whispers could not have interrupted the conversation of their mistress.

"Pilgrim," said the holy, after a woman's pause, during which she seemed uncertain how to address him, "you this night mentioned a name—I mean," she said, with a degree of effort, "the name of Inachos, in the hall where by signs and kindred it should have seemed most acceptably; and yet, such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose names must have thrilled at the sound, I only dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?—We heard, that, having remained in Palestine, on account of his impaired health, after the departure of the English army, he had experienced the persecutions of the French soldiers, to whom the Templars are known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Inachos," answered the

Palmer, with a troubled voice. "I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. His life, I believe, accompanied the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I, what is his chance of happiness."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and asked more particularly when the Knight of Iveslow might be expected in his native country, and whether he would not be exposed to great dangers by the road. On the first point, the Palmer professed ignorance; on the second, he said that the voyage might be safely made by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from thence through France to England. "Iveslow," he said, "was so well acquainted with the language and manners of the French, that there was no fear of his learning any harm during that part of his travels."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching warfare, in which the bravery of this land are expected to display their address and valor. Should Athelstan of Cheshamburgh obtain the prize, Iveslow is like to hear evil tidings when he reaches England.—How looked he, stranger, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and countenance?"

"He was better," said the Palmer, "and thinner, than when he came from Cyprus in the train of Count-de-Lacy, and more seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to cheer those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Palmer, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood.—Farewell," she said, "draw near—after the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the waiters presented a silver cup, containing a rich mixture of wine and spices, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a few hesitations, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this also, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travel, and of the distress thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Edwin out of the apartment.

In the antechamber he found his attendant Arnold, who, telling

the torch from the head of the waiting maid, conducted him with more haste than ceremony to an exterior and ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestic, and to strangers of mean degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"The unbefitting dog," answered Arnold, "hassles in the cell next your lodgings.—St. Dunstan, how it must be scamped and slugged ere it be again fit for a Christian!"

"And where sleeps Gerth the smith?" said the stranger.

"Gerth," replied the hostlerman, "sleeps in the cell on your right, as the Jew on that to your left; you were to keep the child of abomination separate from the abomination of his tribe. You might have occupied a more honorable place had you accepted of Overlode's invitation."

"It is as well as it is," said the Pilgrim; "the company, even of a Jew, can hardly spread contamination through an urban partition."

So saying, he entered the cells allotted to him, and taking the torch from the domestic's hand, shaded him, and wished him good-night. Moving shut the door of his cell, he placed the torch in a candlestick made of wood, and looked around his sleeping apartment, the furniture of which was of the most simple kind. It consisted of a rude wooden stool, and still ruder hatch or bed-clothes, stuffed with clean straw, and accompanied with two or three sheepskins by way of bed-clothes.

The Pilgrim, having extinguished his torch, threw himself, without taking off any part of his clothes, on this rude couch, and slept, or at least resumed his remembrance posture, till the earliest wakebells found their way through the little grated window, which served at once to admit both air and light to his uncomfortable cell. He then started up, and after repeating his matins, and adjusting his dress, he left it, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the hatch as gently as he could.

The hassle was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch similar to that on which the Pilgrim himself had passed the night. Each part of his dress as the Jew had laid aside on the preceding evening, was disposed carefully around his person, as if to prevent the hazard of their being carried off during his slumber. There was a trouble on his brow amounting almost to agony. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if

struggling with the nightmare; and besides several questions in Hebrew, the following were distinctly heard in the Norman English, or mixed language of the country: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am penitent—should your love wreak my limbs tender, I could not gratify you?"

The Palmer arrested not the end of the Jew's vision, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The touch probably associated, as he used, with some of the apprehensions excited by his dream, for the old man started up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head, and holding some part of his garments about him, while he held the detached javier with the tenacious grasp of a felon, he fixed upon the Palmer his black eyes, expressive of wild suspense and of bodily apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, man," said the Palmer, "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew, greatly relieved, "I dreamed—that Father Abraham be pleased, it was but a dream." Then, collecting himself, he asked in his usual tone, "And what may it be your pleasure to wait at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you have not this morn'g instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "whose could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hill yesternight, he spoke to his Moslem slave in the Saracen language, which I will understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the masses, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin, or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and caused at once to overpower his whole faculties. His arms fell down to his sides, and his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent under his weight, every nerve and muscle of his frame seemed to collapse and lose its energy, and he sank at the feet of the Palmer,

not in the failure of one who intentionally stoops, kneels, or prostrates himself to enable compassion, but like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance.

"Holy God of Abraham!" was his first exclamation, lifting and elevating his writhing hands, but without raising his gray head from the pavement; "O holy Moses! O blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for aught, and the vision comes not in vain! I feel their arms already torn my arms! I feel the mark pass over my body like the scow, and harrow, and snare of war over the men of Balaak, and of the cities of the children of Ammon!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and listen to me," said the Palmer, who viewed the extremity of his distress with a compassion in which contempt was largely mingled; "you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extract from them their secrets, both by process and violence; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound after the last night's revel. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that recognizes it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or hero going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

As the man of Isaac recovered the hopes of escape which this speech rekindled, he began gradually, and inch by inch, as it were, to raise himself up from the ground, until he fairly rested upon his knees, throwing back his long gray hair and head, and fixing his keen black eyes upon the Palmer's face, with a look expressive of ones of hope and fear, not mingled with suspicion. But when he heard the concluding part of the sentence, his original terror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropped once more on his face, exclaiming, "I possess the means of securing good-will! alas! there is but one road to the favour of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, whose torturers have already reduced to the misery of heathens?" Then, as if suspicion had overpowered his other feelings, he suddenly exclaimed, "For the love of God, young man, betray me not—for the sake of the Great Father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Saracens and Ishmaelites—do me no treason! I have not means to secure the good-will of a Christian knave, were he ruling it at a single

penury." As he spoke these last words, he raised himself, and grasped the Palmer's mantle with a look of the most earnest activity. The Pilgrim shrank himself, as if there were contamination in the touch.

"What thou hastest with all the wealth of thy tribe," he said, "what interest have I to injure thee?—In this dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I charge it for night wear a horse and a coat of mail. Yet thank not that I care for thy company, or propose myself advantage by it; remain here if thou wilt—God be the Saviour may protect thee."

"Alas!" said the Jew, "he will not let me travel in his train—Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Jew, and to travel by myself through the domains of Philip de Melrocin and Reginald Front-de-l'Arce—Good youth, I will go with you!—Let us haste—let us glad up our horses—let us flee—Haste is thy staff, why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place—follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth the swineherd—"Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Untie the pasture gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held as rustic, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Esquimaux in Siberia, was startled at the sounder and commanding tone assumed by the Pilgrim. "The Jew leaving Ketherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking superciliously at him without quiting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot!"

"I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his stealing away with a grammaire of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate—we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unreasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the head of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth

started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Guth, beware—these are wont to be prudent. I say, unto the pastors—these shall know more soon."

With hasty stealthy Guth obeyed him, while Wanda and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the tribesman's demeanour.

"My mule, my mule," said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the pasture.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and hasten thou,—let me have another, that I may have him company till he is beyond these parts—I will return it safely to some of Gedric's tents at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest to Guth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Guth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wanda, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you, Pilgrim learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our sins, Sir," answered the Pilgrim, "to report our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fasting, vigils, and long prayer."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Jew, "for when would repentance or prayer make Guth do a country, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you a mule?—I trust you might as well have told his favourite black hour of thy rage and passion, and wouldst have gotten as shil as now."

"Go so," said the Pilgrim, "then art but a Saxon fool."

"Then agree with," said the Jew; "had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I would have had him on my side, and been next door to a wise man."

At this moment Guth appeared on the opposite side of the mead with the mule. The travellers crossed the dike upon a drawbridge of only two planks' breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the straightness of the pasture, and with a stile widest in the exterior palisade, which gave access to the forest. No sooner had they reached the mule, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, scooped behind the saddle a small bag of blue lockrams, which he took from under his cloak, considering, as he muttered, "a change of colour—only a change of colour!" Then getting upon the animal with more stealthy

and haste than could have been anticipated from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the affairs of his palace as to second completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited on wings.

The Egyptian mounted with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Gerth, who kissed it with the utmost possible reverence. The monarch stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost under the heights of the forest path, when he was detached from his reverie by the voice of Wanda.

"Knowest thou," said the Jester, "my good friend Gerth, that thou art strangely courteous and most unworthily prone on this summer morning! I would I were a black Pizar or a barbed Palmer, to avail myself of thy unwearied and most courteous—erect, I would make more out of it than a loss of the hand."

"Thou art so fool than I, Wanda," answered Gerth, "though thou arguest from appearance, and the intent of us can do no more—but it is thus to look after my charge."

So saying, he turned back to the mansion, attended by the Jester.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to press on their journey with a despatch which argued the extremity of the Jew's fears, since persons at his age are seldom fond of rapid motion. The Palmer, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most dubious paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Executive, that he intended to bring him into some embrocade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for, except perhaps the flying fish, there was no race stirring on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of the period. Upon the slightest and most unaccountable pretences, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; the Norman, Saxon, Dane, and Siling, however adverse these men were to each other, contended which should lack with greatest degradation upon a people, whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to mangle, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The Kings of the Norman race, and the independent nobles, who followed their example in all acts of tyranny, maintained against this devoted people a persecution

of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. It is a well-known story of King John, that he confined a wealthy Jew in one of the royal castles, and daily caused one of his teeth to be torn out, until, when the price of the unhappy landlord was half defunctured, he consented to pay a huge sum, which it was the tyrant's object to extract from him. The little ready money which was in the country was chiefly in possession of this persecuted people, and the nobility hesitated not to follow the example of their sovereign, in wringing it from them by every species of oppression, and even personal tortures. Yet the passive courage inspired by the love of gain, induced the Jews to bear the various evils to which they were subjected, in consideration of the immense profits which they were enabled to realize in a country naturally so wealthy as England. In spite of every kind of discouragement, and even of the special court of taxation already mentioned, called the *Jews' Endowment*, created for the very purpose of depopulating and impoverishing them, the Jews increased, multiplied, and accumulated huge sums, which they transferred from one hand to another by means of bills of exchange—an invention for which assistance is said to be indebted to them, and which enabled them to transfer their wealth from hand to hand, that when threatened with oppression in one country, their treasures might be secured in another.

The distress and crimes of the Jews being thus in a measure placed in opposition to the sanctities and spirituality of those under whom they lived, caused no harm in proportion to the position with which they were visited; and the immense wealth they usually acquired in commerce, while it frequently placed them in danger, was at other times used to extend their influence, and to secure to them a certain degree of protection. On these terms they lived; and their character, influenced accordingly, was watchful, suspicious, and timid—yet obstinate, unscrupulous, and skilled in evading the dangers to which they were exposed.

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many diverse paths, the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundary over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority—we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may drive heavily!

—But leave me not, good Pilgrim—Think but of that score and savage Tomplay, with his Saracen slaves—they will regard neither territory, nor master, nor lordship."

"Our road," said the Palmer, "should here separate, for it becomes not men of my character and mine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what answer couldst thou have from me, a peaceful Pilgrim, against two armed hostlers?"

"O good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite it—not with money, for money, to help me my Father Abraham, I have none—but—"

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting him, "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can, and it may be, even in some sort defend thee, since to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be accounted uncharity of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some flying escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Baroth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half-an-hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half-hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the Pilgrim perhaps declining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not pretending to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They passed on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Baroth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good office."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves and the dungeons to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this wandering's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stop, stop," said the Jew, loyng hold of his garments: "something would I do more than this, something for thyself. —God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Pilgrim, "it is what thou must not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou represent thou art poor."

"As I say I" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, lashed, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my sheep, and all that I possessed—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Pilgrim started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew:—"What lead prompted that guess?" said he hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one—and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Pilgrim, "my chamber, my dress, my food."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and that the richest of you will take the staff and shovel as superfluous garments, and walk about to visit the graves of dead men."

"Dissemble not, Jew," said the Pilgrim sternly.

"Fugate me," said the Jew; "I speak truth. But these dropped words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, showed the moral within; and in the bosom of that Pilgrim's gown a hidden & bright's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and, drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without descending from his seat. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Lanchester all men know the rich Jew, Eliphaz, Father of Lanchester; give him this scroll—he hath on sale six

More business, the worst would suit a covered hand—no goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? How I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat startled at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied haughtily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his back's head away, when the Pilgrim, in his turn, took hold of his girdle. "Nay, but, Isaac, thou hast not got all the cash. The steel may be dross, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is wage money, Elizabeth Jewson will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain busy-busy—I speak not for endangering the steep and cost of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gracious for thy caution," said the Pilgrim, again smiling; "I will use thy caution frankly, and it will go hard with me, but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

English, with a long retinue of their squares,
 In gaily liveried coach, and spangled attires,
 That hand the helm, whether held the reins,
 A third the steering tackle did advance,
 The counter part'd the ground with cautious feet,
 And starting forward and through'd the golden net.
 The smiles and murmurs on pavilions ride,
 Fills in their hearts, and banners in their side;
 And calls for horse's squares, and things for stable provide.
 The pointers passed the steeds in evenly ranks;
 And slow as snails moving on, with swiftness in their ranks.

FALCONER AND ANTON.

THE condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was shorn a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generosity of his subjects, who were, in the meantime, a prey to every species of sedition and oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Count-de-Loth's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favours. In the meantime, he was strengthening his own faction in the Kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the sovereignty, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the older brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterwards effected. His own character being light, perfidious, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless rascals," whom the granaries had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil contention.

To these sources of public distress and apprehension, must be added, the multitudes of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the

oppression of the feudal nobility, and the secure exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and majesty of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereignty over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands more lawless and oppressive than those of the covered depredators. To maintain these retinues, and to support the extravagance and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which passed into their estates like consuming embers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free, by exercising upon their vassals some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this wretched state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the negligence, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the great spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the case of a bull-fight. Neither day nor indolently could boy youth or age from such exhibitions. The *Fuero de Arma*, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicestershire, as champions of the first race were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense concourse of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by struggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an

incense was. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two benches, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of red and black, the chosen colours of the five knight-challengers. The roofs of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly dressed as a valiant or sirrass man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.* The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had procured him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other, was the pavilion of Hugh de Ogrammeval, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Ypres, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Haverth, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards

* This sort of equipage is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the arms of knighthood.

in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the platform, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the tents terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large unroofed space for each knight or knight to be disposed to enter the list with the challenger, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with stewards, barbers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services whenever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the tents was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, between these galleries and the tents, gave accommodation to yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The numerous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodations which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the tents, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal sons were enthroned. Spices, piques, and pommies in rich liveries, waited around this place of honour, which was assigned for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the tents; and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young men, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in shiny habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among

persons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the countess-like richness of the temple of Cupid, a Massena sometimes informed the spectators, that this sort of beauty was designed for *Le Roper de la Beauté et de l'Amour*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion as one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the non-starens with brief courtesy; the shafts of their buffooneries, and parades of their sword, being readily employed as arguments to convince the more reticent. Others, which involved the civil claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the lords, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyll and Stephen de Hartriv, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and ladies, in their robes of gold, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the grey and more spangled habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thought to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burglers, and each of the lower gentry, or, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, dared not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden shafts testified his pretensions to rank;—"whelp of a she-wolf! darrest thou prove upon a Christian, and a Norman possessor of the blood of Marschall?"

This rough speculation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Beau, who, richly, and even magnificently dressed in a garb more augmented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavouring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed

generally excited by her father's presumption. But later, though we have seen him sufficiently taxed on other occasions, know well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any associations or independent nobles dared offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assistance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons, who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was considerable, and he well knew that the French eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would secure him his protection in the distress in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaint of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout well-set peasant, wrapped in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a battle-axe and badge of arms, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazel-nut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but availed him like a blasted spade, which might be overvalued while he kept it in a corner, but would be washed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every ear been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the hall, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, on light in their dress, and as gay in their demeanour, as their occupations. Among the latter was the Prior of Fountains, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-bowling the preposterous fashion of the time,

turned up so very far, as to be stretched, not to his knees merely, but to his very groin, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Albert, who, perhaps, was relying on the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, disposed with these supports to a field rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked, that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which took place in Palestine between that monarch and the heart-broken King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruits of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitaliers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having this reason to deter the return of Richard to England, or the coronation of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon barons of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his power and pretensions were divided by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who shared further insurrection upon their rights and liberties, from a sovereign of John's dissolute and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant retinue, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his head a falcon, and having his hand covered by a rich fur mitten, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and encompassed his shoulders, Prince John, upon a grey and high-mettled palfrey, cantered within the lists at the head of his proud party, laughing loud with his train, and coping with all the boldness of royal criticism the bowmen who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a disquieted sensibility, mingled with extreme brightness and in difference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, and-fitted by art to the usual rules of coarting, yet so far frank and honest, that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for merely finickiness, when in truth it arises from the selfish indifference of a libidinous disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other advantageous advantage, totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendour of Prince John's dress (for the tip-top), the richness of his cloak, lined with the most costly velvet, his numerous boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit enormous applause.

In his joyous ramble round the hall, the attention of the Prince was called by the connection, not yet extended, which had attended the sudden movement of Isaac towards the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Isaac, who, transfixed by the tumult, stood close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her tresses of yellow silk curled well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her white tresses, which, such arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a hoary neck and bosom as a sister of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours enclosed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and jewelled dress, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three

apparent were left undisturbed on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we elude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The father of an ostrich, fastened in her throat by an apron set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who elected to divide them.

"By the bold soul of Abraham," said Prince John, "your Jewess must be the very model of that perfection, whose charms drive faster the wisest king that ever lived! What against thee, Free Agent?—By the Temple of that wise king, which our wise brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very bride of the Constable!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,"—answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffing tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Marquis of Ayrshire too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Bynants, contriving for place with penurious dogs, whose throats are struts have not a single cross in their position to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery!—What is she, Jane? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern head that thou lookest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-ward?"

"My daughter Rebecca, as please your Grace," answered Jane, with a low cough, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man, then," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers cheerfully joined. "But, daughter at will, this should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merit.—Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Bacon chairs, telling of their long length!—set upon them,—let them sit down, and make room for my prince of treasure and his lovely daughter. I'll make the kings know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolitic speech was addressed, were the family of Godric

On Bacon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Atholstan of Cheshamburgh, a personage, who, on account of his descent from the last Bacon marquis of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Scotch natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their qualities had descended to Atholstan. He was comely in countenance, boldy and strong in person, and at the flower of his age—yet immature in expression, full-eyed, heavy-lidded, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution, that the rebuke of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Atholstan the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Colide, were passionately attached to him, imagined that this sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision, others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that the passive courage and weak good-nature which remained behind, were merely the dregs of a character that might have been clearing of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was in this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious commands to such a place for Isaac and Rebecca. Atholstan, greatly contrabated at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered as especially insulting, unwilling to obey, yet understanding how to resist, opposed only the *via inertia* to the will of John, and without stirring or making any notice whatever of disobedience, opened his huge grey eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John repeated it in no such light.

"The Scotch police," he said, "is either asleep or asleep not—Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companies, or Condottieri, that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Atholstan the Unready had requested protection of such sufficient arms to draw

back his poniard from the weapon, and, not Othello, as prompt as his companion was truly, unhesitated, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He arose out of his deepest coils, and was about to utter some threat corresponding to violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him, supposing him to be fallen, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause at the spirited conduct of Othello. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim, and chafing to encounter the firm glance of the same order whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for dismounting thus.

"I always add my helio," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Bygone that!" answered the Prince; "then thou must hit the white sheep, I'll warrant."

"A woodman's mark, and at woodman's diseases, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wot Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the late of William Tyrrel, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He withdrew himself, however, with commanding the men-at-arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep on eye on the laggard, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Crispin," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the heads of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxons church," said the Gray Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, so it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we be sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew; whose submission for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the exalted and imperious descendant of the line of Mandabell, by no means afforded him to an intimation upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, selfish dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swartly hide stripped off, and tanned for book-binding."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him," fixing his eye on Godes, whose attitude indicated his intention to lead the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wanda, who, springing between his master and him, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the head of the Jew a shield of brass, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, but the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Facing the domination of his wife opposed to his very nose, while the Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, placed his footing, and rolled down the steps,—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wanda; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brass in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wanda, the son of Wadew, who was the son of Wadsworths, who was the son of an abbot."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lever ring," said Prince John, not crediting perhaps to such an apology to desert from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were like brutality."

"Kneer upon feet were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon haues worst of all."

"Gracious! good fellow," cried Prince John, "then please me—Hear, hear, lend me a handful of hyacinths."

As the Jew, stunned by the request, stood to refuse, and unwilling to comply, flung in the ferret bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his horse

and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Mauda a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he passed his career round the table, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as quick applause from the spectators as if he had done some brave and honorable action.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

*At five the challenger with bow and
The trumpet sounds, the challenged makes reply.
With clangour rings the field, reverberate the wall'd city.
Their voices shrill, their horses in the rank,
On at the helmet pointed, or the crest,
They rush from the lance, spread the net,
And spurring on, dart the missile quon.*

PAUCEUR AND AUSTIN.

In the midst of Prince John's carousals, he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jerusalem, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidoms," said he, "we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereigns of Love and of Deceit, by whose white hand the palm is to be distasteful. For my part, I am liberal in my mind, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, tossing up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess!—We should deserve to be stoned out of the City; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my prince's saint, that she is far inferior to the lovely Bianca, Bower."

"Bianca or Jew," answered the Prince, "Bianca or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Bower devil."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bury, "no knight here will lay hands in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the more wantonness of heart," said one of the chief and most important of Prince John's followers, William Floures, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove useless to your projects."

"I entertained you, *sir*," said John, raising up his jousting haughtily, "for my followers, but not for my connection."

"Those who follow your Grace in the jousts which you wend," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "neglect the right of connection; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the time in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many abbots! Name whom you will, in the lord's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied, until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the loss of valiant knights who can crush them to such destruction."

"If Brax de Jole-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prince, "I will give my money that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"De-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prince, who will not fail to encounter him."

"Edmond, *sir*," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and squires are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favourite minister, who, in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, receiving his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:—

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, were from the shock of the horses and men. But if the shield

was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at an end; that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them heading five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win prizes, might take part, and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The stated Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in the second day, with a coronet composed of this gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of ball-throwing and other popular amusements, were to be practised, for the more immediate enjoyment of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity, which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of violent aggression upon the feelings and propensities of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower spaces, filled with the substantial happiness and peace of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant aristocracy, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendour.

The heralds doubled their proclamation with their wild cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the

age accounted at once the spectators and the historians of history. The beauty of the spectacle was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more sensible spectators added their exclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these words had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and now remained within them were the marshals of the field, who, armed up-and-down, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely covered with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumes, intermixed with glancing helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small portions of about a span's breadth, fluttering in the air as the horses sought them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the arena; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the *Wodden Manuscript*) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the subsidiary of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow them from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dead,
And their good words are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, as trust.*

Their costumes have long vanished from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but grass mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once bore them, knows them no more—nay, many a ruin since there has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then,

* These lines are part of an epithetial poem by Geoffrey, whose name we often encounter with fragments which indicate her power, while her manner is which she sings them from her balcony her region, yet whose epithetial stanzas display more talent than the collected monuments of rhyme.

would it avail the reader to know their names, or the strongest symbols of their mortal rank?

Now, however, no wild anticipating the victories which awaited their names and fate, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the processions entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the partisans were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the grumble and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense multitude of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and, there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of spectators in general—any, many of the higher class, and a woman and several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of country. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applied most highly the deepest tragedy, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having indicated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, rallying each from his position, mounted their horses, and, headed by *Bras de Bois-Giffart*, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and each was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to *Bras-Giffart*, *Malvoisin*, and *Fron-de-Bœuf*, reeled on the ground. The antagonist of *Grantaire*, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct fair as to break the weapon against the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually vanquished; because the latter might happen from accident,

whence the former seized advantage and went of advantage of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the barons, and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former returned to their quarters, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, in agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various names, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or scarred from his charge—misfortune which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The sports, therefore, of those opposed to them, seemed to be considerably damaged by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Jean-Godefroid and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. The politic selection did not alter the terms of the field, the challengers were still successful: one of their antagonists was overturned, and both the others failed in the attack,* that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist fairly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overturned.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause, nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators managed among themselves; for, among the challengers, Melreux and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their character, and the others, except Guedeswood, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

* This term of *faulx*, transferred to the law, gives the phrase of being *stated* of lawyers.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Coline the Saxon, who now, to such advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, so if during that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Coline seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Coline, in a melted tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the saddle; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Coline in this speech. It contained the Norman word *saddle* (to express the general conflict), and it refused some indifference to the honour of the country, but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect, that he would not trust himself to correct his natives or his nobles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wanda thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though some may, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Coline, who better understood the Saxon's meaning, started at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wanda, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his answering, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible notice of his master's movement.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—"Lords of India, splintering of lance! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your death!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the drums grumbled a halloo which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles haunted in whispers the doory of martial

spell, spoils of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dreams of such transcendent beauty as had remained the posses of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Genhart, who had, with a single spear, conquered two knights, and killed a third.

At length, as the dramatic mask of the challenge consisted one of three long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which those sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he passed into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man shrouded in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desfolado*, signifying *Disembarked*. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitalier's shield; he has the least worn suit, he is your champion, herein."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hails, ascended the platform by the sloping stair which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Genhart and it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the reticent Knight whom he had thus dared to mortal combat, and who, little expecting to make a challenge, was standing curiously at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confused yourself, brother," said the Trumpier, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you put your life so frankly?"

"I am slier to meet death than thou art," answered the

Disheartened Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and let your hat upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gracious for thy courtesy," replied the Disheartened Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the provocations which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too easily concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a pitted and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He donned a new and a tough surcoat, but the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounter he had sustained. Lastly, he had made his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his spurs. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally consumed their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a mace in full flight, holding in its claws a steel, and bearing the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was stretched to the highest pitch. Few supposed the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disheartened Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpet had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunder-

left. The horses burst into shivers up to the very group, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse reeve backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a desperate, and, nothing to the extremity of the blow, received a fresh lance from the *alancart*.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general exclamations, attested the utmost token by the spectators in that encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, as deep and so deep, that it seemed the multitude were about even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his chamberlains signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time spring from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same destiny, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Dauntless Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bon-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the vane, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation, and had not the girthe of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, harness, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fillet stood, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, rising with readiness, both at his discomfiture and at the exclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and

waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Dutch-erred Knight sprang from his stool, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a scornful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are men to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Dutch-erred Knight, "the field shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their horses between them, compelled them to separate. The Dutch-erred Knight returned to his first station, and Don-Gallbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the helmet, or lower part of his breast, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no choice, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in scale armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Owe, mine*. Over this champion the Dutch-erred Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that hero so directly on the temple, that the lace of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being calcheated, was declared vanquished to his companion.

In his fourth combat with De Gramscrood, the Dutch-erred Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto retained courage and dexterity. De Gramscrood's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the

agreed to us to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, desiring to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a bound, the chance of a second encounter. The De Guinesse declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont scanned up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force, that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was better some less from the blow.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the courageous deed of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Dishonoured Knight.

CHAPTER NINTH.

—In the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty match'd their sovereign Queen.

And so in beauty she surpass'd the choir,
The prince than the rest was her peer;
A crown of richly gold-embroid' her brow,
Flow'rs without group, and rich without a show;
A bunch of agave curls in her hand
She bore aloft, her quiver of command.

THE FLOWERS AND THE LEAF.

WILLIAM DE WYNN and Stephen de Martival, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him, at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be replaced, or, at least, that he would take his viand ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's warfare from the hands of Prince John. The Dishonoured Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging, that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; for amidst the

frequent and expensive ones by which lighths were sustained to lead themselves in the days of chivalry, these were more common than those by which they engaged to render succours for a certain space, or until some particular adventure was achieved. The marshals, therefore, pressed no further into the mystery of the Disembodied Knight, but, according to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valour.

John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered laughingly to the marshals, "By the Right of Our Lady's knee, this same knight hath been discomfited as well of his courtesy as of his limbs, since he dares to appear before us without unavailing his face—What go, my lords," he said, turning round to his train, "why this gallant can be, that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bury, "nor did I think there had been within the four walls that girth Belham a champion that could bear down those five knights in one day's posting. By my faith, I shall never forget the force with which he smothered De Vipont. The poor Hospitalier was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling."

"Beast not of that," said a Knight of St. John, who was present; "your Temple champions had no better luck. I saw your brave lance, Don-Guilbert, roll three over, grasping his hands full of mud at every turn."

De Bury, being attached to the Templars, would have replied, but was prevented by Prince John. "Silence, men!" he said, "what unprofitable debate have we here?"

"The victor," said De Wye, "still waits the pleasure of your highness."

"It is our pleasure," answered John, "that he do so well until we learn whether there is not some one who can at least guess at his name and quality. Should he remain there till nightfall, he has had work enough to keep him warm."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do less than due honour to the victor, if you compel him to wait till we tell your Highness that which we cannot know; at least I can firm no guess—unless he be one of the good lances who accompanied

King Richard to Palestine, and who are now struggling homeward from the Holy Land."

"It may be the Earl of Salisbury," said De Bracy; "he is about the same pluck."

"Be Thomas de Mohun, the Knight of Gloucest, rather," said Fitzurse; "Salisbury is bigger in the bones." A whisper arose among the train, but by whom that suggestion could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Cœur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over yonder he looks!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, and shrieking as if blighted by a flash of lightning, "Waldemar!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises, and stand truly by me!"

"There is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic habits of your father's men, as to think they can be held within the circumference of popular wit of arsement?—De Wyll and Mortimer, you will have seen the Prince by bringing forward the victor to the throne, and ending an error that has costed all the blood from his cheeks.—Look at him more closely," he continued, "your Highness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and traces as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he rides, could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was yet speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the gate to Prince John's throne. Still decomposed with the idea that his brother, so much injured, and to whom he was so much indebted, had suddenly arrived in his native kingdom, even the distractions pointed out by Fitzurse did not altogether remove the Prince's apprehensions; and while, with a short and embarrassed eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him, the war-horse assigned to the prize, he trembled lest from the lateral view of the mailed form before him, an observer might be retained, in the deep and awful accents of Richard the Lion-hearted.

But the Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound silence.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed,

the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-trappings; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disheartened Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists, exhibiting the graces and powers of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity, which might otherwise have been attributed to this display, was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the garb with which he had been just honoured, and the Knight was again greeted by the acclamations of all present.

In the meanwhile, the bustling Peer of Jernash had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries, a lady who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the morrow day. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his handkerchief, as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the daises, and, striking his lance, until the point was within a foot of the ground, conveyed, not without, as it respecting John's commands, which all admired the soldier's dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion and high animation to the stillness of an equine statue.

"Our Disheartened Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as perhaps, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. If, as a stranger in our land, you should require the aid of other judgment to guide your eye, we can only say that Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Widdowes Fitzwar, has at our court been long held the first in beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted prerogative to decide on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which is the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formed and complete.—Have your leave."

The Knight bowed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green willow, having around its edge a doublet of

gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably, like the stonework towers and balls upon a ducal crown.

In the broad jest which he dropped respecting the daughter of Waldemar Finsme, John had more than one motive, such the offspring of a mind which was a strange mixture of malice and presumption with low artifice and cunning. He wished to break from the grasp of the clergy around him his own tolerant and unacceptable jest respecting the *Ferme Taberna*; he was desirous of contrasting Alicia's father Waldemar, of whom he stood in awe, and who had more than once shown himself dissatisfied during the course of the day's proceedings. He had also a wish to establish himself in the good graces of the lady; for John was at least as licentious in his pleasure as prodigal in his ambition. But besides all these reasons, he was desirous to run up against the Dishonoured Knight (towards whom he already entertained a strong dislike) a powerful enemy in the person of Waldemar Finsme, who was likely, he thought, highly to resent the injury done to his daughter, or else, as was not unlikely, the victim should make another choice.

And so indeed it proved. For the Dishonoured Knight passed the gallery close to that of the Prince, in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride of triumphant beauty, and, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to exercise his right of measuring the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward, and seemed to even utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in alarm, which was perhaps affected, some subordinated to forbear smiling, and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their cheeks; but, as the *Warrior Magazine* says there were but one of ten years' standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such varieties, they were willing to withdraw their chins, in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion passed beneath the balcony in which

the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectations of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

It must be owned, that if an interest displayed in his success could have bristled the Disinherited Knight, the part of the late before which he passed had merited his prosecution. Unless the Baron, occupied at the discomfiture of the Templar, and still more so at the discouragement of his two golden-haired neigh bours, Floride-Bouff and Malcolin, had, with his body half stretched over the halbrug, accompanied the victor in such course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest. Even the unmoved Athabazian had shown symptoms of shaking off his apathy, when, calling for a huge goblet of mescaline, he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited Knight.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run between the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how bravely that Gentle rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought off the long way from Bathury, he takes no more care of him than if he wore a wild man's coat—and the noble armour, that was worth as many scotlings to Joseph Parson, the armorer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profit, he cares for it no little as if he had found it in the highway!"

"If he rides his own parents and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—the mark and bridle are his own, but his horse and armour belong to——Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nerothelaim, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistines—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the undisciplined Philistines both slain before his lance,—even as Og, the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Speedy he shall take their gold and their silver,

and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

This matter exactly did the worthy Jew display during every scene that was run, seldom failing to launch a happy calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which was forfeited to the champion upon each new success. There had been therefore no small interest taken in the success of the English-born Knight, by those who occupied the part of the hero before which he now passed.

Whether from inclination or some other motive of levity, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully making the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Berenice. The trumpet instantly sounded, while the herald proclaimed the Lady Berenice the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the coming day, warning with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of "*Long live*," to which Orlan, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample doxology, and to which Athaliah, though less promptly, added one equally large.

There was some murmuring among the household of Norman descent, who were as much taxed to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty, as the Norman nobles were to witness defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "*Long live the Lady Berenice, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!*" To which many in the lower area added, "*Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!*"

However unacceptable these words might be to Prince John, and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne; and mounting his steed, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists. The Prince passed a moment beneath the gallery of the Lady Abdy, to whom he paid his compliments, observing, at the same time, to those around him—"By my halldome, sire; if the English State is ever here shown that he hath both and diadem, his shadow hath no less proved that his eyes are gone of the diadem."

It was on this occasion, or during his whole life, John's

unfortunate, not perfectly to understand the character of those whom he wished to reconcile. Waldemar Fitzurse was rather offended that pleased at the Prince stating thus briefly an opinion that his daughter had been slighted.

"I know no right of clergy," he said, "more precious or undeniable than that of each free knight to choose his lady-love by his own judgment. My daughter courts distinction from no one; and in her own character, and in her own sphere, will never fail to receive the full proportion of that which is her due."

Prince John smiled not; but, opening his arms, as if to give vent to his vexation, he made the scintil board forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assured," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none have borne homage more sincerely than myself, John of Artois; and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall learn to know the emperor to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric murmured for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Adalstanus of Goringburgh, speak only the language, and practise only the manners, of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the valor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

In saying, he lifted the coronet, and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

"What says he?" said Prince John, affecting not to understand the Saxon language, in which, however, he was well skilled. The purport of Cedric's speech was repeated to him in French. "It is well," he said; "to-morrow we will conduct that noble sovereign to her seat of dignity.—You, at least, Sir Knight," he added, turning to the viceroy, who had remained near the gallery, "will this day share our banquet?"

The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a low and hurried voice, excused himself by pleading fatigue, and the necessity of preparing for to-morrow's encounter.

"It is well," said Prince John, haughtily; "although unwell to such extent, we will endeavour to digest our banquet as we may, though unaided by the most successful in arms, and the elected Queen of Beauty."

So saying, he prepared to leave the lists with his glittering train, and his turning his steed for that purpose was the signal for the breaking up and dispersion of the spectators.

Yet, with the vindictive necessity proper to offended pride, especially when combined with conscious want of desert, John had hardly proceeded these paces, ere again, turning around, he fixed an eye of stern reconviction upon the persons who had displeased him in the early part of the day, and issued his commands to the men-at-arms who stood near—"On your life, suffer not that fellow to escape."

The yeoman stood the angry glance of the Prince with the same unvaried steadiness which had marked his former deportment, saying, with a smile, "I have no intention to leave Ashby until the day after to-morrow—I must see how Staffordshire and Leicestershire can draw their bows—the forests of Needwood and Charnwood must rear good soldiers."

"I," said Prince John to his attendants, but not in direct reply,— "I will see how he can draw his own; and were belated him unless his skill should prove some apology for his insolence."

"It is still time," said De Bracy, "that the extravagance" of these persons should be restrained by some striking example."

William Fitzour, who probably thought his patron was not taking the readiest road to popularity, shrugged up his shoulders and was silent. Prince John resumed his retreat from the lists, and the dispersion of the multitude became general.

In various routes, according to the different quarters from which they came, and in groups of various numbers, the spectators were seen retiring over the plain. By far the most numerous part streamed towards the town of Ashby, where many of the distinguished persons were lodged in the castle, and where others found accommodation in the town itself. Among these were most of the knights who had already appeared in the tournament, or who proposed to fight them the morning day, and who,

* Presumptive, insolence.

as they rode slowly along, talking over the events of the day, were greeted with loud shouts by the populace. The same acclamations were bestowed upon Prince John, although he was indebted for them rather to the splendour of his appearance and train, than to the popularity of his character.

A vast throng and noise general, as well as a better-merited acclamation, attended the victor of the day, until, anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, he accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions pitched at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was courteously tendered him by the marshals of the field. On his retiring to his tent, many who had lingered in the lists, to look upon and form conjectures concerning him, also departed.

The signs and sounds of a tumultuous concourse of men lately crowded together in one place, and agitated by the same pressing events, were now exchanged for the distant hoars of voices of different groups retreating in all directions, and these speedily died away in silence. No other sounds were heard, save the voices of the marshals who stripped the galleries of their cushions and tapestry, in order to put them in safety for the night, and wrangled among themselves for the half-used bottles of wine and relics of the refreshment which had been served round to the spectators.

Beyond the precincts of the lists more than one fire was kindled; and these now began to glimmer through the twilight, announcing the toll of the anniversary, which was to continue through the whole night, in order to repair or alter the suits of armour to be used again on the morrow.

A strong guard of men-at-arms, renewed at intervals, from two hours to two hours, surrounded the lists, and kept watch during the night.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Then, like the well-possessing man, that tells
 The web made prompt in her better hall,
 And in the shadow of the silent night
 Teeth shake together from her white wings,
 You'd not be moved, you poor Norwiche,
 With fatal arms towards those Children.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE Disheartened Knight had no sooner reached his quarters, than squires and pages in abundance tendered their services to disarm him, to bring fresh attire, and to offer him the refreshment of the bath. Their zeal in this concern was perhaps disappointed by curiosity, since every one desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, yet had refused, even at the command of Prince John, to lift his vane or to state his name. But their officious inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Disheartened Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, or rather footman—a slowish-looking man, who, wrapped in a cloak of dark-coloured felt, and having his head and face half-buried in a Norman hood made of black fur, seemed to affect the incognito as much as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant adhered his master from the more barbaicous parts of his armour, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal, ere his squire announced to him that five men, each bearing a barbed steel, desired to speak with him. The Disheartened Knight had exchanged his armour for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, long furnished with a hood, concealed the features, when such was the pleasure of the wearer, almost as completely as the veils of the helmet itself; but the twilight, which was now fast darkening, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary, unless to persons to whom the face of an individual desired to be particularly well known.

The Disheartened Knight, therefore, stoop boldly forth to the foot of his tent, and found in attendance the squares of the challengers, whom he easily knew by their rusted and black dresses,

each of whom led his master's charger, loaded with the armour in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Balderic de Oyley, squire to the valiantest Knight France de Bois-Guiscard, make offer to you, styling yourself, for the present, the Disheartened Knight, of the horse and armour used by the good Baron de Bois-Guiscard in this day's Passage of Arms, leaving it with your valour to retain or to restore the same, according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squires repeated nearly the same words, and then stood to await the decision of the Disheartened Knight.

"To you first, sir," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Command me to the noble halberd, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of swords and arms which can never be used by braver warriors.—I would I could have sent my message to those gallant knights; but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest, the Disheartened, I must be that far bound to your masters, that they will, of their courtesy, be pleased to restore their swords and armour, since that which I wear I can hardly term mine own."

"We stand conventionalized, each of us," answered the squire of English Lord de-Bouff, "to offer a hundred marks in ransom of these horses and suits of armour."

"It is sufficient," said the Disheartened Knight. "Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept, of the remaining half, distribute one moiety among yourselves, as squires, and divide the other half between the heralds and the pageboys, and minstrels, and attendants."

The squire, with rap in hand, and low reverence, expressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not often practised, at least upon a scale so extensive. The Disheartened Knight then addressed his discourse to Balderic, the squire of France de Bois-Guiscard. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that our strife is not ended—no, not till we have fought as well with swords as with horses—as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge.—Moreover, let him be assured, that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I am with

pleasant exchange of courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of mortal defiance."

"My master," answered Beldrin, "knows how to receive men with grace, and blows with blows, as well as courtesy with courtesy. Since you disdain to accept from him any share of the ransom at which you have rated the arms of the other knights, I must have his armour and his horse here, being well assured that he will never dare to mount the one or wear the other."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disinherited Knight, "well and boldly, as it becometh him to speak who answers for an absent master. Leave not, however, the horse and armour here. Restore them to thy master; or, if he seems to accept them, retain them, good friend, for thine own use. So far as they are mine, I bestow them upon you freely."

Beldrin made a deep obeisance, and retired with his companions, and the Disinherited Knight entered the pavilion.

"Thus far, Gurth," said he, addressing his attendant, "the reputation of English chivalry hath not suffered in my hands."

"And I," said Gurth, "for a lance unbroken, have not ill played the part of a Norman squire-at-arms."

"Yes, but," answered the Disinherited Knight, "thou hast ever kept me in anxiety lest thy cowardly bearing should discover thee."

"Tush!" said Gurth, "I fear discovery from none, saving my playfellow, Wamba the Jester, of whom I could never discover whether he were most knave or fool. Yet I could scarce choose but laugh, when my old master passed so near to me, dreaming all the while that Gurth was keeping his pocket many a mile off in the thickets and swamps of Rushwood. If I am discovered"—

"Enough," said the Disinherited Knight, "thou knowest my promise."

"Nay, for that matter," said Gurth, "I will never bid my friend the fear of my skin-cutting. I have a tough hide, that will bear knife or scourge as well as any horse's hide in my herd."

"Trust me, I will requite the risk you run for my love, Gurth," said the Knight. "Meanwhile, I pay you to accept these ten pieces of gold."

"I am richer," said Gurth, putting them into his pouch, "than ever was richard or lecherous."

"Take this bag of gold to Ashby," continued his master,

"and did not leave the Jew of York, and let him pay himself for the horse and acres with which his credit supplied me."

"Nay, by St. Dunstan," replied Gorth, "that I will not do."

"How, know," replied his master, "wilt thou not obey my commands?"

"Be they be honest, reasonable, and Christian commands," replied Gorth; "but this is none of those. To suffer the Jew to pay himself would be dishonest, for it would be cheating my master, and unreasonable, for it were the part of a fool, and unchristian, since it would be punishing a believer to enrich an infidel."

"See him contacted, however, thou stubborn rascal," said the Dishabbed Knight.

"I will do so," said Gorth, taking the bag under his cloak, and leaving the apartment; "and it will go hard," he muttered, "but I contact him with one-half of his own asking." So saying, he departed, and left the Dishabbed Knight to his own perplexed ruminations, which, upon more accurate than it is now possible to communicate to the reader, were of a nature peculiarly agonizing and painful.

We must now change the scene to the village of Ashby, or rather to a country house in its vicinity belonging to a wealthy baronet, with whom Isaac, his daughter, and retinue, had taken up their quarters; the Jews, it is well known, being so liberal in extending the duties of hospitality and charity among their own people, as they were alleged to be reluctant and churlish in extending them to those whom they termed Gentiles, and whose treatment of them certainly merited little hospitality at their hand.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of unadorned cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the chamber, served, like the cushions of the Soudan, instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father with a look of anxiety and blind affection, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step; sometimes clasping his hands together—sometimes raising his eyes to the roof of the apartment, as one who laboured under great mental tribulation. "O Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a lasting venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law

of Mass—Fifty scutches wrecked from me at one ditch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"Dad, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly? the block of Egypt upon plan!—Willingly, assist thou!—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I hung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest—when the seething billows in my throat riled—perfumed their heavy foam with myrrh and clove—embroidered their creases with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the mischief!"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," answered Rebecca, "and the God of our fathers has more blessed your store and your gillings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me!—O, daughter, desolated and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would avenge heavily."

"Think not thus of it, my father," said Rebecca, "we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependant on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace; and the gold which we lend them returns with interest to our coffers. We are like the herb which flourisheth most where it is most trampled on. Even this day's payment had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew, who furnished the means."

"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast heaped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly stand and the rich increase, equal to the fall profit of my adventure with our English Jewman of Leicester—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which swallows up the gain of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabbaths—and yet it may well better than I now think, for 'tis a good yearb."

"Assuredly," said Rebecca, "you shall not repent you of reaping the good seed sown of the stranger knight."

"I trust so, daughter," said Isaac, "and I trust too in the

rebuilding of Zion; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and battlements of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, yes, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unseen under the eye of the judge and jury."

So saying, he resumed his disconsolate walk through the apartment; and Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to excite new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts—a practical line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comforters and advisers, to follow it in the like circumstances.

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment, and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil; the richest wines, and the most delicate refreshments, were at the same time displayed by another Jewish domestic on a small dining table, laid with silver; for, in the interior of their houses, the Jews refused themselves no expensive indulgence. At the same time the servant informed Isaac, that a Portuguese (so they termed Christians, while conversing among themselves) desired to speak with him. His shop would live by traffic, must hold himself at the disposal of every one claiming business with him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the selected glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, "Rebecca, tell thyself," commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a series of silver pieces which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapt in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than promising, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his ragged brow.

"Art thou Isaac the Jew of York?" said Gurth in French.

"I am," replied Isaac in the same language (for his traffic had required every tongue spoken in Britain familiar to him)—"and who art thou?"

"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac, "do without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Easily," answered Gurth; "I being to pay money must know that I deliver it to the right person; thou who art to receive it wilt not, I think, owe very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

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"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to France John willingly."

"Willingly! the Misch of Egypt upon him!—Willingly, midst them!—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I hung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she labored in the tempest—robbed the seething bilious in my choice stores—perfumed their lying faces with myrrh and aloes—enriched their caverns with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of wondrous misery, through my own hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," murmured Rebecca, "and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gillings."

"Ay," murmured Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did today, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me!—O, daughter, disabused and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would revenge bravely."

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"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly steel and the rich armour, equal to the full price of my adventures with our Eliphaz Jafnar of Lebanon—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which realises up the gain of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabbath's—and yet it may end better than I now think, for 'tis a good youth."

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rebuiding of Zion; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and buttments of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the eye of the judge and jury."

So saying, he resumed his discontented walk through the apartment; and Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to awaken new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts—a prudent line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comforters and advisers, to follow it in the like circumstances.

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Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a stream of silver gaze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapt in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than prepossessing, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his rugged brow.

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"I am," replied Isaac in the same language (for his traffic had rendered every tongue spoken in Britain familiar to him);—"and who art thou?"

"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac; "for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Briefly," answered Gurth; "I being to pay money must know that I deliver it to the right person; thou who art to receive it wilt not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

"O," said the Jew, "you are come to pay money!—Holy Father Abraham! that altereth our relation to each other. And thou whom God does bring it!"

"From the Death-bedded Knight," said Gorth, "winner in this day's tournament. It is the price of the armour supplied to him by Kirpath Jernax of Leicester, on thy recommendation. The steel is restored to thy stable. I desire to know the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the armour."

"I and he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac with joyful exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee no harm," he added, filling and handing to the overwhelmed a richer draught than Gorth had ever before tasted. "And how much money," continued Isaac, "hast thou brought with thee?"

"Holy Virgin!" said Gorth, setting down the cup, "what matter these unwholesome dogs drink, while true Christians are fain to quaff ale as usually and thick as the duff we give to dogs!—What money have I brought with me?" continued the Baron, when he had finished this unedifying question, "even but a small sum; something at hand the whilst. What, Isaac! thou must bear a conscience, though it be a Jewish one."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, "thy master has won greatly already and with armour with the strength of his lance, and of his right hand—but 'tis a good youth—the Jew will take thee in present payment, and render him back the surplus."

"My master has disposed of them already," said Gorth.

"Ah! that was wrong," said the Jew, "that was the part of a fool. No Christian here could buy so many horses and armour—no Jew except myself would give him half the value. But thou hast a hundred markins with thee in that bag," said Isaac, peering under Gorth's cloak; "it is a heavy one."

"I have back for another half in it," said Gorth readily.

"Well, then"—said Isaac, pausing and hesitating between selfish love of gain and a new-born desire to be liberal in the present instance, "if I should say that I would take eighty markins for the good steel and rich armour, which serves me not a griller's profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Surely," said Gorth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master cash plentiful. Nevertheless, if such be your last offer I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah!

eighty neckties is too little. It harvests no profits for the wages of the money; and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter. Q, it was a hard and dangerous meeting! man and steed rushing on each other like wild bulls of Bashan! The horse came off but here had wrong."

"And I say," replied Gorth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say, over and above, that seventy neckties is enough for the steed; and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag" (and he shook it till the contents jangled) "back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac, "lay down the talents—the shekels—the eighty neckties, and then shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gorth at length complied; and telling out eighty neckties upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he told out with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table and dropped it into his purse. It seemed as if his anxiety were struggling with his better nature, and compelling him to pocket neckties after neckties, while his generosity urged him to restore some part at least to his benefactor, or as a donation to his agent. His whole speech ran nearly thus:

"Seventy-one—seventy-two; thy master is a good youth—seventy-three, an excellent youth—seventy-four, that piece hath been dilyt within the ring—seventy-five—and that looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy master wastes money let him come to Isaac of York—seventy-seven—that is, with reasonable security." Here he made a considerable pause, and Gorth had good hope that the last three pieces might escape the tale of their number; but the enumeration proceeded—"Seventy-eight—there art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and deserves something for thyself!"—

Here the Jew paused again, and looked at the last necktie, intarsiating, doubting, to bestow it upon Gorth. He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by dropping it upon the table. And it rang too flat, or had it felt a horse's breadth too tight, generally had carried the day; but, unluckily for Gorth, the chance was full and true, the necktie plump, surely

refined, and a grain above weight. Isaac could not find in his heart to part with it, so dropt it into his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words, "Eighty completes the tale, and I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely.—Surely," he added, looking intently at the bag, "there had more come in that pouch!"

Gurth grimaced, which was his secret approach to a laugh, as he replied, "About the same quantity which thou hast just told over so carefully." He then doiled the aspergillum, and put it under his cap, adding—"Puff of thy beard, Jew, see that this be stiff and ample!" He filled himself, besides, a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Behoove," said the Jew, "that Solomon's bath gets somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth—ay, and I am well pleased that he hath gained streaks of gold and streaks of wine, even by the speed of his horse and by the strength of his knee, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a warrior's knee."

As he turned to receive Solomon's answer, he observed that, during his chaffing with Gurth, she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the meanwhile, Gurth had descended the stairs, and having reached the dark antechamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shrouded by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gurth had some reluctance to obey the summons. Rough and impetuous as a wild horse where only earthly force was to be apprehended, he had all the characteristic timor of a horse respecting horns, forest-fauna, white women, and the whole of the aspergillum which his senses had brought with them from the wide of Germany. He remembered, moreover, that he was in the house of a Jew, a people who, besides the other unamiable qualities which popular report ascribed to them, were supposed to be profound geomancers and alchemists. Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, he obeyed the beckoning summons of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found to his joyful surprise that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament, and a short time in her father's apartment.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but just with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; "he gave thy master deeper kindness than these arms and words could pay, were their value tenfold. What man dares thou pay my father even now?"

"Highly worthy," said Gerth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "there wilt find a hundred Denarii to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—hasten—stay not to render thanks and bowers how you pass through the crowded streets, where thou meetest surely less both thy freedom and thy life—Hasten," she cried, clapping her hands together, "light forth this stranger, and bid not to draw back and her belied him."

Hasten, a dark brow'd and black-headed lassie, stepped her summons, with a torch in her hand; raised the covert door of the house, and conducted Gerth across a paved court, let him out through a window as the entrance gate, which he closed behind him with such bolts and chains as would well have become that of a prison.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gerth, as he stounded up the dark street, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten minutes from my home young master—twenty from the goal of Zion—Oh, happy day!—Quick another, Gerth, will release thy bondsmen, and make thee a brother as free of thy girdle as the hawk. And thou do I lay down my swineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without liking either my loss or my name."

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Let Gert, or without, etc, and there as that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and ride you.

Rebecca—Oh, we are welcome! there are the children
That all the brethren do find as much.

Yah—My friends, —

Let Gert without's not as, etc, we are your master.

Let Gert—Faint! we'll hear him.

My Gert—Oh, by my hand, will we,

For he's a proper man.

Two Germans in Vienna.

THE accidental adventures of Gerth were not yet concluded; indeed he himself became partly of that mind, when, after pass-

ing one or two struggling beams which stood in the outskirts of the village, he found himself in a deep lane, situated between two banks overgrown with hawthorn and holly, while here and there a dwarf oak hung its arms altogether across the path. The lane was moreover much rattled and broken up by the carriages which had recently transported articles of various kinds to the tournament, and it was dark, for the hawthorn and bushes interrupted the light of the harvest moon.

From the village were heard the distant sounds of revelry, mixed occasionally with loud laughter, sometimes broken by screams, and sometimes by wild strains of distant music. All these sounds, indicating the disorderly state of the town, accorded with military tables and their dissolute associates, gave Gerth some uneasiness. "The Jews are right," he said to himself. "By heaven and St. Dominus, I would I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure! Here are such wonders, I will not say of earnest thieves, but of earnest knights and earnest squires, earnest monks and earnest merchants, earnest jugglers and earnest jesters, that a man with a single mark would be in danger, much more a poor scoundrel with a whole bagful of money. Would I were out of the shade of these colossal bushes, that I might at least see any of St. Nicholas' clerks before they spring on my shoulders."

Gerth accordingly hastened his pace, in order to gain the open common to which the lane led, but was not so fortunate as to accomplish his object. Just as he had attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thickest, four men sprang upon him, even as his feet anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast, that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been now too late.—"Surrender your charge," said one of them; "we are the detainers of the countess's will, who owe every man of her baron."

"You should not use me if mine so lightly," noticed Gerth, whose early honesty would not be taxed even by the presence of immediate violence,—"had I it but in my power to give these strikers its defence."

"We shall see that presently," said the soldier; and speaking to his companions, he added, "bring along the knave. I see he would have his head broken, as well as his purse cut, and so he let bleed in two veins at once."

Gerth was hurried along obediently to this mandate, and

having been dragged somewhat roughly over the beach, on the left-hand side of the line, found himself in a struggling Dialect, which lay between it and the open ocean. He was compelled to follow his rough conductors into the very depths of this cove, where they stopped unexpectedly in an irregular open space, free in a great measure from trees, and on which, therefore, the beams of the moon fell without much interruption from boughs and leaves. Here his captors were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the gang. They had short swords by their sides, and quarter-staves in their hands, and Garth could now observe that all six were whites, which rendered their occupation a matter of no question, even had their former proceedings left it in doubt.

"What money hast thou, churl?" said one of the whites.

"Thirty moolins of my own property," answered Garth, doggally.

"A forlorn—a forlorn!" shouted the soldier: "a Saxon hath thirty moolins, and returns sober from a village! An undrinkable and uncondemnable forlorn of all he hath about him."

"I needed it to purchase my freedom," said Garth.

"Thou art an ass," replied one of the whites, "three quarts of double ale had rendered thee as free as thy master, ay, and than too, if he be a Saxon like thyself."

"A sad truth," replied Garth; "but if these same thirty moolins will buy my freedom from you, unloose my hands, and I will pay them to you."

"Hold," said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the others; "thou hast thou bearest, as I can feel through thy skin, contains more coin than thou hast told us of."

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Garth, "of which, verily, I would not have spoken a word had you been satisfied with working your will upon mine own property."

"Thou art an honest fellow," replied the soldier, "I warrant thee; and we worship not St. Nicholas so devoutly but what thy thirty moolins may yet escape, if thou deal uprightly with us. Hereupon render up thy trust for the time." So saying, he took from Garth's breast the large leather pouch, in which the purse given him by Hakoon was enclosed, as well as the rest of the moolins, and then continued his interrogation.—"Woe to thy master?"

"The Debarbated Knight," said Garth.

"Whose good name," replied the robber, "was the prize in today's lottery? What is his name and lineage?"

"It is his pleasure," answered Gorth, "that they be no asked; and from me, secretly, you will learn enough of them."

"What is thine own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Gorth, "might reveal my master's."

"Thou art a wily groom," said the robber, "but of that name. How comes thy master by this gold? is it of his inheritance, or by what means hath it accrued to him?"

"By his good name," answered Gorth.—"These bags contain the ransom of four good houses, and four good wives of warriors."

"How much is there?" demanded the robber.

"Two hundred neckles."

"Only two hundred neckles?" said the leader, "your master hath dealt liberally by the vanquished, and put them to a cheap ransom. Name those who paid the gold."

Gorth did so.

"The armor and horse of the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, at what ransom were they sold?—Thou must thou name not deceive me."

"My master," replied Gorth, "will take account from the Templar were his life's blood. They are on terms of mortal defiance, and cannot hold courteous intercourse together."

"Indeed!"—repeated the robber, and passed after he had said the word. "And what wert thou now doing at Salisbury with such a charge to thy custody?"

"I went thither to render to Isaac the Jew of York," replied Gorth, "the prize of a suit of armor with which he fitted my master for this tournament."

"And how much didst thou pay to Isaac?—Nethinks, to judge by weight, there is still two hundred neckles in that pouch."

"I paid to Isaac," said the Squire, "eighty neckles, and he restored me a hundred in her stead."

"How! what?" exclaimed all the robbers at once; "durst thou tattle with us, that thou taldest such improbable lies?"

"What I tell you," said Gorth, "is as true as the moon is in heaven. You will find the just man in a silver pane within the southern pouch, and separate from the rest of the gold."

"Tut! tut! thou, man," said the Captain, "thou speakest of a

Jew—of an Israelite,—as taught to restore gold, as the dry seed of his desert to retain the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon them."

"There are many money in them," said another of the banditti, "than in an untried sheriff's office."

"It is, however, as I say," said Gerth.

"Strike a light instantly," said the Captain; "I will examine this gold piece; and if it be as the fellow says, the Jew's beauty is little less numerous than the stream which relieved his failure in the wilderness."

A light was procured accordingly, and the robber proceeded to examine the piece. The others crowded round him, and even two who had hold of Gerth relaxed their grasp while they stretched their necks to see the issue of the search. Anding himself of their negligence, by a sudden exertion of strength and activity Gerth shook himself free of their hold, and might have escaped, could he have resolved to leave his master's property behind him. But such was no part of his intention. He wrenched a quarterstaff from one of the fellows, struck down the Captain, who was altogether unaware of his purpose, and had well-nigh expressed himself of the piece and treasure. The thieves, however, were too nimble for him, and again secured both the bag and the trusty Gerth.

"Kneee!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast broken my head; and with other men of our sort thou wouldst shew the worst for thy insolence. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly: First let us speak of thy master, the knight's matters must go before the squire's, according to the due order of chivalry. Stand thou fast in the meantime—if thou art again, thou shalt have that will make thee quiet for thy life—Comrades!" he then said, addressing his gang, "this piece is embossed with Helmer's character, and I well believe the yeoman's tale is true. The earnest knight, his master, must needs pay us toll-free. He is too like ourselves for us to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs whose wolves and hares are to be found in abundance."

"Like us?" answered one of the-gang; "I should like to hear how that is made good."

"Why, then, fool," answered the Captain, "is he not poor and disinherited as we are?—Dost he not win his substance at the sheriff's point as we do?—Hath he not beaten Front-de-

Boat and Melvins, even, as we would beat them if we could! Is he not the enemy to life and death of Emma de Bois-Guilford, whom we have so much reason to fear? And were all this otherwise, wouldn't thou have us show a worse conscience than an unbeliever, a Hebrew Jew?"

"Nay, that were a shame," noticed the other fellow; "and yet, when I served in the land of stout old Gaudy, we had no such scruples of conscience. And thou insolent peasant,—be too, I warrant me, is to be discarded scoundrel!"

"Not if thou canst smite him," replied the Captain.—"Here, fellow," continued he, addressing Gault, "must thou use the staff that thou steals to it so readily?"

"I thank," said Gault, "thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question."

"Nay, by my troth, thou givest me a round knock," replied the Captain; "do us much for this fellow, and thou shalt pass unscathed, and if thou dost not—why, by my faith, as thou art such a sturdy leaver, I think I must pay thy ransom myself.—Take thy staff, Miller," he added, "and keep thy hand; and do you others let the fellow go, and give him a staff—there is light enough to lay an hand by."

The two champions, being alike armed with quarter-staves, stepped forward into the centre of the open space, in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight—the champion in the meantime laughing, and crying to their friends, "Miller! beware thy bell-dick." The Miller, on the other hand, holding his quarter-staff by the middle, and making it flourish round his head after the fashion which the French call *faire le moulinet*, exclaimed heartily, "Come on, devil, as thou dar'st: thou shalt feel the strength of a miller's thumb!"

"If thou be'st a miller," answered Gault, unobtrusively, making his weapon play round his head with equal dexterity, "thou art doubtly a thief, and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance."

So saying, the two champions closed together, and for a few minutes they displayed great equality in strength, strategy, and skill, intercepting and returning the blows of their adversary with the most rapid dexterity, while, from the continued clashing of their weapons, a person at a distance might have supposed that there were at least six persons engaged on each side. Less definite, and even less dangerous combats, have been described

in good hardy verse; but that of Gorth and the Miller must needs waiting for trust of a sacred poet to do justice to its poetical progress. Yet, though quarter-staff play be out of date, what we can in prose we will do for those bold champions.

Long they fought equally, until the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so slowly opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who, as usual in such cases, enjoyed his weakness. This was not a state of mind favourable to the noble game of quarter-staff, in which, as in ordinary outsparring, the utmost coolness is requisite; and it gave Gorth, whose temper was steady, though early, the opportunity of acquiring a decided advantage, in availing himself of which he displayed great mastery.

The Miller pressed furiously forward, dashing blows with either end of his weapon alternately, and striving to come to half-staff distance, while Gorth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard asunder, and covering himself by shifting his weapon with great celerity, so as to protect his head and body. Thus did he maintain the defensive, making his eye, foot, and hand keep true time, until, observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand; and as the Miller endeavored to parry the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length upon the ground.

"Well and yeomanly done!" shouted the soldiers; "fair play and Old England for ever! The Saxons have scored back his paces and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Then mayst go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain, addressing Gorth, in special commendation of the general voice, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the castle in such a right as this. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name—ask not after ours, nor endeavour to discover who or what we are; for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than has yet befallen thee."

Gorth thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and promised to

attend to his recommendation. Two of the outlaws, taking up their quarters-staves, and desiring Gorth to follow close in the rear, walked boldly forward along a by-path, which traversed the thicket and the broken ground adjacent to it. On the very verge of the thicket two men spoke to his conductors, and receiving an answer in a whisper, withdrew into the wood, and suffered them to pass unobserved. This circumstance induced Gorth to believe both that the gang was strong in numbers, and that they kept regular guards around their place of rendezvous.

When they arrived on the open heath, where Gorth might have had some trouble in finding his road, the drivers guided him straight forward to the top of a little eminence, whence he could see, spread beneath him in the moonlight, the panorama of the lake, the glistening pavilions stretched on either side, with the pavements which adorned them, forming in the moonbeams, and from which could be heard the tones of the song with which the musicians were beguiling their night-watch.

Here the outlaws stopped.

"We go with you no further," said they, "it were not wise that we should do so.—Remember the warning you have received—keep secret what has this night befallen you, and you will have no reason to regret it—forget what is now told you, and the Tower of London shall not protect you against our revenge."

"Good night to you, kind sirs," said Gorth; "I shall remember your advice, and trust that there is no offence in wishing you a safe and an honest trade."

Thus they parted, the outlaws retreating in the direction from whence they had come, and Gorth proceeding to the tent of his master, to whom, notwithstanding the injunction he had received, he communicated the whole adventures of the evening.

The Disembellished Knight was filled with astonishment, so keen as the proximity of Babylon, by which, however, he resolved he would not profit, than that of the robbery, to whose profusion such a quality seemed totally foreign. His course of reflection upon these singular circumstances was, however, interrupted by the necessity for taking repose, which the fatigue of the preceding day, and the propriety of refreshing himself for the morrow's encounter, rendered alike indispensable.

The knight, therefore, stretched himself the repose upon a rich couch with which the tent was provided; and the artificial

Gertie, extending his hardy limbs upon a bench-stem which formed a sort of support to the partition, laid himself across the opening of the tent, so that no one could enter without awakening him.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The herald left the assembling up and down,
 Four fingers trumpet loud and clear.
 There is no more to say, but out and west,
 In go the squares rally in the tent,
 In go the sharp-spear into the side,
 There are men who can just and who can side,
 There shiver shields upon shields in shiver,
 He holds through the lance-eyes the prize,
 Up springs square, twenty feet in height,
 Out go the arrows for the silver bright,
 The ladies they to-wards and to-ward,
 Out beat the blood with their diamonds red.

Chorus.

Hesperus arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the start or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the herald, for the purpose of restoring the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to engage. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equally belated the two halves who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Deindehearted Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Erno (de De-Guillart, who had been rated as having done second-best on the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenges adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights

fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and pursued by the dexterity of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inserted in desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of two o'clock, the whole place was crowded with ladies, gentlemen, and foot-passengers, looking on to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who wanted to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, accompanied, however, by Athelstane. The Saxon had crept his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had conversed strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course, than strong in justifying it.

His host, if not his only reason, for offering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his quality of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the consent of Cedric and his other friends. It had therefore been with unthoughted displeasure that the proud though haughty Lord of Greenborough beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to render. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own aid, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom, his fatherless, at least, awarded great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive

the Disinherited Knight of his personal answer, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Tracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Normans, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which set well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, dismounted his horse, and alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Bertrava from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished Disinherited to hold her palfrey.

"It is thou," said Prince John, "that we see the destined champion of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are curious her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Listen," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Bertrava to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Bertrava seated, than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Moreover, the sun shone down and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The knights then proclaimed silence until the hour of the tourney should be rehearsed. There were collected in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to fling with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was

mounted, might use a cross or battle-axe at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might resume the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assault him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the pollards with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture outside upon the base of the pollards, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his un-knightly conduct. Having announced these provisions, the herald concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to seek favour from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the herald withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank,—a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a grand sight, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted heavily, and armed richly, stood ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, arrayed on their war-machines like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they

were decorated flustering over the plumes of the helms. Then they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost attention, but neither party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was then exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal word,—*Envoies aller!* The trumpet sounded as he spoke—the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the ranks—the spears were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the debated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the actions of either could see the fate of the encounter. When the light became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance,—some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man,—some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise,—some had already gained their feet, and were doing head to head with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament,—and several on both sides, who had reserved wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their hands, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tangle. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging blows, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted,—*"Ha! Don-avant! Don-avant!"*—For the Temple—For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer,—*"Dedichede! Dedichede!"*—which word they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

* *Don-avant* was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half black, half white, or tabard; it is said, that they were useful and fair towards Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels.

The champions then encountered each other with the almost fury, and with alternate screams, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southens, now toward the northens with unity of the fate, as the one or the other party prevailed. Maximine the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, raised fearfully with the sound of the trumpet, and drove the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumes, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-fakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to excite terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a startling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband, was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and handkerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Drive him! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud exclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had died and received the blows which were there as freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the herald, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives!—Fight on—death is better than defeat!—Fight on, brave knights!—for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied confusion of the contest, the eyes of all were directed to discover the leaders of each band, who, ringing in the tink of the light, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bow-Gilbert or the Disinherited Knight fail in the

ranks opposed to them a champion who would be termed their unopposed match. They repeatedly endeavored to slay each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the sword and confusion that, during the earlier part of the combat, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the impetus of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor, by meeting his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of sustaining the strife, the Templar and the Disheartened Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that martial animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the ardor of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into an unceasing and unobscured shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disheartened Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of *Frank-de-Blood* on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of *Atlestone* on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Fringing themselves free from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Normans spurred against the Disheartened Knight on the one side, and the Saxons on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantages.

"*Beurre! beurre! Sir Disheartened!*" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger, and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of *Atlestone* and *Frank-de-Blood*. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides towards the object of their attack and the Templar, almost muzzling their horses against each other as they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three par-

and their united purpose of bearing to the north the Disembodied Knight.

Nothing could have wiled him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the same stead, as the horse of Bois-Guérin was wounded, and those of *Pont-de-Barr* and *Attilabone* were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the petting cautions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disembodied Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at several points his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and making now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the fight raged with the splendour of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered, and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his weapon, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John. "This same springer, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, has already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disembodied Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, huge of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto shown very little interest in the onset of the fight, beating off with amazing ease those combatants who attacked him, but rather pursuing his advantages, nor himself coming any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Passant*, or the Black Straggler.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy when he discovered the leader of his party so hard pressed; for, turning upon to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his enemy

men like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "Duché! to the rescue!" In van high time, then, while the Dischartered Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got up to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the latter Knight dealt a stroke on the head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the cheekbone of the blood, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Palamant* then turned his horse upon *Affolant* of Chalingburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky French the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that *Affolant* also lay motionless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the singleness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the line, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with *Bras de Beu-Guilbert*. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had fled much, and gave way under the shock of the Dischartered Knight's charge. *Bras de Beu-Guilbert* rolled on the field, surrounded with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist springing from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself, when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, waved him the notification of confining himself vanquished, by casting down his weapon, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the noise and colour of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forbore the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strike of the leaders.

The squire, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their desired attendance to the wounded, who were reserved with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining villages.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, one of the most gallantly-contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped lost carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had named *Le Noir Fossoy*. It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disheartened Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disheartened Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the soubriquet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to send another to receive the honours which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further cause for relating the doings of the Disheartened Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field strewn with blood, and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disheartened Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the Chaplet of Honour which your valor

has justly deserved." The knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor — while ladies waved their often loosened and unadorned veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of acclamation, the marshals conducted the Dismounted Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Instead his whole action since the fight had suited seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he returned as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshal exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his capes might not be removed.

Whether from love or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhooked him by cutting the laces of his capes, and reaching the fastenings of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet un-knight features of a young man of twenty-two were seen under a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek, but at once commanding up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these words: "I bestow on thee the chaplet, Sir Knight, as the mark of valour assigned to this day's victor," here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brave men worthy could a wreath of cherry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the

lovely Boweridge by whom his valour had been rewarded, and then, sinking yet further forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cairn, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his listless son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Boweridge. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Irwin's action, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

CHAPTER THIRTYENTH.

"Hasten onward!" Action thus cried,
 "Should forth distinguish'd from the daring crowd,
 To win by skill or steady force my share
 Your words to counsel and to fight I bring.
 This war, worth lonely ones, is deemed
 For him who furthest such the winged rest."

ELMER.

THE name of Irwin was no longer pronounced than it was from month to month, with all the solemnity with which eulogists could convey and actually receive it. It was not long ere it reached the ears of the Prince, whose brow darkened as he heard the news. Looking around him, however, with an air of scorn, "My lords," said he, "and especially you, Sir Prince, what think ye of the doctrine the learned tell us, concerning heroic attractions and antiquities? Motivate that I felt the presence of my brother's name, even when I first guessed whom yonder seat of honour indicated."

"Front-de-Bœuf" must propose to restore his list of Irwin," said De Bracy, who, having discharged his part honourably in the tournament, had laid his shield and helmet aside, and again mingled with the Prince's retinue.

"Ay," answered Waldemar Frouce, "this gallant is likely to retain the name and manner which Richard assigned to him, and which your Highness's generosity has since given to Front-de-Bœuf."

"Front-de-Bœuf," replied John, "is a man more willing to acquire three names such as Irwin, than to disgorge one of

them. For the rest, alas, I hope none here will deny my right to cast the lot of the cross upon the faithful followers who are around me, and ready to perform the most military service, in the room of those who have wandered to foreign countries, and can neither render homage nor service where called upon."

The audience were too much interested in the question not to pronounce the Prince's assumed rights altogether inadmissible. "A generous Prince!—a most noble Lord, who thus takes upon himself the task of rewarding his faithful followers!"

Such were the words which burst from the tribe, approving all of them of similar grants at the expense of King Richard's followers and favorites, if indeed they had not as yet received such. Prior Agner also assented to the general proposition, observing, however, "That the blessed Jerusalem could not indeed be termed a foreign country. She was *omnisium mater*—the mother of all Christians. Yet he saw not," he declared, "how the Knight of Iruchoe could plead any advantage from this, since he" (the Prior) "was assured that the crusaders, under Richard, had never penetrated much farther than Acre, which, as all the world knew, was a town of the Philistines, and entitled to some of the privileges of the Holy City."

Wallower, whose anxiety had led him towards the place where Iruchoe had fallen to the ground, now returned. "The gullet," said he, "is likely to give your Highness little disturbance, and to leave Frank-de-Roof in the quiet possession of his pain—he is severely wounded."

"Whichever becomes of him," said Prince John, "he is ruler of the day; and were he to field our enemy, or the devoted friend of our brother, which is perhaps the same, his wounds must be looked to—our own physicians shall attend him."

A stern smile curled the Prince's lip as he spoke. Wallower glanced backward to reply, that Iruchoe was already recovered from the late, and in the custody of his friends.

"I was somewhat afflicted," he said, "to see the grief of the Queen of Love and Beauty, whose sovereignty of a day this morn has changed into mourning. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's lament for her lover, but this same Lady Rowena expressed her sorrow with such dignity of manner, that it could only be discovered by her faded hands, and her tearful eye, which trembled as it remained fixed on the Edifice from before her."

"Who is this lady Rowena," said Prince John, "of whom we have heard so much?"

"A French heiress of large possessions," replied the Prior Arnaut; "a race of lookings, and a jewel of wealth, the fairest among a thousand, a bundle of myrrh, and a cluster of sapphires."

"We shall cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "and atone her blood, by wedding her to a Norman. She seems a widow, and must therefore be at our royal disposal in marriage.—How sayst thou, De Eney? What thinkst thou of granting fair lands and livings, by wedding a Saxon, after the fashion of the followers of the Conqueror?"

"If the lands are to my liking, my lord," answered De Eney, "it will be hard to disagree me with a bride; and deeply will I hold myself bound to your highness for a good deed, which will fulfil all promises made in favour of your coronet and realm."

"We will not forget it," said Prince John, "and that we may instantly go to work, command our marshal presently to order the attendance of the Lady Rowena and her company, that is, the rule over her guardians, and the house or where the Black Knight straight drives in the tournament, upon that evening's banquet.—De Eney," he added to his steward, "then wilt visit this our second mansion so constantly, as to gratify the pride of these Saxons, and make it impossible for them again to refuse; although, by the lance of Hockley, courtesy to them is costing people's lives and sin."

Prince John had proceeded thus far, and was about to give the signal for retiring from the hall, when a small tablet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his steward. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said he had taken night and day to put it into the hands of your highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed as it is to secure the fidelity with which the tablet was surrounded, and which bore the impression of three fleur-de-lis. John then opened the tablet with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in these words:—

"Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchain'd!"

The Prince stirred as pain as death, looked first on the coffin, and then to Louisa, like a man who has recovered sense that sentence of execution has been passed upon him. Recovering from the first effects of his anguish, he took Waldemar Pittures and De Bracy aside, and put the billet into their hands separately. "It means," he added, in a hoarse voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm, or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is France's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is true, then," said Pittures, "to draw out party to a hand, either at York, or some other neutral place. A few days more, and it will be indeed too late. Your highness must break about this present necessity."

"The yemen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dissuaded discontented, for lack of their share in the spoils."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—but the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promise, so far as this herd of boar-suck is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince, "thou hast saved me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday haunted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be so here used to revenge and to pleasure—let me now come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpet soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was again that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yemen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, precisely to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the last order a prize was to be awarded, being a hugh-bone, mounted with silver, and a custom highly richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of all our sport.

More than thirty persons at that presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-foresters in the royal forests of Blackwood and Chawwood. What, however,

the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the likelihood of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of such celebrated marksmen was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The finished list of competitors for silver thus still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his appointment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I passed by thy incident habbitts thou wast no true lover of the long bow, and I too thou dar'st not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refusing to shoot, besides the finding disadvantageous and disagreeable."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a palatal curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the yeoman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might wish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Lookalay," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Lookalay," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carrest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou loost it, thou shalt be strip'd of thy Lincoln gown, and scowp'd out of the lists with horsestings, for a waddy and basinet buggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman.—"Your Grace's power, suggested, as it is, by so many

monsters, may indeed easily stir and annoy me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If then release my fair profile," said the Prince, "the Provost of the town shall not thy hawking, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a heart-hearted enemy."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, good Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of losing if they should overcome me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, monsters," said Prince John, "his heart is willing, I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial—and do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a hawk and a bull of who are ready for your reinforcement in powder and shot, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the western avenue which led to the town. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the western avenue; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rivers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, named the Provost of the Game; for the high rank of the marshals of the town would have been well degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yowallike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others stayed so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Robert, a fosterer in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Lookley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "will thou try conclusions with Robert, or wilt thou yield up bow, ballie, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?"

"Ere it be so better," said Lookley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at

your mark of Robert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Robert, I will fill the bag with silver pieces for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Robert; "but my grandfathers drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Robert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bowdole low, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was high level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Robert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to press upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as casually as appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Robert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Robert, "an thou suffer that renegade knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Robert had but one set speech for all occasions. "As your Highness wote to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandfathers drew a good bow!"

"The foul deed on thy grandfathers and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Robert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had

just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clink!—in the clink!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Then cannot you tell that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an ironical smile.

"I will catch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And taking up his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamours. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yongues to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will give your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as he used in the North Country; and welcome every honest yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a mile from the honey-lane he loves best."

He then turned to leave the fête. "Let your grace attend us," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his weapon; but the cry of "Shanno! shanno!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his capricious purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great assiduity, observing at the same time, that to ask a good workman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a hairless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lane, and staking the willow wand upright in the ground, "be that like that rod at five-score paces, I call him an archer, fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, as it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandfathers," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this peasant can draw that red, I give him the hosiery—or rather I yield to the devil that is in his person, and not to any human still; a man can beat his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our person's whistle, or at a wheat-straw, or at a rainbow, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Stretch Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. How'er it be, thou shalt not cross over us with a name short of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly scored, having been a while frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow red against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bagis, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take bravery and service with us as a person of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did as strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandfathers did at Hastings. Had his nobility not refused the trail, he would have hit the wood as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

The victorious archer would not perhaps have occupied John's attention so truly, had not that Prince had other subjects of anxious and more important meditation pressing upon his mind.

at that instant. He called upon his chamberlain as he gave the signal for retiring from the hall, and recommended him instantly to gallop to Ashby, and seek out Isaac the Jew. "Tell the dog," he said, "to send me, before sun-down, two thousand crowns. He knows the security; but thou must show him five ring for a token. The rest of the money must be paid at York within six days. If he neglects I will have the calchevering villain's head. Look that thou pass him not on the way; for the circumstantial claim was displaying his stolen fairy amongst us."

So saying, the Prince resumed his horse, and returned to Ashby, the whole crowd breaking up and dispersing upon his retreat.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

*In such magnificent array,
When ancient ducalry display'd
The pomp of her heroic games,
And crested stials and throned dames
Assess'd, at the ducal's call,
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall.*

WATSON.

PRINCE JOHN held his high festival in the Castle of Ashby. This was not the same building of which the sturdy walls still interest the traveller, and which was erected at a later period by the Lord Hastings, High Chamberlain of England, one of the first victims of the tyranny of Richard the Third, and yet better known to us of Shakspeare's characters, than by his historical facts. The castle and town of Ashby, at this time, belonged to Roger de Quincey, Earl of Winchester, who, during the period of our history, was absent in the Holy Land. Prince John, in the meanwhile, occupied his castle, and disposed of his domains without scruple; and waiting at present in double men's eyes by his hospitality and magnificence, had given orders for great preparations, in order to render the banquet as splendid as possible.

The purpoſes of the Prince, who extended on this and other occasions the full authority of royalty, had swept the

country of all that could be collected which was extended to for their master's table. Guests also were invited in great numbers, and in the necessity in which he then found himself of securing popularity, Prince John had extended his invitation to a few distinguished Scotch and Danish families, as well as to the Norman nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. However despised and degraded on ordinary occasions, the great numbers of the Anglo-Normans must necessarily render them formidable in the civil connections which aroused approaching, and it was an obvious point of policy to secure popularity with their leaders.

It was accordingly the Prince's intention, which he for some time maintained, to treat these favoured guests with a courtesy to which they had been little accustomed. But although no man with less scruple made his ordinary habits and feelings lead to his interest, it was the misfortune of this Prince, that his levity and politeness were perpetually breaking out, and undoing all that had been gained by his previous dissimulation.

Of this folly longer he gave a memorable example in Ireland, when sent thither by his father, Henry the Second, with the purpose of buying golden opinions of the chieftains of that raw and important acquisition to the English crown. Upon this occasion the Irish chieftains contended which should first offer to the young Prince their loyal homage and the kiss of peace. But, instead of receiving their salutations with courtesy, John and his potent attendants could not resist the temptation of pulling the long beards of the Irish chieftains; a conduct which, as might have been expected, was highly resented by those barbed dignitaries, and produced fatal consequences to the English domination in Ireland. It is necessary to keep these particulars of John's character in view, when the reader may understand his conduct during the present evening.

In execution of the resolution which he had formed during his early sojourns, Prince John received Gollie and Athelstan with distinguished courtesy, and expressed his disappointment, without resentment, when the indisposition of Berma was alleged by the former as a reason for her not attending upon his gracious summons. Gollie and Athelstan were both dressed in the richest Scotch garb, which, although not unbecoming in itself, and in the present instance composed of costly materials, was as rustic in shape and appearance from that of the other guests, that Prince John took great credit to himself with

Waldemar Saxens for refusing from laughter at a sight which the fashion of the day rendered ridiculous. Yet, in the eye of other judgment, the short close tunic and long mantle of the Saxons was a more graceful, as well as a more convenient dress, than the garb of the Normans, whose outer garment was a long doublet, so loose as to resemble a shirt or waggoner's frock, covered by a cloak of empty dimensions, neither fit to defend the wearer from cold nor from rain, and the only purpose of which appeared to be to display as much fat, unskilful, and gawdily work, as the largeness of the tailor could contrive to lay upon it. The Emperor Charlemagne, in whose reign they were first introduced, seems to have been very sensible of the inconveniences arising from the fashion of this garment. "In Harren's time," said he, "to what purpose serve these striped cloaks? If we are in hot they are no cover, on horseback they are no protection from the wind and rain, and when seated, they do not guard our legs from the damp at the feet."

Nevertheless, spite of this imperial objection, the short close tunic continued in fashion down to the time of which we treat, and particularly among the princes of the House of Anjou. They were therefore in universal use among Francis John's courtiers, and the long mantle, which formed the upper garment of the Saxons, was held in perpetual decline.

The guests were seated at a table which groined under the quantity of good cheer. The numerous cooks who attended on the Emperor's progress, having exerted all their art in varying the forms in which the ordinary provisions were served up, had succeeded almost as well as the modern professors of the culinary art in rendering them perfectly unlike their natural appearance. Besides these dishes of domestic origin, there were various delicacies, brought from foreign parts, and a quantity of rich pastry, as well as of the finest bread and wined cakes, which were only used at the tables of the highest nobility. The banquet was adorned with the richest wines, both foreign and domestic.

But, though luxurious, the Norman nobles were not, generally speaking, an intemperate race. While indulging themselves in the pleasures of the table, they aimed at decency but avoided excess, and were apt to attribute gluttony and drunkenness to the vanquished Saxons, as vice peculiar to their inferior station. Prince John, indeed, and those who courted his pleasure by imitating his habits, were apt to indulge in excess in the ple-

arms of the brother and the goblet; and indeed it is well known that his death was occasioned by a buffet upon the chest and now etc. His conduct, however, was an exception to the general manners of his countrymen.

With due gravity, interrupted only by private signs to each other, the Norman knights and nobles beheld the rather discomfited of Athelstan and Colric at a banquet to the firm and fearless of which they were accustomed. And while their manners were thus the subject of secret observation, the thoughtful Saxons unwisely transgressed several of the arbitrary rules established for the regulation of society. Now, it is well known, that a man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of real good breeding or of good manners, than appear ignorant of the most minute point of fashionable etiquette. Thus Colric, who dried his hands with a towel, instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule than his companion Athelstan, when he confided to his own single share the whole of a huge party composed of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, and termed at that time a *Karus-pis*. When, however, it was discovered, by a serious cross-examination, that the Thane of Gontingburgh (or Fencible as the Normans termed him) had no idea what he had been devouring, and that he had taken the contents of the *Karus-pis* for larks and pigeons, whereas they were in fact hoodlums and nightingales, his ignorance brought him in for an ample share of the ridicule which would have been more justly bestowed on his gluttony.

The long feast had at length its end; and, while the goblet circulated freely, men talked of the facts of the preceding tournament,—of the unknown victor in the archery games, of the Black Knight, whose self-denial had induced him to withdraw from the honors he had won,—and of the gallant Frenchman, who had so dearly bought the honors of the day. The topics were treated with military frankness, and the jest and laugh went round the hall. The brow of Prince John alone was overclouded during these discussions; some overpowering care seemed agitating his mind, and it was only when he received occasional hints from his attendants, that he seemed to take interest in what was passing around him. On such occasions he would start up, quaff a cup of wine as if to rouse his spirits, and then mingle in the conversation by some observation made abruptly or at random.

"We think, then, looking," said he, "to the health of Wilfred of Irevodon, champion of this Passage of Arms, and grave that his wound renders him absent from our board—Let all sit to the pledge, and especially Colene of Rotherwood, the worthy father of a son so promising."

"No, my lord," replied Colene, standing up, and placing on the table his untasted cup, "I hold not the name of son to the disobedient youth, who at once despises my commands, and relinquishes the manners and customs of his fathers."

"Too impossible," cried Prince John, with well-begotten astonishment, "that so gallant a knight should be so unworthy or disobedient son!"

"Yet, my lord," answered Colene, "so it is with this Wilfred. He left my homely dwelling to mingle with the gay nobility of your brother's court, where he learned to do those tricks of lechery which you prize so highly. He left it contrary to my wish and command, and in the days of Alfred that would have been termed disobedience—ay, and a crime severely punishable."

"Alas!" replied Prince John, with a deep sigh of affected sympathy, "alas your son was a follower of my unhappy brother; it need not be imputed where or from whom he learned the lesson of filial disobedience."

Thus spoke Prince John, wilfully forgetting, that of all the sons of Henry the Second, though no one was free from the charge, he himself had been most distinguished for rebellion and ingratitude to his father.

"I think," said he, after a moment's pause, "that my brother proposed to confer upon his favourite the rich manor of Irevodon."

"He did entreat him with it," answered Colene; "nor is it my least quarrel with my son, that he stooped to hold, as a feudal vassal, the very domains which his fathers possessed in free and independent right."

"We shall, then, have your willing sanction, good Colene," said Prince John, "to confer this fief upon a person whose dignity will not be diminished by holding land of the British crown—Sir Roguold Franc-de-Dieu," he said, turning towards that Baron, "I trust you will so keep the goodly Barony of Dunelm, that Sir Wilfred shall not incur his father's displeasure by again entering upon that fief."

"By St. Anthony!" answered the black-breasted giant, "I will

current that your highness shall hold me a Saxon, if either Colins or Wilfred, or the best that ever bore English blood, shall wrench from me the gift with which your highness has graced me."

"Whoever shall call thee Saxon, Sir Baron," replied Colins, offended at a mode of expression by which the Normans frequently expressed their habitual contempt of the English, "will do thee as honour as great as it is undeserved."

Franc de-Bouff would have replied, but Prince John's politeness and levity got the start.

"Assuredly," said he, "my lord, the noble Colins speaks truth, and his man may claim precedence over us as much in the length of their pedigree as in the length of their noses."

"They go before us indeed in the field—as deer before dogs," said Wilfred.

"And with good right say they go before us—dear not," said Prince Agnes, "the superior decency and decorum of their manners."

"Their singular characterlessness and temperance," said De Bracy, suggesting the idea which produced this saxon smile.

"Together with the courage and conduct," said Prince de Bois-Guilbert, "by which they distinguished themselves at Hastings and elsewhere."

While, with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers, each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Colins, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another, as if the quick succession of so many injuries had prevented his replying to them in turn; or, like a wild bull, who, surrounded by his tormentors, is at a loss to shew them among them the immediate object of his ravings. At length he spoke, in a voice half choked with passion; and, addressing himself to Prince John as the head and front of the offence which he had received, "Whatever," he said, "have been the follies and vices of our race, a Saxon would have been held valiant!" (the next eye

* There was nothing associated or inconsistent among the Saxons as to such the degraded spirit. Even William the Conqueror, hated as he was by them, continued to show a considerable array of Anglo-Saxons to his standard, by threatening to strip those who stayed at home, or siding with the Normans, of their lands, and a similar phrase had like influence on the Danes.—L. T.

phatic term for object worthlessness), "who should in his own hall, and while his own wine-cup passed, have treated, or at least to be treated, as an offending guest as your highness has this day beheld our tank; and whatever was the misfortune of our failure on the field of Hastings, those may at least be wakened," here he looked at Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar, "who here within these few hours met and again met outside and abroad before the lance of a Saracen."

"By my faith, a bringer just!" said Prince John. "How like you it, sire?—Our French subjects rise in spirit and courage; because shamed in war, and held in bearing, in those countless times—What say ye, my lords?—By this good light, I hold it best to take our galleys, and return to Normandy in time."

"For fear of the French?" said De Bury, laughing; "we should need no weapons but our hunting spears to bring these lions to bay."

"A truce with your raillery, Sir Knights," said Plamere—"and it were well," he added, addressing the Prince, "that your highness should assure the worthy Gorbic there is no man intended him by jests, which must sound but harshly in the ear of a stranger."

"Jests!" answered Prince John, raising his countenance of discomposure; "I trust it will not be thought that I could mean, or permit any, to be offered in my presence. Here! I'll say up to Gorbic himself, since he refuses to pledge his son's health."

The cup went round with the well-dissembled opinion of the courtiers, which, however, failed to make the impression on the mind of the French that had been designed. He was not naturally acute of perception, but knew too much underneath his understanding who deemed that this flattering complaisance would obliterate the woe of the poor tank. He was silent, however, when the royal pledge again passed round, "To the Abolition of Contagion."

The knight made his obeisance, and showed his sense of the lesson by draining a huge goblet in answer to it.

"And now, sire," said Prince John, who began to be warmed with the wine which he had drunk, "having done justice to our French guests, we will pay of those some repaid to our courtiers.—Worthy Thore," he continued, addressing Gorbic, "may we pray you to come to us some Norman whose mantle

may best rally your mouth, and to wash down with a goblet of wine all intemperance which the mood may leave behind it."

Fitzness arose while Prince John spoke, and gliding behind the seat of the Saxon, whispered to him not to omit the opportunity of putting an end to selfishness amongst the two men, by naming Prince John. The Saxon replied not to this polite suggestion, but, rising up, and lifting his cup to the brim, he addressed Prince John in these words: "Your highness has required that I should name a Norman deserving to be remembered at our banquet. This, perchance, is a hard task, since it calls on the slave to slay the prince of the master—upon the vanquished, while pressed by all the arts of conquest, to sing the praises of the conqueror. Yet I will name a Norman—the first in arms and in place—the best and noblest of his race. And the lips that shall refuse to pledge me to his well-earned fame, I term false and dishonoured, and will so maintain them with my life—I quaff this goblet to the health of Richard the Lion-hearted!"

Prince John, who had expected that his own name would have closed the Saxon's speech, started when that of his injured brother was so unexpectedly introduced. He raised modestly the wine-cup to his lips, then hastily set it down, to view the countenance of the company at this unexpected proposal, which many of them felt it as much to oppose as to comply with. Some of them, silent and experienced courtiers, closely imitated the example of the Prince himself, raising the goblet to their lips, and again replacing it before them. There were many who, with a more generous feeling, exclaimed, "Long live King Richard! and may he be speedily restored to us!" And some few, among whom was Front-de-l'oeuf and the Turgis, in solemn disclaimers suffered their goblets to stand unraised before them. But no man ventured directly to propose a pledge like to the health of the reigning monarch.

Having enjoyed his triumph for about a minute, Gethin said to his companion, "Oy, noble Athelstan! we have remained here long enough, since we have required the hospitable courtesy of Prince John's banquet. Those who wish to know further of our noble Saxon manners must immediately seek us in the hall of our fathers, since we have seen enough of royal banquets, and enough of Norman courtesy."

So saying, he arose and left the banqueting-room, followed by

Abbot, and by several other guests, who, partaking of the same banquet, held themselves favoured by the presence of Prince John and his courtiers.

"By the house of St. Thomas," said Prince John, as they retreated, "the Saxon clerics have borne off the best of the day, and have retreated with triumph."

"Quodammodo est, penitus est," said Prior Aymer; "we have drunk and we have shouted—it were time we left our wine flagon."

"The monk hath some fair pretence to strive to-night, that he is in such a hurry to depart," said De Bracy.

"Not so, Sir Knight," replied the Abbot; "but I must move several miles forward this evening upon my homeward journey."

"They are looking up," said the Prince in a whisper to Fitzurse; "their faces anticipate the event, and this coward Fitz is the first to shrink from me."

"Fear not, my lord," said Walsingham; "I will show him such reasons as shall induce him to join us when we hold our meeting at York.—Sir Prior," he said, "I must speak with you in private, before you mount your palfrey."

The other guests were now fast dispersing, with the exception of those immediately attached to Prince John's faction, and his retinue.

"This, then, is the result of your advice," said the Prince, turning an angry countenance upon Fitzurse; "that I should be boarded at my own board by a drunken Saxon clerk, and that, on the mere sound of my brother's name, men should fall off from me as if I had the leprosy?"

"Have patience, sir," replied his counsellor; "I might repeat your accusation, and blame the circumstances fairly which filled my design, and misled your own better judgment. But this is no time for recrimination. De Bracy and I will instantly go among these shuffling cowards, and convince them they have gone too far to recede."

"It will be in vain," said Prince John, pacing the apartment with disorderly steps, and expressing himself with an agitation to which the wine he had drunk partly contributed.—"It will be in vain—they have seen the handwriting on the wall—they have marked the paw of the lion in the sand—they have heard his approaching roar shake the wood—nothing will restrain their courage."

"World to God," said Frazee to De Bracy, "that night could transmute his own ! His brother's very name is an agon to him. Unhappy are the consciences of a Prince, who wants fortitude and perseverance alike in good and in evil."

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN.

And yet he thinks,—he, he, he, he,—he thinks
I am the tool and servant of his will.
Well, let it be ; through all the maze of trouble
His plans and aims apparatus must create,
I'll shape myself a way to higher things,
And who will say 'tis wrong ?

DARBY, a THOUGHT.

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered machine of his web, than did Waldemar Frazee to consult and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal. Five of them were attached to him from inclination, and none from personal regard. It was therefore necessary that Frazee should open to them new prospects of advantage, and reward them of those which they at present enjoyed. To the young and wild nobles, he held out the prospect of unparalled licence and uncontrolled rivalry ; to the ambitious, that of power ; and to the covetous, that of increased wealth and extended domains. The leaders of the mercenaries received a donation in gold ; an argument the most persuasive to their minds, and without which all others would have proved in vain. Frazee was still more liberally distributed than money by the active agent ; and, in due, nothing was left undone that could determine the wavering, or entice the disaffected. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability ; yet, when he observed, from the doubtful looks and uncertain answers which he received, that this was the apprehension by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly tested that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their puffed calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Frazee, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished creditors at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call

to a fearful exulting, those who, during his absence, have done might that can be construed either as treasonment upon either the law or the privilege of the crown. He returns to avenge upon the Queen of the Temple and the Hospital, the penance which they showed to Philip of France during the war in the Holy Land. He returns, in fine, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John. "Are ye afraid of his power?" continued the useful confident of that Prince, "we acknowledge him a strong and valiant knight; but these are not the days of King Arthur, when a champion could encounter an army. If Richard indeed comes back, it must be alone,—unfollowed,—unarmed. The bones of his greatest enemy have whitened the sands of Palestine. The few of his followers who have returned have struggled like the Wifed of Irem, beggared and broken men.—And what talk ye of Richard's right of birth?" he proceeded, in answer to those who objected scruple on that head. "In Richard's title of prince-generous none decidedly contain than that of Duke Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son? And yet William the Red, and Henry, his second and third brothers, were successively preferred to him by the voice of the nation. Robert had every mark which can be pleaded for Richard; he was a bold knight, a good linker, generous to his friends and to the church, and, to crown the whole, a crusader and a conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre, and yet he died a blind and miserable prisoner in the Castle of Cardiff, because he opposed himself to the will of the people, who chose that he should not rule over them. It is our right," he said, "to choose from the blood royal the prince who is best qualified to hold the supreme power—that is," and he, correcting himself, "him whose election will best promote the interests of the nobility. In personal qualifications," he added, "it was possible that Prince John might be inferior to his brother Richard; but when it was considered that the latter returned with the sword of vengeance in his hand, while the former held out rewards, immunities, privileges, wealth, and honours, it could not be doubted which was the king whom the nobles the nobility were called on to support."

These, and many other arguments, were adapted to the popular circumstances of those whom he addressed, but the expected weight with the nobles of Prince John's father. Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York.

for the purpose of making general arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night, when, worn out and exhausted with his various amusements, however gratified with the result, Fitzmaurice, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Bracy, who had exchanged his banqueting garments for a short green tunic, with lines of the same cloth and colour, a leathern cap or hood-piece, a short sword, a lance slung over his shoulder, a long bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck in his belt. Had Fitzmaurice met this figure in an outer apartment, he would have passed him without notice, as one of the pretences of the guard; but finding him in the inner hall, he looked at him with more attention, and recognised the Norman knight in the dress of an English yeoman.

"What necessary is this, De Bracy?" said Fitzmaurice, somewhat angrily; "is this a time for Christmas gambols and games at meetings, when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not been, like me, among those heartless excesses, when the very name of King Richard terrified, as it is said to do the children of the Normans?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy calmly, "as you, Fitzmaurice, have been minding yours."

"I minding mine own business!" echoed Wakeham; "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron."

"As if there hadst any other reason for that, Wakeham," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest? Come, Fitzmaurice, we know each other—ambition is thy passion, pleasure is mine, and they become our different aims. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do; that he is too weak to be a detested monarch, too systematical to be an easy monarch, too resistant and presumptuous to be a popular monarch, and too selfish and timid to be long a monarch at any hand. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzmaurice and De Bracy hope to rise and shine; and therefore you aid him with your policy; and I with the lance of my Free Companies."

"A hopeful machinery," said Fitzmaurice impatiently; "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity.—What an earth dost thou purpose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered de Bracy, coolly, "after the manner of the lords of Burgundy."

"The tribe of Benjamin!" said Fitzurse, "I comprehend thee not."

"Wert thou not in Palestine yestern-even," said De Bracy, "when we heard the Prior Agnes tell us a tale in reply to the romance which was sung by the minstrel?—He told how, long since in Palestine, a deadly feud arose between the tribe of Benjamin and the rest of the Israelitish nation; and how they cut to pieces wellnigh all the chivalry of that tribe, and how they swore by our blessed Lady, that they would not permit those who remained to marry in their lineage; and how they became grieved for their vow, and went to consult the holiness the Pope how they might be absolved from it; and how, by the advice of the Holy Father, the youth of the tribe of Benjamin sundered off from a superb tournament all the ladies who were there present, and thus won their wives without the consent either of their brides or their brides' families."

"I have heard the story," said Fitzurse, "though either the Prior or thou hast made some singular alterations in date and circumstances."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to perjury me a wife after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin; which is as much as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall upon that hard of Saxons halloes, who have this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Behold thee that, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and powerful, and regarded with the more respect by their countrymen, that wealth and honour are but the lot of her of Saxons descent."

"And should belong to none," said De Bracy; "the work of the Conquest should be completed."

"This is as thou for it at least," said Fitzurse; "the approaching crisis renders the favour of the multitude indispensable, and Prince John cannot refuse justice to any one who injures their favourites."

"Let him grant it if he dare," said De Bracy; "he will soon see the difference betwixt the support of such a lusty lot of spears as mine, and that of a heartless mob of Saxons churls. Yet I mean no immediate discovery of myself. Since I met in this garb as bold a felonier as ever blew horn! The blame of the violence shall rest with the cut-throats of the Yorkshire forests. I have more spite on the Saxons' notions—Tonight they sleep

in the street of Saint Wital, or Witald, or whatever they call that street of a French Saint at Norton-on-Trent. Next day's march brings them within our reach, and, follow-ways, we sweep on them at once. Presently after I will appear in mine own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate and afflicted fair one from the hands of the rude northern, conduct her to Front-de-Bœuf's castle, or to Normandy, if it should be necessary, and produce her not again to her kindred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice De Bracy."

"A marvellously sage plan," said Fitzour, "and, as I think, not entirely of thine own device.—Come, he saith, De Bracy, who aided thee in the invasion? and who is to assist in the execution? for, as I think, thine own hand has us far off as York."

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "it was the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert that shaped out the enterprise, which the adventure of the man of Bezançon suggested to me. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will persecute the officers, from whom my valour arms us, after slaying my gark, to rescue the lady."

"By my halibone," said Fitzour, "the plan was worthy of your valiant wisdom! and thy prodence, De Bracy, is most especially manifested in the project of leaving the lady in the hands of thy worthy confederate. Thus mayest, I think, succeed in taking her from her French friends, but how thou wilt rescue her afterwards from the clutches of Bois-Guilbert seems considerably more doubtful.—He is a fellow well accustomed to poison on a partridge, and to hold his prey fast."

"He is a Templar," said De Bracy, "and cannot therefore rival me in my plan of wounding this fellow—and to attempt might dishonourable against the intended bride of De Bracy.—By Heaven, were he a whole Chapter of his Order in his single person, he darest not to do me such an injury!"

"Then since thou hast that I can say," said Fitzour, "will yet thy folly from thy imagination (for well I know the slowness of thy digestion), at least waste as little time as possible—but not thy folly be losing as well as minding."

"I tell thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York, at the head of my daring and valorous fellows, on ready to support my bold design as thy policy can be to form one.—But I leave my measures remaining,

and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court—Farewell.—I go, like a true knight, to win the accolade of honour.”

“Like a true knight!” repeated Fitzurse, looking after him, “like a fool, I should say, or like a child, who will leave the most serious and useful competition, to chase the dew of the shade that drives past him.—But it is with such tools that I must work,—and for whose advantage?—For that of a Prince as unwise as he is profligate, and as likely to be an ungrateful master as he has already proved a rebellious son and an unnatural brother.—But he,—he, too, is but one of the tools with which I labour; and, proud as he is, should he presume to separate his interest from mine, that is a secret which he shall soon learn.”

The meditations of the statesman were here interrupted by the voice of the Prince from an interior apartment, calling out, “Noble Waldemar Fitzurse!” and, with hastiest doffed, the future Chancellor (for to such high performance did the wily Norwiche aspire) hastened to receive the orders of the future sovereign.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

For in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reversed beauty grew;
The same his bed, the same his baneful cell;
He had the drink, he drank the crystal well;
Fame's tree was none, with that he gave'd his days,
Fame's all his treasure—all his pleasure paid.

POPE.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and inefficient conduct which he had manifested on the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Piteux*. This knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valour, he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, while surrounded by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road

through the woodlands. He passed for the night at a small hermitry lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the journey.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The place where the traveller found himself seemed unpromising for obtaining either shelter or refreshment, and he was likely to be reduced to the usual expedient of knights-errant, who, on such occasions, turned their horses to grass, and laid themselves down to meditate on their lady-mistress, with an object for a canopy. But the Black Knight either had no mistress to meditate upon, or, being as indifferent to love as he seemed to be to war, was not sufficiently occupied by passionate reflections upon her beauty and cruelty, to be able to parry the effects of fatigue and hunger, and suffer love to act as a substitute for the solid comforts of a bed and supper. He felt dissatisfied, therefore, when, looking around, he found himself deeply involved in woods, through which indeed there were many open glades, and some paths, but such as seemed only formed by the numerous herds of cattle which grazed in the forest, or by the multitude of chase, and the hunters who made prey of them.

The sun, by which the knight had chiefly directed his course, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might take to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, in hopes it might lead to the cottage of some herdsman, or the sylvan lodge of a forester, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the well-worn trail

possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no answer forced, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit; and whomever directly he had never replied to the spur, otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud of the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed, of his own accord, a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day; but as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plot or turf, on the opposite side of which a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping glade, offered its grey and weathered front to the traveller. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots forced nourishment in the clefts of the crag, waved over the precipice below, like the plumes of the warrior over his steel helmet, giving grace to that whose chief expression was terror. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir-tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had hewed into a rustic basin. Escaping from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course had long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to lose itself in the neighbouring wood.

Near this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in

breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four con-
cave arches which sprang from the four corners of the building,
each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The ribs of two
of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down be-
tween them; over the others it remained entire. The entrance
to this ancient place of devotion was under a very low round
arch, ornamented by several courses of flat square masonry,
resembling shark's teeth, which appears so often in the more
ancient German architecture. A lofty rose above the porch on
four small pillars, within which hung the green and weather-
beaten bell, the double sounds of which had been some time
before heard by the Black Knight.

The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay gleaming in twilight
before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of
lodging for the night, since it was a special duty of those
hermits who dwell in the woods, to exercise hospitality towards
battered or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider seriously
the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking Saint
Julian (the patron of travellers) who had sent him good har-
bours, he leaped from his horse and rattled the door of the
hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to attract attention
and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the
reply, when made, was unpropitious.

"Pass on, whoever thou art," was the answer given by a
deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb not the
worship of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "I am a poor
wanderer benighted in these woods, who gives thee the oppor-
tunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage,
"it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to destine me for
the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I
have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me,
and a horse of any tenderness of nature would despise my
mash—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find
my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming
on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to
guide your dear and at least pious son to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to demand me no more. You have already interrogated one pair, two men, and a wife, which I, scarcely surer than I am, should, according to my vow, have said before morning."

"The road—the road!" reiterated the knight, "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be possible. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in many places. Thus wilt thou keep straight forward."

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!" said the knight, interrupting him,—"Sir Hermit, if you were the knight that ever were heard or told here, you should soon prevail on me to hold this road tonight. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—all deserved, as I doubt it is—that no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer abides in distance. Either open the door quickly, or, by the road, I will beat it down and make entry for myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not importunate, if thou pitiest me to use the armed weapon in mine own defence, it will be often the worse for you."

At that moment a distant noise of harking and grooving, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this danger to aid him in his defence, out of some inner room in which they had been huddled. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his feet, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring upon to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience—open thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened, and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his midnight gown and hood, girt with a

saps of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a basin of ash-tree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden armor of the knight, who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his exclamations, and, changing his tone to a sort of church-like courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a wooden table rudely carved in oak, a stool, with a rough-brown table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "has allowed me the use of those animals, to protect my solitude until the thorns shall cease."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the wooden stool before the entrance of the fire, which he refueled with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more sublime figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and steadily at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know those things of your hermitage; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer

the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hall. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there, and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched peas upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hall, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), manifested him with much attention, and spread upon the stable's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the sturdy as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left in the kitchen's gallery, he dragged out of a room a bundle of fuge, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried corn in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whence stood the trower of peas placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, occupying here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, not example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a bear both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried peas, a miserable gift as it seemed for so large and able a man.

The knight, in order to follow an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-crowned with yellow hair, high forehead, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with whiskers darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his own, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a patch plucked bright by its high badge. The features expressed nothing of romantic austerity, or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance,

with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and ruddy as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the heavy form of the holy man, spoke rather of prison and hammer, than of peace and pain. This masculinity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty secured the satisfaction of a mouthful of the dried pence, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of Saint Demetrius," said he, "in which, between you and me, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Russians—Wine be his name!" And applying his black hand to the pail, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his carousing seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small measure which you cut, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have driven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the race at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the battles at a sword-play, than to hope out your time in this desolate wilderness, sowing seeds, and living upon parched pence and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant lay, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrict myself, since as the pence and water were blessed to the children Elimech, Melch, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than drink themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose conscience it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a mortal hymn to enter thy name?"

"That hymn will me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmesbury, for as I am turned to these parts—They said, it is true, the spikier holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition—And now, valiant knight, may I pay ye for the name of my homeward guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmesbury, now call me in these parts the Black Knight,—may, sir, add to it

the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am as way sensitive to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir English Knight, that there art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor domestic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the dainties of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I behold thee, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this street-walk left those dogs for thy protection, and also those bundles of fowls, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had soured me with my more weighty considerations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first dined your soul.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow, and now who behold thy gentleness contrasting with those pews, and thy throat flushed with this unguised element, could we thee dunned to such horse-provender and horse-henrage?" (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refuse from seeking thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's house, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of tacit expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should not prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, so much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it broadly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hatch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large party, lodged in a poorer platoon of unusual dimensions. This mighty drab he placed before his guest, who, seeing his powder to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hearty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "every thing in your household is unseasonable, Holy Clerk, for I would have been even that the the book which furnished this notice had been running on that within the week."

The hermit was somewhat disconcerted by this observation; and, moreover, he had made but a poor dinner while gazing on the dissipation of the party, on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a weakness in which his previous profusion of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stepping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall secure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. For be it from me to suspect so holy a man of ought unacceptable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you, would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruple, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days his dishes were instantly on the boards of the party.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of course between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surprised him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gaze my good horse rounder against a nook, that had some honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the vintage, has left thee a stamp of wine, or a vessel of Canary, or some such trifle, by way of sily to thee noble party. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so dignified a nobleman; yet, I think, were you to search rounder myst eyes more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin: and returning to the hatch, he produced a leather bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the ox, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion,

"*Peace* had, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Peace* had, Holy Clerk of Copenhagen!" answered the warrior, and did his best reason in a similar manner.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, when the first cup was thus consumed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thorns and stores as thou, and who nevertheless shows the talent of so goodly a touchstone, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a watch as a fort, making of the fit and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both dispart and plenty out of the king's door. There is many a goodly head in these forests, and a head will never be gained but gone to the use of Saint Dunston's discipline."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true beneath to the king and law, and were I to spoil my lord's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, as my gown would me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when forest and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon,—as I patterned my papers,—I would let fly a shaft among the heads of den deer that feed in the glades—dost thou, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practiced such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be importunately curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further importunate inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou vailest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger whenever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but desiring weakness slightly of

thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal care with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such useful presence and complete education, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months see the sun of science and civility."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the edges of Delilah, and the temporary wall of Jud, to the summit of Gilead, at which I am not a match for thee—But, if I am to make the election, what expert thou, good friend, to those trifles?"

Thus speaking, he spread another hatch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the peasantry of the period. The knight, who retained his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen shelves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very unwarlike appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy entrance of the Shaggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy wordhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a rack of pury at Oghensburgh so long as I serve the chapel of Saint Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my grey covering for one of green tuff. But come, fill a flagon, for it will save some time to taste the harp, and ought please the voice and sharpen the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-end before they make the harp-strings thick."⁴

⁴ THE SPICY HERMIT.—All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter, must recognise in the Clerk of Oghensburgh, Prior Trunk, the famous Confessor of Robin Hood's gang, the Great Prior of Beaulieu Abbey.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

At eve, within yon studious seat,
I ope my beam-coloured book,
Perusing with many a holy deed
Of martyrs' names with heavenly read;
Then, as my taper wanes the,
Oft, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
"Who hast made and his young song,
To take my staff and make my prey,
And to the world's luxurious stage,
Foster the pious minstrel?"

WATSON.

FORGETTING the prescription of the good hermit, with which his guest willingly complied, he found it no easy matter to bring the harp to harmony.

"Nithinka, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants an string, and the rest have been somewhat misused."

"Ay, mark'st thou that!" replied the hermit; "that shows thee a master of the craft. 'Wine and wasail,' he added, gravely casting up his eyes—"all the fault of wine and wasail!—I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup, but he would not be controlled—Friend, I drink to thy successful performance."

So saying, he took off his cap with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the Scottish harper.

The knight, in the meantime, had brought the strings into some order, and after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a strain in the language of us, or a lai in the language of sei, or a verna, or a ballad in the vulgar English.*

"A ballad, a ballad," said the hermit, "against all the ear and eye of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron Saint Dunstan, and account us and sei, as he would have scored the parage of the devil's head—downright English alone shall be sung in this cell."

"I will essay, then," said the knight, "a ballad composed by a Scotch play-man, whom I know in Holy Land."

It quickly appeared, that if the knight was not a complete

* Note D. Manuscript.

master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by older judges than the horns, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verse which he sang.

The Crusader's Return.

1.

High deeds achieved of brightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came ;
The cross upon his shoulders bore,
Talis and blast had thus'd and more,
Each clasp upon his breast'd should
Was token of a dangerous field ;
And thus, beneath his holy's cross,
He sang, as fell the twilight hour —

2.

"Joy to the fair-lady knight beheld,
Belong'd from yonder land of gold ;
No wealth he brings, no wealth can seek,
None his good arms and battle-steed ;
He came, to dash against a foe,
His hands and sword to lay him low ;
Mark all the brightness of his fall,
Such—and the hope of Tala's wall !

3.

"Joy to the fair ! whose constant knight
Her arrows drew to fields of night ;
Unwont shall she not weep,
Where rest the bright and noble train ;
Mourning shall sing and battle-tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright spot was won
The blood, said of Asahel's son !

4.

"Fate will her walls I—It e'er'd the blade
Which thy sword to widow made,
Then, vain be strength and Belshazzar's spell,
Belshazzar's banquet's broken fell.

Send them her looks when every glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow!
Tresses red as deep rose golden throat,
But the red skin a Papian blot.

L.

"Joy to the fair young man unknown,
Ere he died, and all its power thus own;
Then, oh! gather this deathlike gaze,
The night dew falls, the water is late,
Lead to Hyacinth's glowing breast,
I feel the north breeze still as death;
Let grateful love quell restless dreams,
And greet him here who brings thee home."

During this performance, the hermit dressed himself much like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut; now, shaking his head and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and soon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently doctored them in time to the music. At one or two favourite cadences, he threw in a little assistance of his own, where the knight's voice seemed unable to carry the air as high as his work-a-day taste approved. When the song was ended, the audience emphatically declared it a good one, and well sung.

"And yet," said he, "I think my German countryman had headed long enough with the Germans, to fall into the trap of their melancholy vision. What took the bravest knight from hence? or what could he expect but to find his mistress greedily engaged with a rival on his return, and his servants, as they call it, as little regarded as the extermination of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true loves—I fear you are none," he added, on observing that the knight (whose brain began to be heated with these repeated draughts) qualified his flagon with the water pitcher.

"Why?" said the knight, "did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, Saint Dunstan?"

"Ay, truly," said the hermit, "and many a hundred of pagers did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Everything should be put to its proper use in this world. Saint Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a perilous glass."

And so saying, he reached the bag, and entertained his guest

with the following characteristic song, to a sort of derry down chorus, appropriate to an old English song.*

The Benedict Friar.

1

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelve-month or two,
To search Europe through, from Spensham to Spoke;
But we'll shut you fast, thou'll you search till you're late,
So happy a man as the Benedict Friar.

2

Your knight for his lady prides forth in arms,
And is brought home at evening rich'd through with a spear,
I wonder him to hear—for his lady's dance
No match on earth with the Benedict Friar's.

3

Your woman's—Friar! many a priest has been saying
To her he has sworn for ever and ever,
But which of us e'er hit the like dance
To exchange for a crown the gay head of a Friar!

4

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its waters he wash'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stay when he lists,
For every man's home is the Benedict Friar's.

5

He's expected at noon, and no night till he comes
May produce the great chase, or the partridge of place,
For the best of the chase, and the best by the best,
Is the unfail'd sight of the Benedict Friar.

6

He's expected at night, and the party's made hot,
They knock the bottle up, and they fill the black pot,
And the gambols with the goodman in the wine,
Are he had's a soft pillow, the Benedict Friar.

7

Long flourish the sword, the staff, and the cope,
The host of the church and vest of the Pope,
For to gather his name, sanctified by the host,
Is granted him to the Benedict Friar.

* It may be proper to remark the reader, that the chorus of "derry down" is supposed to be an ancient, not only in the times of the Egyptians, but in those of the Greeks, and to have furnished the chorus to the lyrics of those reasonable persons when they went to the wind to gather wisdom.

"By my lord," said the knight, "thou hast sung well and lustily, and in high praise of thine order. And, telling of the devil, Holy Church, are you not afraid he may pay you a visit during some of your unmonked pastimes?"

"I unmonked?" answered the hermit; "I mean the charge—I mean it with my hands!—I serve the duty of my chapel duly and truly—Two masses daily, morning and evening, prayers, psalms, and responses, *omnes orationes, psalms*!"—

"Excepting moonlight nights, when the weather is fit season," said the guest.

"Excepta nocturnis," replied the hermit, "as our old abbot taught me to say, when importunate laymen should ask me if I kept every precept of mine order."

"Tray, holy father," said the knight; "but the devil is apt to keep an eye on such exceptions; he goes about, thou knowest, like a roaring lion."

"Let him roar here if he dare," said the friar; "a touch of my steel will make him roar as loud as the tongue of Saint Dunstan himself did. I never feared man, and I am little fear the devil and his dogs. Saint Dunstan, Saint Dubois, Saint Winibald, Saint Winifred, Saint Gifford, Saint Wullick, not forgetting Saint Thomas a Kemp, and my own poor merits to speed, I defy every devil of them, come out and lang his!—But, to let you into a secret, I never speak upon such subjects, my friend, until after morning vespers."

He changed the conversation; fast and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this interruption we can only explain by recounting the adventures of another set of our characters; for, like old Aristotle, we do not pause ourselves upon continuing uniformly to keep company with any one personage of our drama.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

*Away I am journeying through dell and dingle,
Where the lilies flowe trip by the trout's native,
Where the brook's only, with whorlwing tangles,
Chop and the meadow in the greenwood clasp—
Up and away I—for lovely paths are there
To tread, where the glen and its trees there;
Lark's gleams, and the sun, when Cynthia's lamp
Was destined glimmer light the dreary forest.*

REVISED POETRY.

When Odrin the Baron saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants, but the words checked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had recognized and debarbarized. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; and directed that officer, with two of his men, to convey Francon to Ashby as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, however, was anticipated in this good office. The crowd dispersed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.

It was in vain that Odrin's eyes were looked around for his young master—he saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer; it seemed as if the fibres had conveyed him from the spot. Perhaps Oswald (for the Saxons were very superstitious) might have adopted some such hypothesis, to account for Francon's disappearance, had he not suddenly cast his eye upon a person seated like a squirrel, in whom he recognized the features of his fellow-servant Gurth. Anxious concerning his master's fate, and in despair at his sudden disappearance, the translated woodsman was searching for him everywhere, and had neglected, as doing so, the amusement on which he was solely depended. Oswald deemed it his duty to summon Gurth, as a fugitive of whose fate his master was in jeopardy.

Removing his inquiries concerning the fate of Francon, the only information which the captain could collect from the spectators was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-armed persons, and placed in a litter belonging to a lady among the spectators, which had immediately transported him out of the press. Oswald, on receiving this intelligence,

resolved to return to his master for further instructions, moving along with him, Gurth, whom he considered in some sort as a deserter from the service of Cedric.

The Baron had been under very intense and agonising apprehensions concerning his son; for nature had asserted her rights, in spite of the patriotic station which laboured to obscure her. But no sooner was he informed that Ivanhoe was in peril, and probably in friendly hands, than the paternal anxiety which had been excited by the debility of his late, gave way now to the feeling of injured pride and resentment, at what he termed Wilfred's final dishonour. "Let him wander his way," said he—"let those teach his wounds for whose sake he encountered them. He is fitter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman clergy than to maintain the fame and honour of his English country with the glaive and broad-bill, the good old weapons of the country."

"If to maintain the honour of ancestry," said Rowena, who was present, "it is sufficient to be wise in council and brave in execution—to be boldest among the bold, and greatest among the great, I know no way, save his father's!"

"Be silent, Lady Rowena!—on this subject only I hear you not. Prepare yourself for the Prince's festival: we have been surrounded thither with numerous monuments of honour and of courtesy, such as the haughty Normans have rarely used in our time since the fatal day of Hastings. Thither will I go, were it only to show these proud Normans how little the fate of a son, who could defeat their bravest, can affect a Baron."

"Thither," said Rowena, "do I now go; and I pray you to beware, lest what you mean for courage and defiance, shall be accounted hardness of heart."

"Remain at home, then, my faithful lady," answered Cedric; "thine is the hard heart, which can cherish the word of an oppressed people to its vile and unchristianous attachment. I seek the noble Athelstan, and with him attend the banquet of John of Artois."

He went accordingly to the banquet, of which we have already mentioned the principal events. Immediately upon retiring from the castle, the Baron's chamber, with their attendants, took horse; and it was during the haste which attended their doing so, that Cedric, for the first time, cast his eyes upon the desolate Gurth. The noble Baron had returned from the banquet, as we

here again, in no very placid humor, and wanted but a pretext for wreaking his anger upon some one. "The given?" he said, "the given!—Gerald!—Hendrick!—Dogs and wilhens!—why leave ye the horses unattended?"

Without daring to remonstrate, the companions of Gerth bound him with a halter, as the readiest cord which occurred. He submitted to the operation without remonstrance, except that, during a reproachful look at his master, he said, "This comes of loving your flesh and blood better than mine own."

"To havo, and forward!" said Gerth.

"It is indeed full time," said the noble Athelstan; "ye, if ye will not the faster, the worthy Abbot Waltham's preparations for a newsgaffer* will be altogether spoiled."

The travellers, however, used such speed as to reach the convent of Saint Waltham's before the apprehended evil took place. The Abbot, himself of ancient Saxon descent, received the noble Saxons with the profuse and unobtruded hospitality of their nation, wherein they indulged to a late, or rather an early hour; nor did they take leave of their reverend host the next morning until they had shared with him a sumptuous repast.

As the monks left the court of the monastery, an incident happened somewhat startling to the Saxons, who, of all people of Europe, were most addicted to a superstitious observance of omens, and to whose opinions can be traced most of those notions upon such subjects, still to be found among our popular antiquaries. For the Normans being a mixed race, and better informed according to the information of the times, had lost most of the superstitious prejudices which their ancestors had brought from Scandinavia, and passed themselves upon thinking freely on such topics.

In the present instance, the apprehension of impending evil was inspired by no less respectable a prophet than a large black dog, which, sitting upright, howled most piteously at the distant riders left the gate, and presently afterwards, barking wildly, and jumping to and fro, seemed bent upon attacking itself to the party.

"I Eke saw that omens, father Gerth," said Athelstan; for by this title of respect he was accustomed to address him.

* A newsgaffer was a squire, and sometimes signified a soldier, which was given at a late hour, after the squire sapper had made the appearance.—L. T.

"Nor I either, uncle," said Wamba; "I greatly fear we shall have to pay the piper."

"In my mind," said Atholstone, upon whose memory the Abbot's good ale (for Burton was already famous for that great liquor) had made a favourable impression—"in my mind we had better turn back, and abide with the Abbot until the afternoon. It is unwise to travel where your path is crossed by a mark, a hare, or a howling dog, until you have eaten your next meal."

"Away!" said Cobble, impatiently; "the day is already too short for our journey. For the dog, I know it to be the ear of the runaway slave Gurth, a nation's fugitive, like its master."

So saying, and ruing at the same time in his thoughts, impatient at the interruption of his journey, he launched his javelin at poor Fanga—for Fanga it was, who, having traced his master there for upon his stolen copulatives, had here lost him, and was now, in his search way, rejecting at his consequence. The javelin inflicted a wound upon the animal's shoulder, and narrowly missed pinning him to the earth: and Fanga fled howling from the presence of the enraged thane. Gurth's heart swelled within him, for he felt this meditated slaughter of his faithful adherent in a degree more, deeper than the harsh treatment he had himself received. Having in vain attempted to wipe his hand to his eyes, he said to Wamba, who, seeing his master's ill-humour, had presently retreated to the rear, "I pray thee, do me the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of thy mantle; the dust offends me, and those bonds will not let me help myself one way or another."

Wamba did him the service he required, and they rode still by side for some time, during which Gurth maintained a wordy silence. At length he could express his feelings no longer.

"Friend Wamba," said he, "of all those who are bold enough to serve Cobble, thou alone hast dauntlessly enough to make thy folly acceptable to him. Go to him, therefore, and tell him that neither for love nor fear will Gurth serve him longer. He may strike the head from me—he may scourge me—he may lead me with iron—but hereafter he shall never compel me either to love or to obey him. Go to him, then, and tell him that Gurth the son of Doerwald renounces his service."

"Assuredly," said Wamba, "did as I say, I shall not do

your faith's sword. Odoine hath another javelin stuck into his groin, and there knowest he does not always meet his mark."

"I care not," replied Gerth, "how soon he makes a mark of me. Yesterday he left Wilfred, my young master, in his blood. To-day he has stains to tell before my face the only other living creature that ever showed me kindness. By Saint Edmund, Saint Dunstan, Saint Wathold, Saint Edward the Confessor, and every other name went in the calendar" (the Odoines never arose by any that was not of Saxons lineage, and all his household had the same limited devotion), "I will never forgive him!"

"To my thinking now," said the Jester, who was frequently wont to act as peacemaker in the family, "our master did not propose to hurt Pango, but only to afflict him. For, if you observed, he ran in his slippers, as thereby meaning to over-act the part; and as he would have done, but Pango, happening to bound up at the very moment, received a scratch, which I will be bound to heal with a young's breadth of tail."

"If I thought so," said Gerth—"if I could but think so—but no—I saw the javelin was well aimed—I heard it whine through the air with all the wretched malice of him who cast it, and it quivered after it had pitched in the ground, as if with regret for having missed its mark. By the hag dear to Saint Anthony, I revenge him!"

And the indignant smackerel resumed his sullen silence, which no efforts of the Jester could again reduce him to break.

Meanwhile Odoine and Athelstan, the leaders of the troop, conferred together on the state of the land, on the dissensions of the royal family, on the feuds and quarrels among the Norman nobles, and on the chance which there was that the oppressed Saxons might be able to free themselves from the yoke of the Normans, or at least to elevate themselves into national consequence and independence, during the civil convulsions which were likely to ensue. On this subject Odoine was all animation. The restoration of the independence of his race was the idol of his heart, to which he had willingly sacrificed domestic happiness and the interests of his son. But, in order to achieve this great revolution in favour of the native English, it was necessary that they should be united among themselves, and act under an acknowledged head. The gravity of drawing their chief from the Saxon blood-royal was not only evident in itself, but had

been made a solemn condition by those whom Cedric had associated with his secret plans and hopes. Athelstan had the quality at least, and though he had few mental accomplishments or talents to recommend him as a leader, he had still a goodly person, was so outward, had been accustomed to martial exercises, and seemed willing to defer to the advice of counsellors more wise than himself. Above all, he was known to be liberal and hospitable, and believed to be good-natured. But whatever professions Athelstan had to be considered as head of the Saxon confederacy, many of that nation were disposed to prefer to him the wife of the Lady Rowena, who drew her descent from Alfred, and whose father having been a child reserved for wisdom, courage, and generosity, his memory was highly honoured by his oppressed countrymen.

It would have been no difficult thing for Cedric, had he been so disposed, to have placed himself at the head of a third party, as formidable at least as any of the others. The counterbalancing royal descent, he had courage, activity, energy, and, above all, that devoted attachment to the cause which had procured him the opinion of Tancred, and his birth was inferior to none, excepting only that of Athelstan and his wife. These qualities, however, were nullified by the slightest shade of selfishness, and, instead of driving yet further his weakened reason by sending a sister of his own, it was a leading part of Cedric's plan to outguess that which already existed, by promoting a marriage between Rowena and Athelstan. An obstacle occurred to this his favourite project, in the mutual attachment of his wife and her son; and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred from the house of his father.

This stern measure Cedric had adopted, in hopes that, during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might relinquish her preference, but in this hope he was disappointed; a disappointment which might be attributed in part to the mode in which he went had been educated. Cedric, in whom the name of Alfred was as that of a deity, had treated the sole remaining scion of that great monarch with a degree of civility, such as, perhaps, was in those days never paid to an acknowledged prisoner. Rowena's will had been in almost all cases a law to his household; and Cedric himself, as if deterred that her sovereignty should be fully acknowledged within that little circle at least, seemed to take a pride in acting as the first of her subjects.

Thus trained in the exercise not only of free will, but desperate activity, Rowena was, by her previous education, disposed both to resist and to resist any attempt to control her affections, or dispose of her hand contrary to her inclinations, and to assert her independence in a case in which even those females who have been trained up to obedience and subjection, are not infrequently apt to dispute the authority of guardians and parents. The opinions which she felt strongly, she avowed boldly; and Cedric, who could not free himself from his habitual deference to her opinions, felt totally at a loss how to enforce his authority of guardian.

It was in vain that he attempted to dissuade her with the prospect of a visionary throne. Rowena, who possessed strong senses, neither considered her plan as practicable, nor as desirable, so far as she was concerned, could it have been achieved. Without attempting to conceal her avowed preference of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, she declared that, were that favoured knight out of question, she would rather take refuge in a convent, than share a throne with Athelstan, whom, having always despised, she now began, on account of the trouble she received on his account, thoroughly to detest.

Nevertheless, Cedric, whose opinion of women's constancy was far from strong, persisted in using every means in his power to bring about the proposed match, in which he conceived he was rendering an important service to the Saxon cause. The sudden and romantic appearance of his son in the late at Ashby, he had justly regarded as almost a death-blow to his hopes. His paternal affection, it is true, had for an instant gained the victory over pride and patriotism; but both had returned in full force, and under their joint operation, he was now bent upon making a determined effort for the union of Athelstan and Rowena, together with expelling those other enemies which seemed necessary to forward the restoration of Saxons in dependence.

On the last subject, he was now labouring with Athelstan, not without having reason, every now and then, to lament, like Hotspur, that he should have moved such a dish of salted stuff to so honourable an action. Athelstan, it is true, was vain enough, and loved to have his own shield with talon of his high descent, and of his right by inheritance to homage and sovereignty. But his petty vanity was sufficiently gratified by

receiving this homage at the hands of his immediate attendants, and of the Saxons who approached him. If he had the courage to encounter danger, he at least hated the trouble of going to seek it; and while he agreed in the general principle laid down by Odric concerning the claim of the Saxons to independence, and was still more easily convinced of his own title to wage war upon them when that independence should be attained, yet when the means of asserting those rights came to be discussed, he was still "Atheolence the Unready," slow, irresolute, procrastinating, and misinterpreting. The warm and impetuous assertions of Odric had as little effect upon his impetuous temper, as red-hot balls striking in the water, which produce a little sound and smoke, and are instantly extinguished.

If, leaving this task, which might be compared to spending a tired jade, or to hammering upon cold iron, Odric fell back to his ward Eowena, he received little more satisfaction from confiding with her. For, as her presence interrupted the discourse between Odric and her favorite attendant upon the gallantry and fate of Wilfred, Eowena failed not to revenge both her mistress and herself, by recurring to the overture of Atheolence to the late, the most disagreeable subject which could greet the ears of Odric. To this sturdy Saxon, therefore, the day's journey was fraught with all manner of displeasure and discomfort; so that he more than once internally cursed the tournament, and him who had proclaimed it, together with his own folly in ever thinking of going thither.

At noon, upon the motion of Atheolence, the two others passed in a woodland shade by a fountain, to repose their horses and partake of some provisions, with which the hospitable Athel had loaded a sumpter mule. Their repast was a pretty long one, and these several interruptions rendered it impossible for them to hope to reach Rothwood without travelling all night, a correction which induced them to proceed on their way at a more hasty pace than they had hitherto used.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

*A train of armed men, some on horse
 Rounding in their ranks'd words desires'd,
 As improvement I hang upon their story,
 Are close on hand, and seem to pass the night
 Within the castle.*

OSMA, & TALAMBY.

THE travellers had now reached the verge of the wooded country, and were about to plunge into its recesses, held dangerous at that time from the number of outlaws whom oppression and poverty had driven to despair, and who occupied the forests in such large bands as could easily bid defiance to the feeble police of the period. From these rivers, however, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Osorio and Athelstan accounted themselves secure, as they had an attendance two servants, Isidore Wanda and Garth, whose aid could not be counted upon, the one being a Jew and the other a captive. It may be added, that in travelling thus late through the forest, Osorio and Athelstan relied on their descent and character, as well as their arms. The outlaws, whom the severity of the forest laws had reduced to this roving and desperate mode of life, were chiefly peasants and persons of Saxon descent, and were generally supposed to respect the person and property of their countrymen.

As the travellers journeyed on their way, they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they rode up to the place from whence they came, they were surprised to find a horse-litter placed upon the ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands, as if affected by some strange disaster.

To the inquiries of Athelstan and Osorio, the old Jew could for some time only answer by invoking the protection of all the patriarchs of the Old Testament successively against the sons of Ishmael, who were coming to seize them, hip and thigh, with the edge of the sword. When he began to come to himself out of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was our old

freely) was at length able to explain, that he had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby, together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. This party had undertaken to come here as far as Doncaster. They had come thus far in safety; but having received information from a woodcutler that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them, Isaac's men-at-arms had not only taken flight, but had carried off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter, without the means either of defence or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti, when they expected every moment would bring down upon them. "Would it not please your valour," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard, I swear by the talism of our law, that never has honour been conferred upon a child of Israel since the days of our captivity, which shall be more gratefully acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Atholstone, whose memory was of that petty kind which stores up trifles of all kinds, but particularly trifling offences, "dost not remember how thou didst board us in the gallery of the Old-pool? Fight or flee, or compound with the outlaws as thou dost list; ask neither aid nor company from us; and if they rob only such as thou, who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them right honest folk."

Calio did not assent to the severe proposal of his companion. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two of our attendants and two horses to convey them back to the north village. It will diminish our strength but little, and with your good sword, noble Atholstone, and the aid of those who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty of these rascals."

Berona, somewhat alarmed by the mention of outlaws in force, and as near them, strongly assented the proposal of her guardian. But Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to the gallery of the Baron lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Berona's garment. Then rising, and throwing back her veil, she implored her, in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, and by that revelation of the law upon Mount Sinai in which they both believed, that she would have compassion upon them, and

suffer them to go forward under their safeguard. "It is not for myself that I pray this favour," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor old man. I know that to wrong and to spend our nation in a light fault, if not a merit with the Christians; and what is it to us whether it be done in the city, or the desert, or in the field? But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be haunted with regret for doing that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal, gave it double weight with the fair Susan.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her gardener, "the sudden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life—I've thought they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them saddle two of the samplers, and put the baggage behind two of the carts. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Quiric readily assented to what she proposed, and Atholstan only added the condition, "that they should travel in the rear of the whole party, where Wamba," he said, "might attend them with his shield of bear's brown."

"I have left my shield in the tilt-yard," answered the Jester, "as has been the fate of many a better knight than myself."

Atholstan coloured deeply, for such had been his own fate on the last day of the tournament; while Rowena, who was placed in the same proportion, as if to make amends for the brutal jest of her unloving mother, requested Rebecca to ride by her side.

"It were not fit I should do so," answered Rebecca, with proud humility, "when my society might be held a disgrace to my protectors."

By this time the change of baggage was hastily achieved; for the single word "cavaliers" rendered every one sufficiently alert, and the approach of twilight made the sound yet more impressive. Amid the bustle, Quiric was taken from horseback, to the course of which removal he promised upon the Jester to slack the cord with which his arms were bound. It was so sagaciously reflected, perhaps intentionally, on the part of

Wanted, that Gorth found no difficulty in freeing his arms altogether from bondage, and then, gliding into the thicket, he made his escape from the party.

The battle had been considerable, and it was some time before Gorth was missed; for, as he was to be placed for the rest of the journey behind a servant, every one supposed that some other of his companions had him under his custody, and when it began to be whispered among them that Gorth had actually disappeared, they were under such immediate expectation of an attack from the soldiers, that it was not held convenient to pay much attention to the circumstance.

The path upon which the party travelled was now so narrow, so not to admit, with any sort of convenience, above two riders almost, and began to descend into a dingle, intersected by a brook whose banks were broken, swampy, and overgrown with dwarf willows. Cedric and Athelstane, who were at the head of their retinue, saw the risk of being attacked at this pass; but neither of them having had much practice in war, no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the dingle as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer effectual resistance. The shout of "A white dragon!—a white dragon!—Saint George for every England!" was also adopted by the assailants, as belonging to their assumed character of Essex outlaws, who bared on every side, and on every side counter appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Essex chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment, and each under circumstances expressive of his character. Cedric, the instant an enemy appeared, leaped at him. His remaining javelin, which, taking better effect than that which he had hurled at Percy, nailed the man against an oak-tree that happened to be close behind him. Thus far successful, Cedric spurred his horse against a second, drawing his sword at the same time, and striking with such inconsiderate fury, that his weapon encountered a thick branch which hung over him, and he was thrown by the violence of his own blow. He was instantly made prisoner, and pulled from his horse by

two or three of the banditti who crowded around him. Atholstone shared his captivity, his tricks having been noted, and he himself readily dismounted, long before he could draw his weapons, or assume any posture of official defence.

The attendants, encumbered with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their master, fell on one prey to the banditti; while the Lady Rowena, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter at the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the traita none escaped except Wamba, who showed upon the occasion much more courage than those who pretended to greater sense. He possessed himself of a sword belonging to one of the domestics, who was just drawing it with a tardy and tremulous hand, laid it about him like a lion, drove back several who approached him, and made a brave, though ineffectual attempt to rescue his master. Finding himself overpowered, the Jew at length threw himself from his horse, plunged into the thicket, and favoured by the general confusion, escaped from the scene of action.

Yet the valiant Jester, so soon as he found himself solo, hesitated more than once whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of a master to whom he was sincerely attached.

"I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom," he said to himself, "but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now that I have it."

As he pronounced these words aloud, a voice very near him called out, in a low and cautious tone, "Wamba?" and, at the same time, a dog, which he recognized to be Rags, jumped up and snarled upon him.

"Gurth!" answered Wamba, with the same caution, and the smithard immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said he eagerly; "what mean these cries, and this clanking of armour?"

"Only a trick of the times," said Wamba; "they are all prisoners."

"Who are prisoners?" exclaimed Gurth, impatiently.

"My lord, and my lady, and Atholstone, and Hansbert, and Oswald."

"In the name of God!" said Gurth, "how come they prisoners?—and to whom?"

"Our master was too ready to fight," said the Jester; "and

Atlatlans was not ready enough, and no other person was ready at all. And they are prisoners to green cascades, and black rivers. And they lie all trampled about on the grass, like the oak-apples that you shake down in your arms. And I would laugh at it," said the honest Jester, "if I could for weeping." And he shed tears of unalloyed sorrow.

Guth's countenance kindled—"Wamba," he said, "thou hast a weapon, and thy heart was ever stronger than thy knees,—we are only two—but a sudden attack from men of resolution will do much—follow me!"

"Whither?—and for what purpose?" said the Jester.

"To rescue *Cedric*."

"But you have renounced his service but now," said Wamba.

"That," said Guth, "was but while he was fortitude—follow me!"

As the Jester was about to sleep, a third person suddenly made his appearance, and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering helms across his shoulder, with the rich bugle-horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognize *Lothley* the prince, who had been victorious, under such disadvantageous circumstances, in the contest for the prize of valour.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he, "or who is it that risks, and reasons, and makes prisoners in these forests?"

"You may look at their cascades close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like those men, as one green peacock is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered *Lothley*; "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned. Obey me, and it shall be the better for you and your master.—Yet stay, I must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unbuckled his helms with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vizard from his pouch, and repeating his charge to them to stand fast, went to execute his purpose of reconnoitring.

"Shall we stand fast, Guth?" said Wamba; "or shall we

'em give him hog-bell? In my foolish mind, he had all the equities of a thief too much in readiness to be himself a true man."

"Let him be the devil," said Garth, "as he will. We can be no worse of making his return. If he belong to that party, he must already have given them the alarm, and it will avail nothing either to fight or to fly. Besides, I have late experience, that worst thieves are not the worst men in the world to have to deal with."

The yeoman returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Garth," he said, "I have mingled among you men, and have learned to whom they belong, and whether they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment were like shooting madmen; for they are good men of war, and have, as such, placed themselves to give the alarm when any one approaches. But I trust soon to gather such a force as may act in defiance of all their precautions; you are both servants, and, as I think, faithful servants, of Oliver the Baron, the friend of the rights of Englishmen. He shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity. Come, then, with me, until I gather more aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the jester and the watchman. It was not consistent with Warwick honour to travel long in silence.

"I think," said he, looking at the talbrie and bagle which he still carried, "that I saw the arrow shot which won this gay jester, and that not so long since as Christmas."

"And I," said Garth, "could take it on my halibone, that I have heard the voice of the good yeoman who won it, by night as well as by day, and that the moon is not three days older since I did so."

"Hush! honest blench," replied the yeoman, "who or what I am, is little to the present purpose; should I see your master, you will have reason to think me the best friend you have ever had in your lives. And whether I am known by one name or another—or whether I can draw a bow as well or better than a cross-bowyer, or whether it is my pleasure to walk in moonlight or by moonlight, are matters which, as they do not concern you, as neither need ye busy yourselves respecting them."

"Our heads are in the Bear's mouth," said Wanda, on a whisper to Outh. "get them out how we can."

"Hush—be silent," said Outh. "Oftend has not by thy folly, and I trust sincerely that all will go well."

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

When autumn nights were long and drear,
And frosty morn'g were dark and dim,
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
Was sung to him the hymn's hymn !

Devotion lessons Master's song,
And Master's hymn Devotion's ring !
And like the bird that builds the nest,
They sang to heaven, and soaring sang,
Till Harbort or St. Gerson's Hall.

It was after three hours' good walking that the servants of Outh, with their afternoon gait, arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an solitary of magnificent magnolia, throwing its belated branches in every direction. Beneath this tree four or five yuccas lay stretched on the ground, while another, as isolated, walked to and fro in the twilight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet approaching, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers as suddenly started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were pointed towards the quarter from which the travellers approached, when their guide, being recognised, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment, and all signs and fears of a rough reception at once subsided.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road towards Hetherham."

"With how many?" demanded the leader, for such he seemed to be.

"With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please Saint Nicholas."

"Doubtless spoken," said Lochny; "and where is Alan-a-Dale?"

"Walked up towards the Wailing Street, to watch for the Friar of Jordan."

"That is well thought on also," replied the captain ;—"and where is the Friar?"

"In his cell."

"Till then will I go," said Lockstep. "Disperse and seek your companions. Collect what force you can, for there's game afoot that must be hunted hard, and will turn to bay. Meet me here by daybreak.—And stay," he added, "I have forgotten what is most necessary of the whole—Two of you take the road quickly towards Torpetham, the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf. A set of galleys, who have been masquerading in such guise as our own, are carrying a band of prisoners thither—Watch them closely, for, even if they reach the castle before we collect our force, our honour is concerned to punish them, and we will find means to do so. Keep a close watch on them, therefore; and despatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring the news of the prison thitherward."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with alacrity on their different errands. In the meanwhile, their leader and his two companions, who now looked upon him with great respect, as well as some fear, pursued their way to the chapel of Copelandhurst.

When they had reached the little moonlight glade, having in front the reverend, though ruinous chapel, and the rails beneath, as well as arrived to ecstatic devotion, Wanda whispered to Gurch, "If this be the habitation of a thief, it makes good the old proverb, The nearer the church the further from God.—And, by my cockade," he added, "I think it be even so—Howbeit, but to the black masses which they are singing in the church-ye!"

In fact the anchorite and his guest were performing, at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking-song, of which this was the burden :

"Come, drink the horns level to me,
Jolly boy, jolly boy,
Come, drink the horns level to me!
Ho ! jolly drinker, I spy a tower by drinking.
Come, drink the horns level to me."

"Now, that is not ill sung," said Wanda, who had thrown in a few of his own flourishes to help out the chorus. "But

who, in the lady's name, ever expected to have heard such a jolly chant come from out a hermit's cell at midnight?"

"Hurry, that should I," said Gertrude, "for the jolly Clerk of Capendish is a known man, and will tell the door what you speak in that walk. Now say that the keeper has complained to his official, and that he will be stripped of his coat and cap altogether, if he keep not better order."

"While they were thus speaking, Looksey's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the monks and his guest. "By my head," said the hermit, stopping short in a great haste, "here come more bright-eyed guests. I would not for my soul that they found us in this jolly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Shagpard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the laughable retirement which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of these short hours, into sheer drunkenness and debauchery, vice alike alien to my profession and my disposition."

"Have informers?" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their enemies; and there be those in this very land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my prison than herewith."

"But think how put on thy head, then, friend Shagpard, as quickly as thy nature will permit," said the hermit, "while I remove these poorer dragons, whose late conduct was strangely in mine own path, and to drive the latter—*for, in faith, I did somewhat unsteady—*strike into the time which thou hastest me day, it is no matter for the words—I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis* chant, under cover of which he removed the apparatus of their banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and amusing himself all the while, satiated his host with his words from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's machine are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the hermit, whose own noise, and perhaps his unaltered position, prevented from progressing sounds which were tolerably familiar to him—"Wind on your way, in the name of God and Saint Dunstan, and disturb not the devotion of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open to Locksley!"

"All's well—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports me much to know."

"What is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a friend."

"But what friend?" answered the knight; "for he may be friend to thee and none of mine."

"What friend?" replied the hermit; "that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. What friend?—why, he is, now that I bestow thee a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a poor hermit," replied the knight; "I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges."

The dogs, in the meantime, which had made a dreadful baying at the commencement of the disturbance, ceased now to recognise the voice of him who stood without; for, totally changing their manner, they scratched and whined at the door, as if intreating for his admission. The hermit speedily unlocked his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the peasant's first question, as soon as he beheld the knight, "what have companions hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the friar, shaking his head, "we have been at our meals all night."

"He is a monk of the church of St. Edmund," answered Locksley; "and there be none of them abroad. I tell thee, friar, thou must lay down the cross and take up the quarter-staff; we shall need every one of our waxy arms, whether clerk or layman.—But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know! Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him?" replied the friar, boldly; "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Southstone—as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, friar," said the woodman; "and, I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, leaning forward, "be not wroth with my sorry suit. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compell'st" said the friar; "wait but till I have changed this gay gown for a gross masoch, and if I make not a quarterstaff rug twice upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk nor good woodman."

While he spoke thus, he stripped off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily did on a masoch of green, and hose of the same color. "I gape there from my points," said he to Wamba; "and thou shalt have a cup of salt for thy labour."

"Gawmery for thy sack," said Wamba; "but think'st thou it is lawful for me to aid you to transgress thyself from a holy hermit into a sinful fornicator?"

"Nay: fear," said the hermit; "I will but exchange the skin of my green cloak to my grey friar's frock, and all shall be well again."

"Amen!" answered the Jester; "a broadcloth peasant should have a buckramed confidence, and your frock may shadow my masoch doublet into the bargain."

In saying, he accommodated the friar with his assistance in tying the endless number of points, as the hose which attached the hose to the doublet were then turned.

While they were thus employed, Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus:—"Dost thou not, Sir Knight—ye are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby?"

"And what follows, if you guess truly, good yeoman?" replied the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "a friend to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Monk (Chaucer); "and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me."

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest

man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodman, "for never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayest take an honourable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Godwin the Baron, together with his woad, and his friend, Athelstan of Chichester burgh, and have transported them to a castle in the French island Torquedown. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight; "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends.—With the consent of me you want for the present remains satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to continue unknown. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I were golden speech."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom those oppressed captives; which done, I trust we shall part better acquainted, and well satisfied with each other."

"So," said Wamba to Gurth, —for the time being now fully equipped, the Jester, having approached to the other side of the list, had heard the conclusion of the conversation,— "So, we have got a new ally!—I trust the valour of the knight will be truer metal than the religion of the hermit, or the honesty of the yeoman; for this Lookaby looks like a born deceiver, and the priest like a lusty hypocrite."

"Hold thy peace, Wamba," said Gurth; "it may all be as thou dost guess; but were the hermit devil to rise and proffer me his assistance to set at liberty Godwin and the Lady Rowena,

I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the good man's offer, and bid him get behind me."

The friar was now completely armoured as a yonk, with sword and buckler, bow and quiver, and a strong position over the abbot. He left his cell at the head of the party, and, having carefully locked the door, deposited the key under the threshold.

"Art thou in condition to do good service, friar?" said Lockley; "or does the heavy load still run in thy head?"

"Not more than a draught of Saint Dunstan's devotion will allow," answered the priest; "something there is of a whining in my brain, and of instability in my legs, but you shall presently see both pass away."

So saying, he stepped to the stone basin, in which the waters of the fountain as they fell formed bubbles which danced in the white moonlight, and took so long a draught as if he had meant to exhaust the spring.

"When shalt thou drink as deep a draught of water before, Holy Clerk of Copmansdon?" said the Black Knight.

"Never more my wine-belt buckled, and let me sit liquor by an illegal vent," replied the friar, "and so left me nothing to drink but my patron's bounty here."

Then plunging his hands and head into the fountain, he washed from them all marks of the midnight revel.

Thus refreshed and sobered, the jolly priest twisted his heavy partisans round his head with three fingers, as if he had been belabouring a reel, exclaiming, at the same time, "Where be those false partisans, who carry off wenchdom against their will? May the foul fiend fly off with me, if I am not man enough for a dozen of them!"

"Bravest thou, Holy Clerk?" said the Black Knight.

"Check me no Clerk," replied the transformed priest; "by Saint George and the Dragon, I am no longer a chattering thrush while my foot is on my back.—When I am used in my gown masoch, I will drink, swear, and woo a lass, with any little liquor in the West Riding."

"Come on, Jack Priest," said Lockley, "and be short: Give not as many as a whole convent as a holy one, when the Father Abbot has gone to bed.—Come on, you, too, my masters; tarry not to talk of it—I say, come on, we must collect all our forces,

and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the Castle of Beugheld Front-de-Bœuf."

"What 's in it Front-de-Bœuf," said the Black Knight, "who has stopped on the king's highway the king's liege subjects?—Is he turned thief and oppressor?"

"Oppressor he ever was," said Locksley.

"And for that," said the priest, "I doubt if ever he were even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance."

"Have on, priest, and be silent," said the priest; "it were better you led the way to the place of conference, than say what should be left unsaid, both in decency and prudence."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Alas, how many hours and years have passed
 Since hallowed forms have trod this hallow'd vale,
 Or king, or queen, on its verdant gleam'd!
 Methinks, I hear the sound of their long part
 Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty vault
 Of those dark caverns, like the long-drawn voice
 Of those who long within their graves have slept.

CHAS. J. THOMAS.

WHILE these measures were taking in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized, formed their captives along towards the place of security, where they intended to imprison them. But darkness came on fast, and the paths of the wood seemed but imperfectly known to the intruders. They were compelled to make several long halts, and once or twice to return on their road to reverse the direction which they wished to pursue. The summer moon had dawned upon them ere they could travel in full assurance that they held the right path. But confidence returned with light, and the marchers now moved rapidly forward. Meanwhile, the following dialogue took place between the two leaders of the banditti:—

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Tugster to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy; "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front-de-Bœuf's hands. There will I appear before the Lady Berens in mine own shape, and trust that she will not deny to the vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy?" replied the Knight-Templer.

"That constrains thee nothing," answered his companion.

"I would hope, however, Sir Knight," said the Templer, "that this attention of mineurs creates them no suspicion of my base and vile meaning, such as Filomena volunteered to yield into thee?"

"My thoughts are my own," answered De Bracy; "the Lord knows, they say, when one thief robs another; and we know, that were he to split fire and brimstone instead, it would never prevent a Templar from following his bent."

"Of the leader of a Free Company," answered the Templer, "from dwelling, at the hands of a comrade and friend, the question he does to all mankind."

"This is reprehensible and poisonous recrimination," answered De Bracy; " suffice it to say, I know the morals of the Temple Order, and I will not give thee the power of driving me out of the fair prey for which I have run such risks."

"Fidd!" replied the Templer, "what hast thou to start—Thou knowest the vows of our order."

"Nicht well," said De Bracy, "and also how they are kept. Come, Sir Templar, the laws of gallantry have a liberal interpretation, in Filomena, and this is a case in which I will trust nothing to your conscience."

"Hear the truth, then," said the Templer; "I care not for your Mac-eyed beauty. There be it that tempts one who will make me a better man."

"What! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting damsel?" said De Bracy.

"No, Sir Knight," said the Templer, haughtily. "To the waiting-maidens will I not stoop. I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own."

"By the name, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"And if I do," said John-Gualbert, "who shall gild my sin?"

"No one that I know," said De Bracy, "unless it be your

ree of calvary, or a shock of conscience for an intrigue with a Jewess."

"For my own," said the Templar, "our Grand Master hath granted me a dispensation. And for my conscience, a man that has slain three hundred Saracens, need not notice up every little feeling, like a village girl at her first confusion upon Good Friday eve."

"Then knowest best thine own privileges," said De Bracy. "Yet, I would have sworn thy thoughts had been more on the old master's money-bags, than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can achieve both," answered the Templar; "besides, the old Jew is but half-price. I must share his spoils with Froth-de-Bong, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this sort of ours, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou knowest my self, thou wilt excuse thine own original plan, wilt thou not!—Thou hast nothing, thou want, to fear from my interference."

"No," replied De Bracy. "I will remain beside my prize. What thou sayest is passing true; but I like not the privileges acquired by the dispensation of the Grand Master, and the merit acquired by the slaughter of three hundred Saracens. Thou hast too good a right to a free pardon, to render you very scrupulous about peccadilloes."

While this dialogue was proceeding, Colric was endeavoring to wring out of those who guarded him an account of their character and purpose. "You should be Englishmen," said he; "and yet, sacred Heaven! you prey upon your countrymen as if you were very Saracens. You should be my neighbors, and, if so, my friends; for which of my English neighbors have reason to be otherwise? I tell ye, peasants, that even those among ye who have been branded with outlaws have had from me protection; for I have pitied their miseries, and cured the oppression of their tyrannical nobles. What, then, would you have of me? or in what can this violence serve ye!—Ye are worse than brute beasts in your actions, and will you initiate them in their very darkness!"

It was in vain that Colric expostulated with his guards, who had too many good reasons for their silence to be induced to break it either by his wrath or his expostulations. They con-

caused to hurry him along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, some Turpinese, near the heavy and ancient walls of Reynold Front-de-Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner courtyard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Front-de-Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud with his enemies, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the exterior wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The moat, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched battlement, or *embrasure*, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner.

Could he ever see the towers of Front-de-Bœuf's castle rise like grey and moss-grown battlements, gleaming in the morning sun, above the woods by which they were surrounded, than he instantly engaged more truly concerning the cause of his misfortune.

"I did injustice," he said, "to the thieves and outlaws of those woods, when I supposed such baseness to belong to their kind; I might as fairly have confounded the faces of those knaves with the roaring wolves of France. Tell me, dogs—is it my life or my wealth that your master aims at? Is it too much that two Saxons, myself and the noble Athelstan, should hold land in the country which was once the patrimony of our race?—Put us, then, to death, and complete your tyranny by taking our lives, as you began with our liberties. If the Saxon Godric cannot rescue England, he is willing to die for her. Tell your tyrannical master, I do only hazard him to disturb the Lady Rowena in honour and safety. She is a woman, and he would not dread her; and with us will be all who dare fight in her cause."

The attendants remained as mute to this address as to the former, and they now stood before the gate of the castle. De Bœuf visited his horse three times, and the archers and crossbow men, who had reared the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge and admit them. The prisoners were compelled by their guards to alight, and were conducted to an apartment where a heavy supper was offered them, of which none but Athelstan felt any inclination to

partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor much time to do justice to the good cheer placed before them, for their guards gave him and Odric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room, which, rising on clumsy Roman pillars, resembled those refectories and chapter-houses which may be still seen in the most ancient parts of our most ancient monasteries.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her trials, and conducted, with courtesy indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same allowing distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered some money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Ease ourselves," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy heir, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to partake it." And without further discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners. The descendant, after being carefully searched and disarmed, was confined in another part of the castle; and Rowena was refused even the comfort she might have derived from the attendance of her kindred maid Elgatha.

The apartment in which the Roman chiefs were confined,—far to them we turn our first attention,—although at present used as a sort of guard-room, had formerly been the great hall of the castle. It was now abandoned to menial purposes, because the present lord, among other additions to the magnificence, security, and beauty of his baronial residence, had erected a new and noble hall, whose vaulted roof was supported by lighter and more elegant pillars, and fitted up with that higher degree of ornament, which the Normans had already introduced into architecture.

Odric passed the apartment, filled with indignant reflections on the past and on the present, while the apathy of his occupation served, instead of patience and philosophy, to defend him against everything were the miseries of the present moment; and so little did he feel even this last, that he was only from time to time roused to a reply by Odric's unceasing and importunate appeal to him.

"Yes," said Odric, half speaking to himself, and half addressing himself to Adelstane, "it was in this very hall that

my father feasted with Torquell Wolfenger, when he entertained the valiant and unfortunate Harold, then advancing against the Norwegians, who had united themselves to the rebel Toeti. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnificent warrior to the ambassador of his rebel brother. Oll here I heard my father kindly as he told the tale. The survey of Toeti was admitted, when this ample room could scarce contain the crowd of noble Danish leaders, who were quaffing the blood-red wine around their monarch."

"I hope," said Athelstan, somewhat moved by this part of his friend's discourse, "they will not forget to send us some wine and delicacies at noon—we had scarce a breathing-space allowed to break our fast, and I never have the benefit of my food when I eat immediately after dismounting from horseback, though the ladies recommend that practice."

Oedric went on with his story without noticing this interjected observation of his friend.

"The army of Toeti," he said, "marched up the hall, undisturbed by the frowning countenances of all around him, until he made his obsequious bow to the throne of King Harold.

"'What terms,' he said, 'Lord King, hath thy brother Toeti to hope, if he should lay down his arms, and leave peace at thy hands?'

"'A brother's love,' cried the generous Harold, 'and the fair smiles of Northumbria!'

"'But should Toeti accept these terms,' continued the curvy, 'what lands shall be assigned to his faithful ally, Harolds, King of Norway?'

"'Seven feet of English ground,' answered Harold, sternly, 'as, as Harolds is said to be a giant, perhaps we may allow him twelve inches more.'

"The hall rung with exclamations, and up and down was filed to the Norwegians, who should be speedily in possession of his English territory."

"I could have pledged him with all my soul," said Athelstan, "for my tongue desires to my palate."

"The baffled curvy," continued Oedric, pausing with admiration his tale, though it interested not the listener, "retreated, to carry Toeti and his ally the countless masses of his injured brother. It was then that the distant towers of York, and the

bloody stream of the Derwent," behold that fearful conflict, in which, after displaying the most undaunted valour, the King of Norway and Pösti both fell, with ten thousand of their chosen followers. Who would have thought that upon the proud day when this battle was won, the very gale which wafted the Saxons hither to triumph was blowing the Normans north, and impelling them to the fatal shores of Sumar!—Who would have thought that Harold, within a few brief days, would himself possess no more of his kingdom than the share which he allotted to his vassals to the Norwegian invaders!—Who would have thought that you, noble Athelstane—that you, descendant of Harold's blood, and that I, whose father was not the worst defender of the Saxon crown, should be prisoners to a vile Norman, in the very hall in which our ancestors held each high festival?"

"It is sad enough," replied Athelstane, "but I trust they will hold us to a moderate ransom.—At any rate it cannot be their purpose to starve us outright; and yet, although it is high noon, I see no preparations for serving dinner. Look up at the window, noble Cedric, and judge by the windiness if it is not on the verge of noon."

"It may be so," answered Cedric; "but I cannot look on that stained lattice without its awakening other reflections than those which concern the passing moment, or its privations. What that window was wrought, my noble friend, our happy fathers knew not the art of making glass, or of staining it.—The pride of Wulfstan's father brought an artist from Friesland to adorn his hall with this new species of embellishment, that broke the golden light of God's blessed day into so many fantastic hues. The stranger came here poor, beggarly, cringing, and subservient, ready to doff his cap to the meanest native of the household. He returned, pampered and proud, to tell his rapacious countrymen of the wealth and the simplicity of the Saxon nobles—a silly, O Athelstane, foreboded of old, as well as I know, by those descendants of Hengist and his hardy tribes, who retained the simplicity of their manners. We made these strangers our house friends, our confidential servants; we borrowed their artists and their arts, and degraded the honest simplicity and hardihood with which our brave ancestors supported themselves, and we became corrupted by Norman arts long ere we fell under Norman arms. Far better was our

* Note E. Battle of Stamford.

humbly dish, eaten in peace and liberty, than the luxurious banquet, the love of which hath delivered us as bondsmen to the foreign conqueror!"

"I should," replied Atholstone, "hold very humble food a luxury at present; and it astonishes me, noble Cedric, that you can bear so truly in mind the memory of past deeds, when it appears you forget the very hour of dinner."

"It is true lost," muttered Cedric, apart and impatiently, "to speak to him of ought else but that which concerns his appetite! The soul of Hardknute hath taken possession of him, and he hath no pleasure save to ill, to evil, and to kill for more.—Alas!" said he, looking at Atholstone with compassion, "that so dull a spirit should be lodged in so goodly a form! Alas! that such an enterprise as the regeneration of England should turn on a hinge so imperfect! Wouldst to Rowena, indeed, her noble and more generous soul may yet create the better nature which is latent within him. Yet how should this be, while Rowena, Atholstone, and I myself, remain the prisoners of this brutal usurper, and have been made so perhaps from a sense of the danger which our liberty might bring to the usurper's power of his nation?"

While the Rance was plunged in these painful reflections, the door of their prison opened, and gave entrance to a server, holding his white towel of office. This important person advanced into the chamber with a grave pace, followed by four attendants, bearing in a table covered with dishes, the sight and smell of which seemed to be an instant compensation to Atholstone for all the inconveniences he had undergone. The persons who attended on the food were masked and docted.

"What necessary is this?" said Cedric; "think you that we are ignorant whose prisoners we are, when we are in the custody of your master? Tell him," he continued, willing to use this opportunity to open a negotiation for his freedom—"Tell your master, Egmund Front-de-Bour, that we know no reason he can have for withholding our liberty, excepting his unbecoming desire to enrich himself at our expense. Tell him that we yield to his rigidity, as in similar circumstances we should do to that of a hired robber. Let him name the reasons of which he robs our liberty, and it shall be paid, providing the ransom is suited to our means."

The server made no answer, but bowed his head.

"And tell Sir English Front-de-Bœuf," said Atholstan, "that I send him my mortal defiance, and challenge him to combat with me on foot or horseback, at any secure place within eight days after our liberation; which, if he be a true knight, he will not, under these circumstances, venture to refuse or to delay."

"I shall deliver to the knight your defiance," answered the squire; "meanwhile I leave you to your food."

The challenge of Atholstan was delivered with so good grace; for a large meal, which required the services of both piers at once, added to a natural hesitation, considerably lessened the effect of the bold defiance it contained. Still, however, his speech was hailed by Cedric as an incontestable token of reviving spirit in his companion, whose previous indifference had begun, notwithstanding his respect for Atholstan's desert, to wear out his patience. But he now cordially shook hands with him in token of his approbation, and was somewhat grieved when Atholstan observed, "that he would fight a dozen such men as Front-de-Bœuf, if, by so doing, he could hasten his departure from a dungeon where they put so much galls into their potage." Notwithstanding this intimation of a escape into the quality of animosity, Cedric placed himself opposite to Atholstan, and soon showed, that if the fierceness of his country could beget the recollections of food while the table was uncovered, yet as soon were the victuals put there, than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities.

The captives had not long enjoyed their refreshment, however, ere their attention was distracted even from this most secure occupation by the blast of a horn winded before the gate. It was repeated three times, with as much violence as if it had been blown before an embattled castle by the destined knight, at whose summons bells and towers, barbicans and battlements, were to roll off like a morning vapour. The Saxons started from the table and hastened to the window. But their curiosity was disappointed; for those calls only looked upon the court of the castle, and the sound came from beyond its precincts. The summons, however, seemed of importance, for a considerable degree of bustle instantly took place in the Castle.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

My daughter—O my daughter—O my daughter!

———O my Christian daughter!

And thou—our last—our death, not my daughter!

MARGARET OF YORK.

LEAVING the Baron child to return to their banquet as soon as their unqualified curiosity should permit them to attend to the calls of their half-satiated appetites, we have to look as upon the yet more wretched imprisonment of Isaac of York. The poor Jew had been hastily thrown into a dungeon—rank of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the most Rial. The only light was received through one or two loop-holes far above the mouth of the captive's head. These openings admitted, even at mid-day, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, from whom active exertions to escape had been apprehended, hung rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the range of one of these sets of fetters there remained two mouldering bones, which seemed to have been once those of the prisoner, as if the prisoner had been left, not only to perish there, but to be consumed to a skeleton.

At one end of this gloomy apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some tattered straw mats, half covered with rust.

The whole appearance of the dungeon might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Isaac, who, nevertheless, was more composed under the menacing presence of danger, than he had seemed to be while afflicted by terrors of which the cause was as yet remote and contingent. The lovers of the slave say that the Jews felt more agony during the period of the grey-hounds than when she is struggling in their fangs.* And thus it is probable, that the Jews, by the very frequency of their fall on all occasions, had their minds to some degree prepared for every effect of tyranny which could be practised upon them;

* *See Isaac.*—We by no means suspect the accuracy of this piece of ancient history, which we give on the authority of the *Wanderer* MSS.—L. V.

so that an aggression, when it had taken place, could bring with it that surprise which is the most disabling quality of war. Neither was it the first time that Isaac had been placed in circumstances so dangerous. He had, therefore, experience to guide him, as well as hope, that he might escape, as already he delivered as a prey from the Fowler. Above all, he had upon his side the unyielding stannity of his action, and that unbending resolution, with which Israelites have been frequently known to submit to the uttermost evils which power and violence can inflict upon them, rather than gratify their oppressors by granting their demands.

In this manner of passive resistance, and with his garments collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his dilapidated hair and beard, his furled cloak, and high cap, seen by the wry and flickering light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter crested at the period. The Jew remained without altering his position for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—the hinges cracked as the window opened, and Benjamin Front-de-Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

Front-de-Bœuf, a tall and strong man, whose life had been spent in public war or in private feuds and broils, and who had cultivated as an means of extending his feudal power, had features corresponding to his character, and which strongly expressed the fiercer and more malignant passions of the mind. The scars with which his visage was marked, would, on features of a different cast, have excited the sympathy and veneration due to the marks of honorable valor; but, in the position case of Front-de-Bœuf, they only added to the ferocity of his countenance, and to the dread which his presence inspired. This formidable hero was clad in a leathern doublet, fitted close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of his armor. He had no weapon, excepting a poniard at his belt, which served to counterbalance the weight of the bunch of rusty keys that hung at his right side.

The black slaves who attended Front-de-Bœuf were stripped of their gorgeous apparel, and attired in jockies and trousers of coarse linen, their chains being tacked up above the elbow, like

those of lizards when about to crawl on their forefeet in the daylight-house. Each had in his hand a small panicle; and when they entered the dungeon, they stopped at the door until Front-de-Bœuf himself curiously looked and double-checked it. Having taken this precaution, he advanced slowly up the apartment towards the Jew, upon whom he kept his eye fixed, as if he wished to paralyze him with his glance, as some animals are said to fascinate their prey. It seemed, indeed, as if the silent and malignant eye of Front-de-Bœuf possessed some potency of that supposed power over his unfortunate prisoner. The Jew sat with his mouth agape, and his eyes fixed on the savage face with such consciousness of terror, that his limbs seemed literally to clank together, and to diminish in size while contemplating the fierce Hunsbach fixed and hostile gaze. The unhappy Isaac was deprived not only of the power of rising to make the advances which his terror dictated, but he could not even clasp his cup, or utter any word of supplication; so strongly was he agitated by the conviction that tortures and death were impending over him.

On the other hand, the stately form of the Norman appeared to dilate in magnitude, like that of the eagle, which outsoars its plumeage when about to pounce on its defenceless prey. He passed within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, rolled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, and, producing from his bosom a large pair of scales and several weights, he held them at the foot of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance at which his companion had already taken his station.

The motions of these men were slow and solemn, as if there impended over their souls some premonition of horror and of agony. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive:—

"Hast thou a good dog of an untrained race," he said, swathing with his deep and sulken voice the sullen echoes of his dragon vault, "wast thou these scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out," said the silent Norman, "a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, holding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "hast thou ever such a demand!—Who ever heard, even in a minister's tale, of such a man as a thousand pounds of silver!—What business hath you ever blessed with the value of such a mass of treasure!—Not within the walls of York, reachest my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the title of that huge sum of silver that thou speakest of?"

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver be poor, I value not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt find thy valuing scarce less than punishment as thy heart has never even dreamed."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old and poor and helpless. It were awfully to through even me—it is a poor deed to crush a wretch."

"Old thou mayest be," replied the knight; "more shame to thee folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in woe and misery—Fools thou mayest be, for when had a Jew either house or land?—But rich it is well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Jew, "by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common!—"

"Perjure not thyself!" said the Norman, interrogating him, "and let not thine ordinary seal thy doom, until thou hast seen and well considered the fate that awaits thee. Think not I speak to thee only to excite thy terror, and practice on the base cowardice thou hast derived from thy tribe. I mean to thee by that which thou dost not believe, by the gospel which our Church teaches, and by the keys which are given her to bind and to loose, that my purpose is deep and penetrating. This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners too thousand times more distinguished than thou hast died within these walls, and their fate hath never been known! But for thee a reserved a long and lingering death, to which there were luxury."

He again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language; for he also had been in Palestine, where, perhaps, he had learnt his lessons of cruelty. The Saracens produced from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a sack of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other disposed the charcoal in the hopelessly grate which we have already mentioned, and extended the bellows until the fire came to a red glow.

"Save them, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the rump of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?"—on that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy writhed limbs with oil, lest the roast should burn.—Now choose between a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the hand of my father, thou hast no other option."

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of considering such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by fire, and by fire, will shrink from my purpose for the salaries or arrears of one single wretched Jew!—no; thou art not that thou secretly shudder, who have neither law, country, nor conscience, but their master's will—who are the prison, or the stake, or the post, or the cord, at his slightest wish—thou art not that thou wilt have money, who do not even understand the language in which it is asked!—He was, old man; discharge thyself of a portion of thy enormous wealth; repay to the hands of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by the woe thou hast practised on those of his religion. Thy wailing may even swell and once more thy charvelled joints, but neither law, nor medicine can restore thy scathed limbs and flesh yett thou once stretched on those bars. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou must collect thee from a dungeon, the marks of which few have returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee—choose between thy dress and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be."

"So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your insatiable demand!"

"Save him and stop him, slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

The merchants, taking their directions more from the Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, now were stopped forward,

* *New F. Tribune on the Nile*

held hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Baron's further signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting; but that of the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-sneer, half-menace smile which had been the prelude to his cruelty; and the savage eyes of the Saracens, rolling gloomily under their dark brows, requiring a yet more sinister expression by the wickedness of the circle which surrounded the pupil, evinced rather the cruel pleasure which they expected from the approaching scene, than any reluctance to be its directors or agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace over which he was presently to be stretched, and, seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver.—That is," he added after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so unheard of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "here it must be delivered—weighed it must be—weighed and told down, on this very dungeon floor.—Thenceforth I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure!"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou parboiling dove," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe!"

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac, timidly, "but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will treat nothing to mine?"

"Because thou must not help it, Jew," said the knight, sternly. "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and wert I owing a loan of thy stocks, it would be time to debate the time of payment, and the pledge of security. This is my treasure-chamber. Here I have thee as advantage, nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty."

The Jew groined deeply.—"Grant me," he said, "at least, with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They named me as a Jew, yet they piled my dedication, and because they feared to aid me by the way, a share of

my evil hath come upon them; moreover, they may contribute in some sort to my ransom."

"If thou interest yonder *Sacra* church," said Front-de-Bœuf, "their ransom will depend upon other terms than thine. Mind thine own concerns, Jew, I warn thee, and meddle not with those of others."

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set at liberty, together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice commend'd be," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to a son of Israel, to meddle with his own concerns, and leave those of others alone?—Since thou hast made thy choice, it remains but that thou payest down thy ransom, and that at a short day."

"Yet hear me," said the Jew—"for the sake of that very wealth which thou wouldst obtain at the expense of thy"—Here he stopped short, afraid of irritating the savage Normans. But Front-de-Bœuf only laughed, and himself filled up the blank at which the Jew had hesitated. "At the expense of my conscience, thou wouldst say, Isaac; speak it out—I tell thee, I am reasonable. I can bear the reproaches of a peer, even when that peer is a Jew. Thou wert not so patient, Isaac, when thou didst hurle justice against Jacques Firdoussé, for calling thee a traitorous bloodsucker, when thy actions had deserved his patronage."

"I swear by the Talmud," said the Jew, "that your ransom has been sealed in that matter. Firdoussé drew his sword upon me in mine own chamber, because I owed him for some coin silver. The term of payment was due at the Passover."

"I care not what he did," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the question is, when shall I have mine own?—when shall I have the dollar, Isaac?"

"Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York," answered Isaac, "with your self-constituted, noble knight, and as soon as man and horse can retire, she brings"—Here he gazed deeply, but added, after the pause of a few seconds,—"the treasure shall be told down on this very day."

"Thy daughter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, as if surprised,—
"By heaven, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy concubine, and I gave her to be a bloodsucker to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old who set us in these nations a wholesome example."

The yell which Isaac raised at this appalling communication, made the very walls to ring, and awakened the two Germans so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He avoided himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement, and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight—take ten thousand francs—refuse me to ruin and to beggary, if there will,—say, please me with thy poniard, level me on that furnace, but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour!—As thou art born of woman, spare the honour of a helpless maiden—like is the image of my deceased Richard, she is the last of six pledges of her love—Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort?—Will you refuse a father to wish that his only living child were laid beside her dead mother, in the tomb of our fathers?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat relenting, "that I had known of this before. I thought your men had loved nothing save their money-bags."

"Think not so freely of us, Jews though we be," said Isaac, eager to improve the moment of apparent sympathy, "the hunted fox, the tortured without loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children!"

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will believe it to please Isaac, for thy very sake—but it will be not now, I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow; my word is passed to my comrades in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot. Besides, why shouldst thou think evil is to come to the girl, even if she become Bon-Guillaume's booty?"

"There will, there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony; "when did Tongues breathe right but cruelty to men and dishonour to women?"

"Dog of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, with sparkling eyes, and not sorry, perhaps, to make a pretext for working himself into a passion, "blaspheme not the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or was beside thy Jewish throat!"

"Robber and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the words of his oppressor with passion, which, however impotent, he now found it impossible to baffle, "I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honour!"

"Art thou in thy senses, Isaac?" said the Norman, sternly—"has thy flesh and blood a claim against heated love and smiling oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy greedy thirsts seek. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy voracious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, Maurice, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited. Take my life if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to discount the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf; "for by the blessed rood, which is the observation of thy sacred tribe, thou shalt feel the execution of fire and steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the lava!"

In spite of the lively struggles of the old man, the Normans had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding totally to disarm him, when the sound of a bugle, twice repeated without the walls, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Sir Degraded Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage Isaac gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance, or to lament over his daughter's captivity, and probable fate, as his personal or parental feelings might prove strongest.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

May, if the gentle spirit of meeting wish
 Can so my change you to a soldier turn,
 I'll woo you, like a soldier, at sword's end,
 And have you 'gainst the nature of love, love me.
 TWO UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

The apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a

particular mark of respect not offered to the other prisoners. But the wife of Front-de-Bœuf, for whom it had been originally destined, was long dead, and doury and neglect had impaired the few ornaments with which her taste had adorned it. The tapestry hung down from the walls in many places, and its colors were tarnished and faded under the effects of the sun, or tattered and decayed by age. Finally, however, as it was, this was the apartment of the castle which had been judged most fitting for the accommodation of the Baroness, and here she was left to meditate upon her fate, until the actors in this notorious drama had arranged the several parts which each of them was to perform. This had been settled in a council held by Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar, in which, after a long and warm debate concerning the several advantages which each insisted upon deriving from his particular share in this nefarious enterprise, they had at length determined the fate of their unhappy prisoners.

It was about the hour of noon, therefore, when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to prosecute his views upon the head and possessions of the Lady Rowena.

The interval had not entirely been bestowed in holding council with his confederates, for De Bracy had found leisure to devote his person with all the idleness of the times. His gown, mantle and vizard were now hanging aside. His long luxuriant hair was trained to flow in quiet tresses down his richly-furrowed cheek. His breast was closely shaven, his doublet reached to the middle of his leg, and the girdle which secured it, and at the same time supported his ponderous sword, was encrusted and embossed with gold work. We have already noticed the extravagant fashion of the shoes at this period, and the points of Maurice de Bracy's might have challenged the prize of extravagance with the geyser, being turned up and twisted like the horns of a ram. Such was the dress of a gallant of the period, and, in the present instance, that effect was aided by the handsome person and good countenance of the wearer, whose manner partook alike of the grace of a courtier, and the frankness of a soldier.

He saluted Rowena by doffing his velvet bonnet, garnished with a golden brooch, representing St. Michael trampling down the Prince of Evil. With this, he gracefully motioned the lady to a seat; and, as she still retained her standing posture, the

knicht unglored his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena, declined, by her gesture, the proffered complaisance, and replied, "If I be in the presence of my jailer, Sir Knight—now will circumstances allow me to think otherwise—it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she deigns her doom."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in presence of your captive, not your jailer; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you kindly exempt from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up with all the pride of offended rank and beauty; "I know you not—and the loudest familiarity with which you apply to me the jargon of a troubadour, forms no apology for the violence of a robber."

"To myself fair maid," answered De Bracy, in his former tone—"to thine own charms, be certified whatever I have done which passed the respect due to her whom I have chosen queen of my heart, and mistress of my eyes."

"I repeat to you, Sir Knight, that I know you not, and that no man wearing chain and spurs ought thus to intrude himself upon the presence of a unprotected lady."

"That I am unknown to you," said De Bracy, "is indeed my misfortune; yet let me hope that De Bracy's name has not been always unknown, when minstrels or heralds have praised deeds of chivalry, whether in the hall or in the battle-field."

"To herald and to minstrel, then, leave thy prison, Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "more willing for their mouths than for thine own; and tell me which of them shall record in song, or in book of history, the memorable conquest of this night, a conquest obtained over an old man, followed by a fair maid's back; and his beauty, an unfortunate maiden, transported against her will to the castle of a robber!"

"You are wroth, Lady Rowena," said the knight, biting his lip in some confusion, and speaking in a tone more natural to him than that of affected gallantry, which he had at first adopted; "yourself free from passion, you can allow no room for the freing of another, although caused by your own beauty."

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "be more a knave than so commonly used by strolling minstrels, that it becomes not the mouth of knight or robber. Certes, you constrain me to

sit down, since you enter upon such commonplace terms, of which such vile scoundrel hath a stock that might last from house to Christmas."

"Proud damned," said De Bracy, incensed at finding his gallant style produced him nothing but contempt—"proud damned, thou shalt be so proudly circumvented. Know, then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand in the way that best suited thy character. It is matter for thy honour to be wooed with low and tall, fine and set terms, and in courtly language."

"Courtesy of tongue," said Rowena, "when it is used to veil crudeness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown. I wonder not that the restraint appears to gild you—none it were for your honour to have retained the dress and language of an outlaw, than to veil the deeds of one under an affectation of gentle language and demeanour."

"You counsel well, lady," said the Norman; "and in the bold language which best patches bold action, I tell thee, thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Marston de Bracy's wife. I am not wont to be baffled in my enterprises, nor make a Norman noble suspiciously to vindicate his conduct to the Saxon ladies whom he distinguishes by the offer of his hand. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honour and to princely place, saving by my alliance? How else wouldst thou escape from the massy prisons of a country gaol, where Saxons herd with the swine which deem their wealth, to take thy seat, honoured as thou shouldst be, and shalt be, amid all in England that is distinguished by beauty, or dignified by power?"

"Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "the gaol which you mention hath lost my sister from infancy; and, trust me, when I leave it—should that day ever arrive—it shall be with one who has not learnt to despise the dwelling and inmates in which I have been brought up."

"I guess your meaning, lady," said De Bracy, "though you may think it has too obscure for my apprehension. But dream not that Richard Cour-de-Lion will ever receive his share, far less that Wilfred of Iveland, his witness, will ever lead thee to his footstool, to be there welcomed as the bride of a favourite. Another winter might feel journey while he touched the string:

but my firm purpose cannot be changed by a passion so childish and so inglorious. Know, lady, that this rival is in my power, and that it costs but with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle to Front-de-Bœuf, whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine."

"Willst thou?" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe travelled in the habit of the Jew?—a great convenience for the crusader, whose doubtful aim was to usurp the Holy Sepulchre?" And he laughed scornfully.

"And if he be so base," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with an agony of apprehension which she could not suppress, "in what is he the rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what law has he to dare beyond a short imprisonment, and an honourable ransom, according to the law of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "art thou, too, deceived by the common error of thy sex, who think there can be no jealousy but that respecting their own charms? Knowest thou not there is a pathway of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host, Front-de-Bœuf, will push from his rival him who opposes his claim to the fair heritage of Ivanhoe, as readily, eagerly, and unscrupulously, as if he were preferred to him by some blessed-eyed damsel? But make no my sigh, lady, and the wretched disruption shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf, whom else thou might'st mourn for, as in the hands of one who has never shown compassion."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena, her first-aim given way under terror for her lover's impending fate.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy; "for when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her person—the arm of her guardian—the champion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. I am not romantic fool enough to further the fortune, or avert the fate, of one who is fated to be a successful obstacle between me and my vision. Thou dost influence with me in his behalf, and he is wiser—wiser to employ it, Wilfred does, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom."

"The language," answered Rowena, "lacks in its indolent manner something which cannot be reconciled with the harpings it seems to express. I believe not that thy purpose is so-what, or thy power so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," said De Bracy, "until time shall prove it false. Thy lover has wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. He is a bar betwixt Front-de-Bœuf and that which Front-de-Bœuf loves better than either ambition or beauty. What will it cost beyond the blow of a pommel, or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition for ever? Nay, were Front-de-Bœuf afraid to justify a deed so open, let the lord, but give him patient a wrong draught—let the chamberlain, or the nurse who tends him, but pluck the pillow from his head, and Wilfred, in his present condition, is sped without the chance of blood. Ceñis this?"

"And Ceñis this," said Rowena, repeating his words, "my noble—my generous question! I deserved the evil I have encountered, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Ceñis's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Bracy; "and I leave thee to form it."

Hitherto, Rowena had sustained her part in this trying scene with undiminished courage; but it was because she had not considered the danger as serious and imminent. Her disposition was naturally that which physiognomists consider as proper to fair complexions, mild, timid, and gentle; but it had been tempered, and, as it were, hardened, by the circumstances of her education. Accustomed to see the will of all, even of Ceñis himself (so frequently arbitrary with others), give way before her wishes, she had acquired that sort of courage and self-confidence which arises from the habitual and constant deference of the world in which we move. She could scarce conceive the probability of her will being opposed, far less that of its being treated with total disregard.

Her brightness and habit of domination was, therefore, a selfish character, instead over that which was natural to her, and it deserted her when her eyes were opened to the extent of her own danger as well as that of her lover and her guardian; and when she found her will, the slightest expression of which was wont to command respect and attention, now placed in opposition to that of a man of a strong, fierce, and determined

mind, who possessed the advantage over her, and was resolved to see it, she quailed before him.

After casting her eyes around as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a paroxysm of uncontrolled weeping and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such extremity without feeling for her, and De Racy was not unmoved, though he was yet more unbarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede, and yet, in Bowen's present condition, she could not be acted on either by arguments or threats. He passed the apartment to and fro, now vainly exhibiting the terrified mother to escape herself, now hesitating concerning his own line of conduct.

If, thought he, I should be moved by the tears and sorrow of this disconsolate damsel, what should I reap but the loss of those fair hopes for which I have encountered so much risk, and the release of Prince John and his perjured consort? "And yet," he said to himself, "I feel myself ill treated for the part which I am playing. I cannot look on so fair a lass while it is disturbed with agony, or on those eyes when they are drowned in tears. I would she had retained her original brightness of disposition, or that I had a larger share of Front-de-Bœuf's three-tooped hardness of heart!"

Agitated by these thoughts, he could only bid the unfortunate Ercova be comforted, and assure her, that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Racy was interrupted by the hoarse, "house-winded" knocking for and from," which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans of amuse and of lozenge. Of them all, perhaps, De Racy least regretted the interruption; for his conference with the Lady Ercova had arrived at a point, where he found it equally difficult to prosecute or to resign his enterprise.

And here we cannot but think it necessary to offer some better proof than the incidents of an idle tale, to vindicate the unobscured representation of manners which has been just laid before the reader. It is grievous to think that those valiant barons, to whose stand against the worse the florists of England were indebted for their existence, should themselves have

been such dreadful oppressors, and capable of cruelties contrary not only to the laws of England but to those of nature and humanity. But, alas! we have only to extract from the industrious Henry one of those numerous passages which he has collected from contemporary historians, to prove that fiction itself can hardly reach the dark reality of the horrors of the period.

The description given by the author of the *Scots Chronicle* of the cruelties exercised in the reign of King Stephen by the great barons and lords of castles who were all Normans, affords a strong proof of the cruelties of which they were capable when their passions were inflamed. "They generously oppressed the poor people by building castles; and when they were built they filled them with wicked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They collected some in wood, and suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the thumbs, binding iron bars below them. They opened the backs of some with knotted cords till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dangerous swimming with serpents, snakes, and toads." But it would be cruel to put the reader to the pain of perusing the remainder of this description.*

As another instance of these bitter fruits of conquest, and perhaps the strongest that can be quoted, we may mention, that the Princess Matilda, though a daughter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards both Queen of England, niece to Edgar Atheling, and mother to the Emperor of Germany, the daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs, was obliged, during her early residence for education in England, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only means of escaping the licentious pursuits of the Norman nobles. This account she stated before a great council of the clergy of England, as the sole reason for her having taken the religious habit. The assembled clergy admitted the validity of the plea, and the necessity of the circumstances upon which it was founded; giving thus an indisputable and most respectable testimony to the existence of that deplorable license by which that age was stained. It was a matter of public knowledge, they said, that after the conquest of King William, his Norman followers, styled by no great a

* Henry's Hist., ed. 1766, vol. vi. p. 126.

victory, acknowledged no law but their own wild pleasure, and not only despoiled the conquered houses of their lands and their goods, but revealed the houses of their wives and of their daughters with the most unbridled license, and hence it was their custom for masters and mistresses of noble families to assume the veil, and take shelter in convents, not so called thither by the vocation of God, but solely to preserve their houses from the unbridled violence of men.

Such and so happened were the times, as attested by the public declaration of the assembled clergy, recorded by Eusebius; and we need add nothing more to vindicate the probability of the scenes which we have detailed, and are about to detail, upon the more apostrophal authority of the Warrior MS.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

THU WAS LAD AT THE SEA WHEN HIS LADY.

German.

When the scenes we have described were passing in other parts of the castle, the Jewish Rebecca avoided her fate in a distant and sequestered tower. Either she had been led by two of her disguised catibans, and so being thrust into the little cell, she found herself in the presence of an old egypt, who kept surrounding to herself a house of signs, as if to best time to the revivifying dance which her apoplexy was performing upon the floor. The hag raised her head as Rebecca entered, and surveyed at the fair Jewess with the malignant eye which old age and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty.

"Thou must up and away, old house-witch," said one of the men, "our noble master commands us.—Thou must leave this chamber to a finer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thou is service required. I have known when my lady would have out the best musicians among ye out of middle and out of service; and now must I up and away at the command of every groom such as thou."

"Good Dame Urried," said the other man, "stood not to reason on it, but up and away. Lee's boots must be laced to with a quick wit. Thou hast had thy day, old dame, but thy sun has long been set. Thou art now the very outland of an old war-horse tamed out on the barren heath—thou hast had thy power in thy time, but now a broken wheel is the best of thee—Come, saddle off with thee."

"It means dog ye both!" said the old woman, "and a kennel be your burying-place! May the evil demon Zoroastrian tear me limb from limb, if I leave my own cell ere I have spun out the hemp on my distaff!"

"Answer it to our lord, then, old house-fowl," said the man, and retired; leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman, upon whose premises she had been thus unwillingly thrust.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?" said the old hag, murmuring to herself, yet from time to time casting a sideways and malignant glance at Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess—Slight eyes, black locks, and a skin like paper, are the great signs it with her black argument—Ay, it is easy to guess why they send her to this lone turret, whence a shriek could be more be heard than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the earth.—Then wilt have owls for thy neighbours, fair one; and their screams will be heard as far, and as much regarded as thine own. Outlandish, too," she said, marking the dress and features of Rebecca—"What country art thou of? a Saracen? or an Egyptian?—Why dost not answer!—thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou canst say no more," replied Urried; "men know a fox by the trails, and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, indeed!" answered the old hag; "what would taking thy life please them?—Trust me thy life is in no peril. Such usage should thou have as was once thought good enough for a white French maiden. And shall a Jewess, like thee, suppose because she hath no better? Look at me—I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front-de-Bourc, father of this Baynard, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My

father and her aunts were defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber.—There was not a room, not a step of the stair, that was not slippery with their blood. They died—they died every man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conqueror!"

"Is there no help?—Are there no means of escape?" said Rebecca.—"Ridley would I require to be rid."

"Think not of it," said the hag; "from hence there is no escape but through the gates of death; and it is late, late," she added, shaking her grey head, "ere those open to us.—Yet it is foolish to think that we leave behind us on earth those who shall be wretched as ourselves. Fare-thee-well, Jewess!—Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity. Fare-thee-well, I say. My throat is open now—thy task is yet to begin."

"Stay! stay! for heaven's sake!" said Rebecca; "stay, though it be to curse and revile me—thy presence is yet some protection."

"The presence of the mother of God were no protection," answered the old woman. "There she stands," pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary; "see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee."

She left the room as she spoke, her features wreathed into a sort of smothering laugh, which made them seem even more hideous than their habitual frown. She locked the door behind her, and Rebecca might hear her creak every step for its steepness, as slowly and with difficulty she descended the turret stairs.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Harven; for what probability was there that either softness or courtesy would be used towards one of her oppressed race, whatever shadow of those rights be preserved towards a Queen's witness? Yet had the Jewess this advantage, that she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Of a strong and observing character, even from her earliest years, the pomp and wealth which her father displayed within his walls, or which she witnessed in the houses of other wealthy Hakims, had not been able to blind her to the premature circumstances under which they were enjoyed. Like Demetrius at his celebrated banquet, Rebecca perpetually beheld,

and that gorgeous display, the sword which was suspended over the heads of her people by a single hair. These reflections had turned and brought down to a pitch of sounder judgment a temper, which, under other circumstances, might have soared haughty, supercilious, and obstinate.

From her father's example and injunctions, Rebecca had learnt to bear herself courteously towards all who approached her. She could not indeed imitate his excess of subservience, because she was a stranger to the manners of timid, and to the constant state of timid apprehension, by which it was dictated, but she bore herself with a proud brevity, as if submitting to the evil circumstances in which she was placed as the daughter of a despised race, while she felt in her mind the consciousness that she was entitled to hold a higher rank than her rank, than the arbitrary despotism of religious prejudice permitted her to aspire to.

Thus prepared to expect adverse circumstances, she had acquired the firmness necessary for acting under them. Her present situation required all her powers of mind, and she summoned it up accordingly.

Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and, unless where the door by which she had entered joined the main building, seemed to be disconnected by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no bolts, lock or bar. The single window opened upon an unsheltered space surrounding the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, some hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an isolated bartizan, or balcony, screened, as usual, by a parapet with embrasures, at which a few archers might be stationed, for defending the turret, and flanking with their shot the wall of the castle on that side.

There was, therefore, no hope but in passive fortitude, and in that strong reliance on Heaven natural to great and generous characters. Rebecca, however erroneously taught to interpret the promises of Scripture to the chosen people of Heaven, did not err in supposing the present to be their hour of trial, or in trusting that the children of Zion would be one day called in with the fulness of the Gentiles. In the meanwhile, all around her showed that their present state was that of punishment and

protection, and that it was their especial duty to suffer without stirring. Thus prepared to consider herself as the victim of misfortune, Estrella had early reflected upon her own state, and extended her mind to meet the dangers which she had probably to encounter.

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret-chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those bandits to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and shut the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed, at the thought of which he was himself shuddered, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, rather as his doom bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Estrella, resting an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already undressed two costly bracelets and a eolier, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our freedom from this castle, free and unslaved."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls are useless, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth: the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes, and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Estrella; "take ransom and have mercy!—Gold will purchase you pleasure,—to rescue us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly atone thy almost crimes; and if thou wilt not wisely, thou mayest purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—mayest obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw, in French, finding it difficult probably to converse, in Spanish, a conversation which Estrella had acquired in that language; "but know, bright thy of the vale of Jezra! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful, alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and

admirer even the rusty lance of a dungeon guard. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an assault, which will dart from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and is no other one will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such where. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—Oh, be so in thy action, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who cannot guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair Rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of those ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have sought in common between us—you are a Christiana—I am a Jewess.—Our union were contrary to the laws alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so, indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? Despicable!—Not if she were the Queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Isaac, that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter, with Languebec for a dowry, I could not wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden otherwise than per amore, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy Order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present?"

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

"I believe as my father taught," said Rebecca, "and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is yours, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?"

"It is grievous and well preached, O daughter of Isaac!" answered the Templar, "but, gentle Judasanna, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privileges. Man-

riage were an endearing crime on the part of a Templar; but what leaves fully I may practice, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the worst of menards, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, destined trider privileges than we poor address of the Temple of Zion have won by our toil as its defense. The protectors of Solomon's Temple may claim license by the example of Solomon."

"If thou recitest the Scriptures," said the Jewess, "and the laws of the saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproof—"Hush!" he said, "Belshazz; I have hitherto spoken mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my law and quest—subject to my will by the laws of all nations; nor will I stoop an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to surrender or surrender."

"Stand back," said Belshazz—"stand back, and hear me as thou offendest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou mayest indeed overpower, for God made women weak, and trusted their defense to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villainy, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other.—I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their superstition might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order shall hear, that, like a heretic, thou hast shared with a Jewess. Those who breathe not at thy crime, will hold thee accused for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearst, as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art born-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his Order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—"thou art sleep-witted," he said; "but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, prisoners, heretics, appeals to justice, and arrows for help, die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Belshazz. Submit to thy fate—entrance our religion, and thou shalt go forth in each state, that many a Norman lady shall

yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the hostesses among the defenders of the Temple."

"Subvert to my tale!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred Heaven! to what tale!—condemn thy religion! and which religion can it be that harbours such a villain!—then the hostesses of the Temple!—curses, knight!—curses, priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of hellery!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the balcony, and in an instant after stood on the very verge of the precipice, with not the slightest alarm between her and the tremendous depths below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Don-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy chosen advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to the solicitation of her friends. "Come down," he said, "weak girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Passover thou grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar, fervently; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my banner—by the sword on my side—by the sacred cross of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake labour! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be severed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian De Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain

of me! Many a low, many a commendment, have I broken, but my word never."

"I will, then, trust thee," said Rebecca, "then for," and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or machicolles, as they were then called—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish nation will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quitted not, her cheek blushed not, for the fear of a fall so instant and so horrible, as the contrary, she thought that she had her life at her command, and could escape it with from injury to death, gave a yet deeper colour of animation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant life to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"There needest no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she. "Thanks to him that perched this dizzy tower so high, that night would fall down it and I too—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar; "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally so it which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. It was women that taught me cruelty, and on women therefore I have avenged it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take heart in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Bois de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who boasted for all her domains but a raiment tower, and an unproductive vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren Landes of Bordeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady's that had a county for a dowry.—Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform, with an animation in

which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence—"Yea, my death, my danger, my blood, made the name of *Libertas* do Montecore known from the coast of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I rewarded!—When I returned with my dear-bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the walls of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith! But my revenge has recoiled on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its din—my mansion must know no domestic home—must be sought by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must survive me, to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. At the feet of my superior I have laid down the right of satisfaction—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither heart nor goods, and life, nerve, and breath, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an elective servitude?"

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are due to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "vengeance is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, as priests tell us, to themselves, it is because they held it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals.—And ambition! it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself!"—He paused a moment, and then added, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch!—Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse.—The Templar loses, as thou hast said, his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble,—even as the single drop of rain which mixes with the sea becomes an individual part of that vast ocean which submerges rocks and engulfs

royal standard. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no more member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the lotions of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their feet upon the necks of Kings—a conspiracy of monks can do that. Our mailed step shall sweep them thence—our giant's hand shall wrench the sceptre from their grasp. Not the reigns of your vainly-expected Messiah offer such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Repeat thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca.
 "Thinkst thou?"

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by saying the difference of our creeds; what our secret confers we hold these narrow tales in derision. Think not we long remain blind to the idealised folly of our founders, who forewent every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by penitence, and by the sorrows of savage, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only as the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted better and wiser views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our lawless possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our poor founders little dreamed, and which are equally congenial from such weak spirits as condemn our Order on the ancient principles, and whose separation makes them our powerful tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. This long-accused conscience something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of my character. God can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

He reentered the turret-chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarcely more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhelpfully placed. When she entered the turret-chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of

Joan for the protection which he had afforded her, and to improve its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition—it was that of the wounded Christian, whom she had placed in the hands of Goodfellow's men, her devoted warrior. Her heart indeed checked her, as it ever in contending with the Duty as prayer, she struggled in her devotion the recollection of one with whose fate hers could have no alliance—a Nazarene, and an enemy to her faith. But the petition was already breathed; nor could all the narrow prejudice of her sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH

A dam'd cramp plect of penmanship as ever I saw in my life!
But strive to conquer.

When the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there. "Your love-son," said De Bracy, "heh, I suppose, born disturbed, like mine, by this obstreperous musician. But you have come later and more reluctantly, and therefore I presume your interview has proved more agreeable than mine."

"Has your son, then, been unsuccessfully paid to the Sicilian kitchen?" said the Templar.

"By the bones of Thomas à Becket," answered De Bracy, "the Lady Rowena must have heard that I cannot endure the sight of women's tears."

"Away!" said the Templar; "then a leader of a Free Company, and regard a woman's tears! A few drops sprinkled on the back of love make the same blaze the lightning."

"Gracious for the few drops of thy sprinkling," replied De Bracy, "but this damned bath wets enough to extinguish a bonfire-light. Never was such wringing of hands and such overflowing of eyes since the days of Saint Ninko,* of whom Prior Aymer told us. A water-bath hath possessed the fair Sicilian."

* I wish the Free had also informed them when Ninko was seized. Probably during that enlightened period when

"Pun to Ninko last his pages here."—L. T.

"A legion of fiends have accepted the banner of the Jesus," replied the Templar; "for, I think no single one, not even Agellona himself, could have inspired such indomitable pride and resolution.—But where is Front-de-Bœuf? That lion is wounded more and more dangerously."

"He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose," replied De Bracy, coolly; "probably the lords of Jesus have decreased the blast of the bugle. Then, mayest know, by experience, Sir Brian, that a Jew putting with his treasures on such terms as our daunt Front-de-Bœuf is like to offer, will raise a clamour loud enough to be heard over twenty horns and trumpets in host. But we will make the vassals call him."

They were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf, who had been disturbed in his tyrannical drudgery, in the manner with which the ruler is negotiated, and had only turned to give some necessary directions.

"Let us see the cause of this rural clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf—"here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in Scots."

He looked at it, turning it round and round as if he had had some hopes of coming at the meaning by inverting the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

"It may be rhapsody for aught I know," said De Bracy, who possessed but full proportions of the ignorance which characterised the chivalry of the period. "Our chaplain attempted to teach me to write," he said, "but all my letters were turned like spear-heads and sword-blades, and as the old scribeing gave up the task."

"Glad it is," said the Templar. "We have that of the friendly character, that we have some knowledge to enlighten our vassals."

"Let us profit by your most revered knowledge, then," said De Bracy; "what says the scroll?"

"It is a formal letter of defiance," answered the Templar; "but, by our Lady of Bethshem, if it be not a Scotch poet, it is the most extraordinary model that ever was sent across the drawbridge of a baronial castle."

"Just?" said Front-de-Bœuf, "I would gladly know who dares join with me in such a matter?—Read it, Sir Brian."

The Templar accordingly read it as follows:—

"I, Wamba, the son of Wadlow, Jester to a noble and free-

born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Baron.—And I, Gurth, the son of Beowulf, the swineherd.”——

“Then art thou,” said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the reader.

“By Saint Leger, it is so not done,” answered the Templar.

Then, resuming his task, he went on.—“I, Gurth, the son of Beowulf, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present, *Le Noir Penesant*, and the stout yeoman, Robert Lossley, called *Claver-the-wind*, Do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whosoever, to wit, that wickedness you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and free-born dame, the Lady Rowena of Harpottunstead; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstan of Cownburgh; also upon the persons of certain free-born men, their wives; also upon certain monks, their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: Which noble persons, with their wives and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess bondswoman, were all in peace with his majesty, and travelling as free subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Harpottunstead, Athelstan of Cownburgh, with their servants, monks, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess bondswoman, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unhurted in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold you as rebels and traitors, and will wage our bodies against you in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Whosoever may God have you in his keeping.—Signed by us upon the eve of Saint Winifred's day, under the great trying oak in the Hart-hill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to God, Our Lady, and Saint Dunstan, in the Chapel of Copmansland.”

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cock's head and comb, with a legend

expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign-manual of Wamba, son of Wilkes. Under this respectable emblem stood a crane, stated to be the mark of Garin, son of Borewagh. There was written, in rough bold characters, the words, *Le Noir Kéroul*. And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, really enough drawn, was described as the mark of the famous Lockley.

The knights brood the unknown document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, viewed impatient of their ill-timed jocularity.

"I give you plain warning," he said, "be it else, that you had better search how to bear yourselves under these circumstances, than give way to such misplaced merriment."

"Front-de-Bœuf has not recovered his temper since his late overthrow," said De Bracy to the Templar; "he is cowed at the very idea of a contest, though it came but from a fool and a villain!"

"By Saint Michael," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "I would have could stand the whole brunt of this adventure myself, De Bracy. These fellows durst not have acted with such tremendous impudence, had they not been supported by some strong hands. There are enough of outliers in this forest to meet my protesting the deed. I did but see one fellow, who was taken red-handed and in the act, to the throat of a wild stag, which gored him to death in five minutes, and I had as many arrows shot at me as there were blades aimed against your target at Ashby. — Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered a squire who was in attendance.

"Here is a proper matter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "the matter of leading you the use of my castle, that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this sort of horseto about my ears!"

"Of horseto?" said De Bracy; "of all-glass dragon refuse; a herd of bay knaves, who take to the wood, and destroy the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Straggle!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "foot-headed shafts of a cloth-yard in length, and those shot within the breadth of a French crown, are strong enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us sustain our people, and rally forth upon them. One knight—ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be returned to couch here against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "were they black, Tanke or Moore, Sir Templar, or the common peasants of France, most valiant De Bracy; but these are English peasants, over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sdely, wight them! we have scores men enough to defend the route. The best of mine are at York; so is all your host, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"They do not fear," said the Templar, "that they are unequal in force sufficient to attempt the route?"

"Not so, Sir Bracy," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These soldiers have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar; "let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swindler in the baronial castle of English Front-de-Bœuf."

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron, "but to whom should I send?—Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retinue, and so are my other allies; and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprise."

"They need no York, and need no people," said De Bracy. "If they strike the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Fine Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest courage ever beat low in grass-ward."

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de-Bœuf; "They will lose every path, and up the ground out of his house.—I leave it," he added, after pausing for a moment.—"Sir Templar, thou must write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my chaplain, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas sermons!"

"So please ye," said the squire, who was still in attendance, "I think old Unred has them somewhere in keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her tell, who ever was ought to her, which was ought in courtesy to address to maid or matron."

"Go, search them out, Reginald," said Front-de-Bœuf; "and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and talked, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor:—

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly arms and valourous, receive no dishonour at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight hath raised a claim to the honours of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present condition, and has no right to ask redress at the hands of good men of noble blood. Teaching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to resolve their confusion, and reconcile them with God; since it is our first intention to convert them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we return those who have sullied themselves in their treason. Wherefore, we shew, we require you to send a priest to counsel them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last worthy service."

This letter being sealed, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the head-quarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three score-fifty paces from the walls. Here Waren and Gurny, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jewel brand, waited with impatience an answer to their summons. Armed, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose armor dress and warlike-looking countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast

morning in. Those whom they chose as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments, being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring townships, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Colver's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rude weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Spears, bows, arrows, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans, with the usual policy of conquest, were jealous of permitting to the vanquished Saxons the possession of the use of swords and spears. These circumstances rendered the assistance of the Saxons far from being as formidable to the besieged, as the strength of the men themselves, their superior numbers, and the animation inspired by a just cause, might otherwise well have made them. It was to the leaders of this warlike army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an explanation of its contents.

"By the rock of Saint Dunstan," said that worthy ecclesiastic, "which hath brought more sheep within the sheepfold than the rock of St. Michael's abut in Paradise, I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which, whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my power."

He then gave the letter to Gorth, who shook his head gravely, and passed it to Wanda. The latter looked at each of the four corners of the paper with such a grin of affected intelligence as a monkey is apt to assume upon similar occasions, then put it away, and gave the letter to Locksley.

"If the long letters were bows, and the short letters broad arrows, I might know something of the matter," said the honest yeoman, "but as the matter stands, the meaning is as dark for me, as the stag stands at twelve miles' distance."

"I must be dumb, then," said the Black Knight, and taking the letter from Locksley, he first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning to Saxon to his confederates.

"Excuse the noble Colver!" exclaimed Wanda; "by the rock thou must be mistaken, for Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the Knight, "I have misplaced the words as they are here set down."

"Then, by St. Thomas of Canterbury," replied Gurth, "we will leave the words, should we tear it down with our hands?"

"We have nothing else to tear it with," replied Wamba; "but none are scarce fit to make tapestries of brocade and mores.""

"To but a contrivance to pass time," said Locksley; "they does not do a deed for which I could exact a feudal penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the lounged. Mylands, as they regard a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee and thy advice!" said the good hermit; "I tell thee, Sir Rightful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very beads, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than confound one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce, this same character of father confessor!"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must still be the fool, and put his neck in the venture which was once drunk from. You must know, my dear cousin and countryman, that I were roused before I were worthy, and was loath to be a friar, until a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are stitched into the coat of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."

"Hark ye some enough, think'st thou?" said the Black Knight, addressing Gurth.

"I know not," said Gurth; "but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account."

"On with the frock, thou, good fellow," quoth the knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their attention within the castle. Their numbers must be five, and it is five to one

they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears—away with them."

"And, in the meantime," said Lockley, "we will leave the place so closely, that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence. So that, my good friend," he continued, addressing Wanda, "these miscreant scoundrels these tyrants, that whatever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners, shall be most severely repaid upon their own."

"*Fare well then,*" said Wanda, who was now smitten in his religious dogmas.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his intention.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

The hottest loves will oft be cool,
The coldest will show fire;
The fair will often play the fool,
To be fool will play the friar.

OLD SONG.

When the Doctor, arrayed in the coat and frock of the hermit, and having his knotted cord twisted around his middle, stood before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, the warden descended of him his name and errand.

"*Fare well then,*" answered the Doctor, "I am a poor brother of the Order of Saint Francis, who came hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle."

"Then art a bold friar," said the warden, "to come hither, where, saving our own drunken confessor, a cock of thy feather hath not crested these twenty years."

"Yet, I pray thee, be unto errand to the lord of the castle," answered the penitential friar; "trust me it will find good acceptance with him, and the cock shall crow, that the whole castle shall hear him."

"Ornament," said the warden; "but if I come to shame for hearing my post upon these errands, I will try whether a friar's grey gown be proof against a grey-goose shaft."

With this thrust he left his hermit, and carried to the hall of

the castle his unwearied intelligence, that a holy friar stood before the gate and demanded instant admission. With an small wonder he received his master's commands to admit the holy man immediately; and, having previously secured the entrance to guard against surprise, he obeyed, without further scruple, the commands which he had received. The hardened villainage which had emboldened Wamba to undertake this dangerous office, was scarce sufficient to support him when he found himself in the presence of a man so dreadful, and so much dreaded, as Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and he brought out his poor weapons, to which he, in a good measure, trusted for supporting his character, with some anxiety and hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men of all ranks tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed father did not give him any cause of suspicion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" said he.

"I am unknown," replied the father, "I am a poor servant of Saint Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves (as Scripture hath it), and am under much an import, which I have here and me into this castle in order to do my ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice."

"Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and must thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banditti?"

"Gibbet, six," answered the father, "seven the lady, their name is legion."

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are, or, priest, thy clock and crew will ill protect thee."

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "no more evident, that is to say, I was like to burst with fear! but I conceive they may be—what of yeomen—what of commoners, at least five hundred men."

"What?" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "master the wags so thick here! it is time to stifle such a mischievous brood!" Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purpose, he wags," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's

company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the meantime, and that the shuffling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing those bones large for the slaughter-house."

"It shall be so," said *Trou-de-lion*. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct *Wanda* to the apartment where *Colrin* and *Atheletane* were confined.

The impotence of *Colrin* had been rather enhanced than diminished by his confinement. He walked from one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude of one who advances to charge in attack, or to storm the breach of a beleaguered place, sometimes speaking to himself, sometimes addressing *Atheletane*, who stoutly and steadily resisted the issue of the situation, disputing, in the meantime, with great composure, the blood shed which he had made at noon, and not greatly interesting himself about the duration of his captivity, which he considered would, like all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven's good time.

"For vengeance," said the *Jester*, entering the apartment; "the blessing of Saint Dunstan, Saint Dennis, Saint Duthus, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye."

"Enter freely," answered *Colrin* to the supposed *St. St.*; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the *Jester*.

"It is impossible!" replied *Colrin*, starting. "Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open and gratuitous treachery!"

"Alas!" said the *Jester*, "to condemn them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a knife of silk thread. Forbear then, therefore, noble *Colrin*, and you, also, gallant *Atheletane*, what offices you have contracted in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearst thou this, *Atheletane*?" said *Colrin*; "we must close up our hearts to this last agony, since better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves."

"I am ready," answered *Atheletane*, "to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner."

"Let us, then, unite our holy gaze, fathers," said *Colrin*.

"Wait yet a moment, good words," said the Justice, in his natural tone, "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that voice!"

"It is that of your trusty slave and Justice," answered Wamba, throwing back his coat. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How meant thou, knave?" answered the Baron.

"Even thou," replied Wamba, "take thou this frank and word, which are all the advice I ever had, and march quickly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thou in my stead?" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why they would hang thee, my poor knave."

"E'en let them do as they are pleased," said Wamba; "I must—no disengagement to your birth—that the son of Winton may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hangs upon his ancestor the abbotess."

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstan instead of me."

"No, by Saint Dunstan," answered Wamba; "there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Winton should suffer to save the son of Hereward, but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to him."

"Villain," said Cedric, "the fathers of Athelstan were monarchs of England!"

"They might be whomever they pleased," replied Wamba; "but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sake. Wherefore, good my master, either take my garb yourself, or suffer me to leave this dungeon as free as I entered."

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstan, my trusty Wamba! It is the duty of each who has Saxons blood in his veins. Thus and I will abide together the vilest rags of our injurious oppressors, while he, free and rich, shall accuse the venereal spirits of our countrymen to avenge us."

"Not so, Sir," said Cedric, "said Athelstan, grasping his hand, —for, when counsel to think or not, his deeds and sentiments

were not following his high run—"Not so," he continued; "I would rather starve in this hall a week without food, save the prisoner's stirred loaf, or drink save the prisoner's measure of water, than surrender the opportunity to escape which the slave's unthought kindness has parveyed for his master."

"You are called wise men, sir," said the Foster, "and I a crowd fool; but, uncle Oedip, and cousin Athelstan, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye the trouble of staining courtesies any farther. I am like John-a-Duck's man, that will let no man exceed her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent—leave—I can but go away home again. Kind service cannot be dashed from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master."

"Go, then, noble Oedip," said Athelstan, "neglect not this opportunity. Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue—your remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue thus without?" said Oedip, looking at the Foster.

"Prospect, indeed!" asked Wamba; "let me tell you, when you fill my dock you are swept in a general's snare. Five hundred men are there without, and I was the morning cat of their chief leaders. My foot's cap was a capon, and my head a treachery. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly, I fear they will lose in value what they may gain in discretion. And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Guch and his dog Flings; and let my sentence hang in the hall at Rotherwood, as memory that I hang away my life for my master, like a scabbard—fool."

The last word came out with a sort of double expensiveness, hurried just and earnest. The tears stood in Oedip's eyes.

"Thy money shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have longer upon earth. But that I trust I shall find the means of saving Berens, and then, Athelstan, and then, also, my poor Wamba, thou shalt not construe me in the main."

The exchange of dues was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Oedip.

"I know no language," he said, "but my own, and a few

words of their relating *Nemesis*. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied *Wanda*.—" *Pax volens*—you will answer all queries. If you go or come, out or defeat, blow or ban, *Pax volens* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a filer as a beam-stake to a watch, or a wand to a conjurer. Spout it but three, in a deep grove here,—*Pax volens*!—It is irresistible—Watch and wind, knight and squire, fire and horse, it sets as a chain upon them all! I think, if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, or to be made to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the halberd of the executioner."

"If each prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—*Pax volens*. I trust I shall remember the pass-word. Noble *Athelstone*, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head—I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt while mine flows in my veins, nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if *Colric's* peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, noble *Colric*," said *Athelstone*; "remember it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, woe," added *Wanda*; "and remember *Pax volens*."

Thus exhorted, *Colric* pulled forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Father had recommended as omnipotent. In a low-wooded and dusty passage, by which he undisturbedly went his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"*Pax volens*!" said the pseudo filer, and was redoubling to hurry past, when a soft voice replied, "*Et vobis—pax, domine misericordissime, pax volens*!"

"I am somewhat deaf," replied *Colric*, in good humor, and at the same time muttered to himself, "a curse on the fool and his *Pax volens*! I have lost my javelin at the first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of those days to be deaf of his Latin ear, and thus the peasant who now addressed *Colric* knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she replied in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with your ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and have such compassion upon him and us as thy holy office teaches—Never shall good deed so highly advantage thy servant."

"Daughter," answered Colric, much embarrassed, "my time in this castle will not permit me to encumber the duties of mine office—I must presently forth—there is life and death upon my sword."

"Yes, father, let me entreat you by the vow you have taken on you," replied the suppliant, "not to leave the oppressed and endangered without counsel or succour."

"May the Lord fly away with me, and leave me in Lithuania with the souls of Olin and of Thier!" answered Colric impatiently, and would probably have proceeded in the same train of total departure from his spiritual character, when the colloquy was interrupted by the harsh voice of Urfried, the old arrow of the turret.

"How, woman," said she, to the female speaker, "is this the manner in which you requite the kindness which permitted thee to leave thy prison-cell prisoner?—Permitted thee the reverend man to use unparliamentary language to free himself from the importunities of a Jewess?"

"A Jewess!" said Colric, smiling himself of the information to get clear of their interpretations,—*"Let me pass, woman! stay no set at your word. I am fresh from my holy office, and would avoid pollution."*

"Come this way, father," said the old hag, "there art a stranger in this castle, and must not leave it without a guide. Come hither, for I would speak with thee.—And you, daughter of an answered man, go to the sick man's chamber, and tend him until my return; and woo battle you if you again quit it without my permission!"

Rebecca retreated. Her importunities had prevailed upon Urfried to suffer her to quit the turret, and Urfried had employed her services where she herself would most gladly have paid them, by the bedside of the wounded Ivanhoe. With an understanding awake to their dangerous situation, and prompt to avail himself of each means of safety which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Urfried, had penetrated into this gulfed

could. She watched the return of the supposed confederate, with the purpose of addressing him, and interceding him in favour of the prisoners; with what imperfect success the reader has been just acquainted.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

First watch I and what count thou white,
 That flash of arrows, flames, and fire!
 Thy deeds are passed—then leave'st thy fate—
 Not vain, thy tale—deeps—high.

But I have griefs of other kind,
 Tremble and sorrow more white,
 Give me to ease my tortured mind,
 Lead to my rest a peaceful end;
 And let me, if I may not find
 A friend to help—let me be kind.

CHATELAIN'S HALL OF FRANCE.

When Urried had with clamours and noises driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had retired, she proceeded to conduct the swelling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she heavily secured. Then taking from a cupboard a croup of wine and two flagons, she placed them on the table, and said, in a tone rather assuming a jest, than asking a question, "Thou art Saxon, father—Dost it not," she continued, observing that Cedric hastened not to reply; "the sounds of my native language are sweet to mine ear, though seldom heard save from the tongue of the wretched and degraded slave on whom the proud Normans impose the basest drudgery of this dwelling. Thou art a Saxon, father—a Saxon, and, wert as thou art a servant of God, a freeman.—Thine accents are sweet to mine ear."

"Do not Saxon phrase thee thus, then," replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the distressed and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not—or if they come, they better love to stand at the board of their conquerors," answered Urried, "than to have the groans of their countrymen—or, at least, repeat stories of them—of myself I can say little. This castle, for ten years,

has opened to us priest were the debauched Norman chaplain, who partook the nightly revels of Front-de-Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render us account of his stewardship.—But thou art a Saxon—a Saxon priest, and I have one question to ask of thee."

"I am a Saxon," answered Osric, "but unworthy, surely, of the name of priest. Let me begone on my way—I swear I will return, or send one of our fathers more worthy to hear your confessions."

"Stay yet a while," said Ulfred; "the accents of the voice which thou hearest now will soon be choked with the cold earth, and I would not descend to it like the beast I have bred. But wine must give me strength to tell the horrors of my tale." She poured out a cup, and drank it with a frightful avidity, which seemed destined of drinking the last drop in the goblet. "It staggers," she said, looking upwards, as she finished her draught, "but it cannot cheer—Partake it, father, if you would hear my tale without sinking down upon the pavement." Osric would have avoided plunging her in this odious conviviality, but the age which she made to him expressed impotence and doubt. He complied with her request, and answered her challenge in a large wine-cup; she then proceeded with her story, as if approved by his complaisance.

"I was not born," she said, "father, the wretch that thou now seest me. I was free, was happy, was honoured, loved, and was beloved. I am now a slave, miserable and degraded—the sport of my master's passions while I had yet beauty—the object of their contempt, scorn, and hatred, since I have passed away.—Dost thou wonder, father, that I should hate mankind, and, above all, the race that has wrought this change in me? Can the writhed serpent lag before thee, whose wrath must vent itself in impotent curses, forget she was once the daughter of the noble Thane of Torpalestone, before whose frown a thousand vassals trembled?"

"Thou the daughter of Torpall Wolfpenger!" said Osric, wondering as he spoke: "thou—thou—the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms?"

"Thy father's friend!" echoed Ulfred; "then Osric called the Saxon stands before me, for the noble Harewood of Rotherwood had but one son, whose name is well known among his countrymen. But if thou art Osric of Rotherwood, why

this religious dress?—but then, too, despaired of saving thy country, and sought refuge from oppression in the shade of the convent?"

"It matters not who I am," said Odette; "poor, unhappy woman, with thy tale of horror and guilt!—Guilt, there must be,—there is guilt even in thy living to tell it."

"There is—there is," answered the wretched woman, "deep, black, damning guilt—guilt, that lies like a load on my breast—guilt, that all the postulated fires of hell could never cleanse. Yea, in those halls, stained with the noble and pure blood of my father, and my brothers—in those very halls, to have heard the pangs of their murders, the slave at once and the perpetrator of his plunders, was to render every breath which I drew of vital air a crime and a curse."

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Odette, "And, while the blood of thy father—while each true Swiss heart, as it breathed a prayer for his soul, and those of his valiant sons, forgot not in their prayers the murdered Ulric—while all mourned and honoured the dead, thou hast lived to work our hate and excitation—lived to unite thyself with the vile tyrant who smothered thy nearest and dearest—who shed the blood of infancy, rather than a male of the noble house of Torgell-Wolfsperger should survive—with him hast thou lived to unite thyself, and in the hands of lawless love."

"In lawless hands, indeed, but not in those of love!" answered the hag, "love will never visit the regions of stored doom, than those unforgotten walls.—No, with that at least I cannot reproach myself—beyond to Front-de-Bœuf and his race governed my and acted deeply, even in the hour of his guilty undertakings."

"You hated him, and yet you lived," replied Odette; "wretch! was there no postcard—no knife—no bodkin?—Well was it for thee, since thou didst prize such an existence, that the secrets of a Swiss castle are like those of the grave. For had I but dreamed of the daughter of Torgell living in such communion with the murderer of her father, the sword of a true Swiss had found thee out even in the arms of thy persecutor!"

"Wouldst thou indeed have done thus justice to the name of Torgell?" said Ulric, for we may now lay aside her assumed name of Urfried; "thou art, then, the true Swiss report speaks true! for even within those accursed walls, where, as thou wilt

aspect, gulf shrouds itself in impenetrable mystery, even then has the name of Celris been sounded—and I, wretched and degraded, have refused to think that there yet breathed an avenger of our unhappy nation.—I also have had my home of vengeance—I have forestalled the quarrels of our foes, broken drunken swordy into murderous brawl—I have seen their blood flow—I have heard their dying groans!—Look on me, Celris,—are there not still left on this dead and faded face some traces of the features of Thorgril?

"Ask me not of them, Ulrica," replied Celris, in a tone of grief mixed with abhorrence; "these traces form such a resemblance as comes from the grave of the dead, when a fiend has visited the lifeless corpse."

"Be it so," answered Ulrica; "yet were those fearful features the mask of a spirit of light when they were able to set at naught the older Frost-de-Morff and his son Hognard! The darkness of hell should hide what followed, but vengeance must lift the veil, and darkly intimate what it would rear the dead to speak aloud. Long had the smoldering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and his avenging son—long had I nursed, in secret, the unshared hatred—it blazed forth in no hour of drunken revelry, and at his own board fell my oppressor by the hand of his own son—such are the secrets those walls conceal!—Read again, ye scorned wretch," she added, looking up towards the roof, "and bury in your fall all who are conscious of the hideous mystery!"

"And then, creature of guile and misery," said Celris, "what became thy lot on the death of thy murderer?"

"Guess it, but ask it not!—How—Sore I dwelt, till age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance—scorned and haunted where I was once stayed, and compelled to bound the revenge which had once such ample scope, to the effects of petty malice of a discontented peasant, or the role of unheeded nurse of an impotent beg—condemned to hear from my lonely turret the sounds of swordy in which I once perished, or the shrieks and groans of new victims of oppression."

"Ulrica," said Celris, "with a heart which still, I fear, regrets the lost reward of thy crimes, as much as the death by which thou didst acquire that need, how dost thou dare to address thee to one who wears this robe? Consider, whither

women, what could the sainted Edward himself do for thee, were he here in bodily presence? The royal Confessor was endowed by Heaven with power to cleanse the stains of the body, but only God himself can cure the leprosy of the soul."

"Yet, turn not from me, stern prophet of woe," she exclaimed, "but tell me, if thou must, in what shall terminate those sore and awful feelings that burst on my solitude—Why do deeds, long since done, now haunt me in now and irremediable horrors? What fate is prepared beyond the grave for her, to whom God has assigned on earth a lot of such unpeppared wretchedness? Better had I turn to Woden, Hortha, and Zornsbok—to Maia, and to Blagula, the gods of our yet unchristened ancestors, than endure the dreadful anticipations which have of late haunted my waking and my sleeping hours!"

"I am no priest," said Cedric, turning with disgust from this miserable picture of guilt, wretchedness, and despair; "I am no priest, though I wear a priest's garment."

"Priest or layman," answered Ulrica, "thou art the first I have seen for twenty years, by whom God was feared or man regarded; and dost thou bid me despair?"

"I bid thee repent," said Cedric. "Seek to purify and penance, and mercy then find acceptance: But I cannot, I will not, longer share with thee."

"Stay yet a moment!" said Ulrica; "have we not now, son of my father's friend, lost the demon who has governed my life should tempt me to avenge myself of thy hard-hearted scorn—Thinkest thou, if Front-de-Bœuf found Cedric the Saxon in his castle, in such a disguise, that thy life would be a long one?—Already his eye has been upon thee like a falcon on its prey."

"And be it so," said Cedric; "and let him tear me with beak and talon, ere my tongue say one word which my heart doth not warrant. I will die a Saxon—true as steel, open as deed—I bid thee avast!—touch me not, stay me not!—The sight of Front-de-Bœuf himself is less odious to me than thou, degraded and degenerate as thou art."

"Be it so," said Ulrica, no longer interrupting him; "go thy way, and forget, in the madness of thy superiority, that the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father's friend.—Go thy way—if I am separated from mankind by my sufferings—separated from those whose aid I might meet justly expect—not less will I be separated from them in my revenge!—No

man shall not see, but the eyes of all men shall single to hear of the deed which I shall dare to do!—Farewell!—My woman has learnt the lust for which seemed yet to make me to my kind—a thought that my woman might claim the compassion of my people."

"Ulice," said Odras, softened by this appeal, "hast thou borne up, and endured to live through so much guilt and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to despair when thine eyes are opened to thy crimes, and when repentance were thy bitter consolation?"

"Odras," answered Ulice, "thou little knowest the human heart. To act as I have acted, to think as I have thought, requires the unending love of pleasure, mingled with the keen appetite of revenge, the proud consciousness of power; thoughts too intoxicating for the human heart to bear, and yet intense the power to pursue. Their first has long passed away—Age has no pleasures—weakness have no influence, revenge itself flies away to impatient action. Then comes remorse, with all its terrors, mixed with vain regrets for the past, and despair for the future!—Then, when all other strong impulses have ceased, we become like the fiends in hell, who reap foul returns, but never repentance.—But thy words have awakened a new and within me.—Will hast thou aid, all is possible for those who dare to die!—Then, hast thou me the means of revenge, and be assured I will embrace them. It has hitherto placed the wasted bosom with other and with rival passions—henceforward it shall possess me wholly, and thou thyself shalt say, that, whatever was the life of Ulice, her death will become the daughter of the noble Torgel. There is a stern without betraying this sacred cause—hasten to lead them to the attack, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, prove the Normans hard—they will then have enough to do within, and yet may win the wall in spite both of love and vengeance.—Torgel, I pray thee—allow Ulice own life, and leave me to mine."

Odras would have inspired further into the purpose which she then daring announced, but the stern voice of Torgel-de-Bard was heard, exclaiming, "Where tarrys the following priest? By the collapse of Compostelle, I will make a martyr of her, if he listens here to hatch treason among my dominions!"

"What a true prophet," said Ulric, "is his well-conscience ! But heed him not—on and to thy people—Ope your doors outright, and let them sing their war-song of Talla, if they will ; vengeance shall have a justice to it."

As she thus spoke, she vanished through a private door, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf entered the apartment. Odric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make obeisance to the harpist Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"Thy protests, father, have made a long shift—it is the battle for them, since it is the last they shall ever make. Hast thou prepared them for death ?"

"I feared them," said Odric, as much French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"How alive, Sir Prior," replied Front-de-Bœuf ; "thy speech, methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue ?"

"I was bred in the court of Saint Withold of Barton," answered Odric.

"Ay!" said the Baron ; "it had been better for thee to have been a Saxon, and better for my purpose too ; but such has no chance of Saxonage. That Saint Withold's of Barton is a heretic's nest worth the harrying. The day will come when that the Faith shall protect the Baron as little as the monk-cout."

"Guilt will be done," said Odric, in a voice tremulous with passion, which Front-de-Bœuf imparted to him.

"I see," said he, "thou dreamest already that our men-at-arms are in thy sanctuary and thy cloisters. But do we our rest of thy holy office, and, some what hot of others, thou shalt sleep as safe in thy cell as a soul within his shell of proof."

"Speak your commands," said Odric, with suppressed emotion.

"Follow me through this passage, then, that I may discuss thee by the postern."

And as he strode on his way before the suppliant friar, Front-de-Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he deemed he should act.

"Then, next, Sir Prior, you lord of Basso valley, who have dared to covet this castle of Turpuletown—Tell them whatsoever thou hast a word of the weakness of this fortress, or might also that our domain thou before it for twenty four hours.

Mountain bear thou this scroll.—But soft—must read, Sir Priest?”

“Not a jot I,” answered Colrin, “none on my territory; and thou I know the characters, because I have the holy service by heart, printed by Our Lady and Saint Wilhelmi?”

“The *first* messenger for my purpose.—Carry thou this scroll to the castle of Philip de Malveaux; say it cometh from me, and is written by the Toughest Man de Deux-Guelfes, and that I pray him to send it to York with all the speed thou and horse can make. Meanwhile, tell him to doubt nothing, he shall find us whole and sound belied our battlement—fleece us in it, that we should be compelled to hide them by a pack of rascals who are wont to fly even at the death of our persons and the tramp of our horses! I say to thee, priest, contrive some craft of thine art to keep the knights where they are, until our friends bring up their hosts. My vengeance is aching, and she is a felon that slanders not till she has been gaged!”

“By my prince’s saint,” said Colrin, with deeper anger than became his character, “and by every saint who has lived and died in England, your commands shall be obeyed! Not a knight shall stir from before these walls, if I have art and influence to detain them there.”

“Ha!” said Front-de-Bœuf, “thou changest thy tone, Sir Priest, and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were in the daughter of the Bœuf herd; and yet thou art dignified of knighthood to the reins?”

Colrin was no ready professor of the art of dissimulation, and would at this moment have been much the better of a hint from Wamba’s more fertile bath. But necessity, according to the ancient proverb, sharpens invention, and he muttered some thing under his evel concerning the man in question being excommunicated outlaws both to church and to kingdom.

“Excommunication,” answered Front-de-Bœuf, “thou hast spoken the very truth—I thought that the knights can strip a fat sheep, as well as if they had been born south of yonder salt channel. Was it not he of St. Ives whom they tried to an oak-tree, and compelled to slay a man while they were rifling his trade and his wallet?—No, by Our Lady!—that you was played by Guithar of Eddistun, one of our own companions-at-arms. But they were knaves who robbed the chapel at St. Ives of cop, chaffstock, and chokes, were they not?”

"They were golden men," answered Cedric.

"Ay, and they drank out all the good wine and ale that lay in store for many a stout carolous, when ye perused ye are but housed with vigils and prayers!—Prize, then art bound to revenge such murders."

"I am, indeed, bound to vengeance," murmured Cedric; "Saint Withold knows my heart."

Front-de-Bœuf, in the meanwhile, led the way to a pasture, where, passing the moat on a single plank, they reached a small building, or anterior defence, which communicated with the open field by a well-fortified outpost.

"Dugues, then; and if thou wilt be wiser counsel, and if thou return hither when it is done, thou shalt see Brian look chop as ever was hog's in the shambles of Sheffield. And, hark thee! thou comest to be a jolly carouser—come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvern as would drunken thy whole comest."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something is hard the wither," continued the Norman; and, as they parted at the postern door, he thrust into Cedric's reluctant hand a gold byrnie, adding, "Remember, I will lay off both cow and skin, if thou failst in thy purpose."

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the pasture, and striding forth over the free field with a joyful step, "If, when we meet next, I deserve not better at thine hand."—Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold towards the door, exclaiming at the same time, "False Norman, thy money perishe with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was significant—"Arrière," he called to the warriors on the external battlements, "send me an arrow through yon monk's back!—yet stay," he said, as his vassals were loading their bows, "it avails not—we must chase far lest like you we have no better shift. I think he dares not betray me—at the worst I can but trust with these three dogs whom I have safe in hand.—Hail often jolier, let them bring Cedric of Rotherwood before me, and the other clank, his companion—hail. I mean of Chelmsburgh—Aldousham there, or what call they him? Their very names are an commendation to a Norman knight's mouth, and have, as it were, a flavour of bacon—Give me a story of wine, as jolly Prince John will, that I may wash

away the cloth.—place it in the armory, and thence lend the prisoners."

The commands were obeyed; and, upon entering that Gothic apartment, long with many spoils won by his own valour and that of his father, he found a flagon of wine on the massive silver table, and the two Spaniards under the guard of four of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners,—for the reason on which Wanda drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the French imperfect acquaintance with the features of Collier (who availed his Norman neighbours, and within stared beyond his own domains), prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how unlike ye your entertainment at Trepington!—Are ye yet aware what your security and convenience" merit for soiling at the entertainment of a Prince of the House of Arques!—Have ye forgotten how ye requited the unvaried hospitality of the royal John? By God and Saint Dennis, as ye pay not the proper respect, I will hang ye up by the feet from the iron bars of these windows, till the life and hooded crew have made distraction of you!—Speak out, ye Norman dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives!—How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a dolt I," answered poor Wanda—"and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the leggis was hanged feet round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

"Saint Gumerios!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Collier's cap from the head of the knight, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Hillo—Clement—dogs and rascals!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who just entered the apartment. "This is Collier's clown, who thought so much of dithering with some of York about a question of precedence."

"I shall settle it for these lads," replied Front-de-Bœuf; "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and

* Security and convenience—conscience and prescription.

the hour of Goughborough will pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least they can surrender; they must also carry off with them the women that are haunting the castle, otherwise a surrender of their pretended submission, and how under an as such and vassals, too happy if, in the new world that is about to begin, we leave them the breath of their nostrils.—Go," said he to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Colrin's father, and I pardon your error to you; the rather that you but mistake a fool for a Baron's faithful."

"Ay, but," said Wanda, "your children's steadiness will find there are more fools than fools among us."

"What means the lady?" said Front-de-Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, hapening and both, listened to his sister's belief, that if this were not Colrin who was there in person, they knew not what was become of him.

"Saints of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have stopped in the monk's garments!"

"Fools of hell!" cried Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the bear of Bothenwood whom I ordered to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands!—And then," he said to Wanda, "where holy could approach the wisdom of which yet more good than myself—I will give thee holy orders—I will share thy merits for thee!—Here, let them wear the robe from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements—The trade is to just, must thou just now?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whispered both poor Wanda, whose habits of boldness were not to be overcome even by the immediate prospect of death; "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vestment.—Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him to me to make sport for my Free Companions.—How sayest thou, lady? With thee take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wanda, "for, look you, I must not slip collar" (and he touched that which he wore) "without his permission."

"Oh, a Norman now will wear out a Baron's collar," said De Bracy.

"Ay, noble sir," said Wanda, "and thence goes the proverb—

"Norman saw an English calf,
On English meads a Norman yoke;
Norman spoke in English dish,
And English ruled in Norman web,
Drive north in England never will be more,
Till England's out of all the door!"

"Then dost well, De Bussy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand thus listening to a fable's jargon, when destruction is paying for us! Dost thou not we are overruled, and that our proposed mode of communicating with our friends without, has been discovered by this same meddling gentleman thou art so fond to brother? What virtue have we to expect but instant storm?"

"To the battlements then," said De Bussy; "when *What does our sea* are the groves for the thoughts of battle! Call the Trumpeter powder, and let him fight but half as well for his life as he has done for his Order—Make them to the walls thyself with thy huge body—Let me do my poor endeavour in my own way, and I tell thee the French officers may as well attempt to scale the clouds, as the curbs of Torquato; or, if you will tussle with the landiti, why not employ the mediation of this worthy franklin, who seems in such deep contemplation of the wine jugon?—Here, Sancerre," he continued, addressing Atholstone, and handing the cup to him, "rise thy throat with that noble liquor, and come up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"What a man of mould may," answered Atholstone, "providing it be what a man of manhood ought.—I leave me free, with my companion, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that score of rascals who are swarming round the castle, contrary to God's peace and the King's?" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Atholstone, "I will withdraw them; and I fear not but that my father Godwin will do his best to assist me."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf—"Come and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. It is a trifling ransom, Sancerre, and thou wilt owe gratitude to the moderation which accepts of it in exchange of your persons. But mark, this extends not to the *leur* issue."

"Not to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Queen's company."

"I was awaiting to be called Christian, if they did," replied Atholstone: "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair price without obtaining a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jew, whom I refuse, that I may make him an example to every knave who turns just this account."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Atholstone, with the most steady countenance, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The share Wanda has this day saved the life of my father Cedric—I will lose mine, ere a hair of his head be injured."

"Thy affianced bride!—the Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vessel like thee?" said De Bracy; "But, then, thou dreamest that the days of the seven kingdoms are returned again. I tell thee, the Princes of the House of Anjou consider not their wards as men of such lineage as thou."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Atholstone, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a hapless Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the slaves whom he accumulates under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and weak in council, who every day filled in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers; whose names have been sung by minstrels, and their laws recorded by Wittenagemotes; whose bones were interred amid the prayers of monks, and over whose tombs ministers have been bidden."

"Then hast thou, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, well pleased with the rebuff which his companion had received; "the Queen hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy, with upturned countenance; "for he whose hands are tied should have his tongue at freedom.—But the giftman of reply, anon!" replied he, speaking to Atholstone, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

To this Atholstone, who had already made a longer speech

thus was his custom to do on any topic, however interesting, returned no answer. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a monk, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of Saint Denoit, the prince of these half-beggars," said Front-de-Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time, or another impostor? Search him, slaves—for as ye suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me enlarge the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real shaveling. Your squire Jodelyn knows him well, and will vouch him to be Brother Andrew, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jarvels."

"Arrest him," said Front-de-Bœuf; "most likely he brings us news from his priory master. Surely the devil keeps holiday, and the priests are released from duty, that they are strutting thus wildly through the country. Remove these prisoners, and, slaves, think on what thou hast heard."

"I chide," said Alabaster, "an honourable imprisonment, with due care of my beard and of my mouth, as becomes my rank, and as is due to one who is so truly the reason. Moreover, I told him that should himself the best of you, bound to answer to me with his body for this aggression on my freedom. This defiance hath already been met to them by thy order; thou understand it, and art bound to answer me—There lies my glove."

"I answer not the challenge of my prisoner," said Front-de-Bœuf; "nor shalt thou, Maurice de Baux.—Giles," he continued, "hang the Franklin's glove upon the time of yonder mounted soldiers: there shall it remain until he is a free man. Should he then presume to demand it, or to affirm he was unlawfully made my prisoner, by the belt of Saint Christopher, he will speak to one who hath never refused to meet a foe on foot or on horseback, alone or with his vassals at his back!"

The three prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk Andrew, who appeared to be in good perturbation.

"This is the real Deer-skinsman," said Winko, as he passed the arrested brother; "the others were but counterfeits."

"Help mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping."

"Safe thou art," replied De Remy; "and for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, whose other denomination is a Jew, and the good Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens.—If there are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other which they bear about them."

"Ye are friends and allies of our sovereign Father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jerusalem," said the monk, without touching the toes of De Remy's copy; "ye are him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity; for what saith the blessed Saint Augustine, in his treatise *De Civitate Dei*?"

"What saith the devil?" interrupted Front-de-Bœuf, "or rather what dost thou say, Sir Priest? We have little time to hear words from the holy fathers."

"*Sanda Maria!*" ejaculated Father Ambrose, "how prompt to ire are these unbelieved heathens!—But be it known to you, brave knights, that certain rascalous abbots, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his church, and not regarding the bull of the holy see, *Si quis, modernus David*?"

"Devilish priest," said the Templar, "all this we know or guess at—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, much pressed, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Ambrose, "he is in the hands of the men of Belial, betrayers of their vows, and contemners of the holy text, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophetic anoint of oil.'"

"There is a new argument for our sword, sir," said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions, "and so, instead of reaching to any assistance, the Prior of Jerusalem requires aid at our hands! a man is well helped of these lay churchmen when he hath need to do! But speak out, priest, and say at once, what dost thy master expect from us?"

"Be please you," said Ambrose, "violent hands having been imposed on my sovereign superior, contrary to the holy ordinance which I did already quote, and the men of Belial having rifled his mule and baggage, and stripped him of two hundred marks of pure refined gold, they do yet demand of him a large sum besides, ere they will suffer him to depart from their rascalous clind hands. Wherefore, the sovereign Father in God prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him, either by paying down the

manners at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your last decision."

"The first food quail the Friar!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "his morning's draught has been a deep one. When did thy master hear of a *Sacrament* having mistaking his parts to believe a *chardonnay*, whose legs are ten times as weighty as ours!—And how can we do ought by valour to free him, that are stopped up here by us, men our number, and expect on words every moment!"

"And that was what I was about to tell you," said the monk, "had your business allowed me time. But, God help me, I am old, and those feet contrainte *diablerie* on aged men's legs. Nevertheless it is of verity that they assemble a camp and raise a bank against the walls of this castle."

"To the battlements!" said De Bracy, "and let us mark what those heaves do without," and, so saying, he opened a lattice window which led to a sort of balcony, or projecting balcony, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment—"Sales Denis, but the old monk hath brought true tidings!—They bring forward *monstres* and *perriers*," and the archers muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm."

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately stretched his legs; and, after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest—Noble Ben-Grafton, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look then to the western side—I myself will take post at the battlements. Yet, do not confuse your attention to any one spot, noble friends! we must this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves were it possible, so as to meet by our presence *monsters* and *relief* wherever the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may supply that defect, when we have only to do with *maud chumps*."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Friar Andrew, amidst the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for

* *Monstres* were temporary and portable defences formed of planks, water, cover of which the soldiers advanced to the attack of fortified places of old. *Perriers* were a species of large shilleo covering the whole person, employed on the most desperate.

defence, "will none of ye have the strength of the renowned father in God, Agnes, Prior of Jorvick?—I beseech thee to bear me, noble Sir English?"

"Go rather thy petitions to Heaven!" said the stern Norman, "for we on earth have as time to listen to thee—Ho! there, Jandin! see that nothing good and ill are ready to pass in the hands of these seductive traitors—Look that the cross-bowmen lack not bolts." Flung down my banner with the old knight's head—the traitors shall soon find with whom they have to do this day!"

"But, noble sir," continued the monk, persevering in his endeavours to draw attention, "consider my vow of silence, and let me discharge myself of my superior's errand."

"Away with the pesting dotard," said Front-de-Bœuf, "look him up in the chapel, to tell his brethren till the hour be even. It will be a new thing to the monks as Trappistons to hear arms and palfreys; they have not been so honoured, I trust, since they were cut out of stone."

"Discharge not the holy saints, Sir English," said De Bœuf; "we shall have need of their aid to-day before you need rest-duband."

"I expect little aid from their hand," said Front-de-Bœuf, "unless we were to lead them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering stout Christopher yunker, sufficient to bear a whole company to the north."

The Treasurer led in the meantime some looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers with rather more attention than the brutal Front-de-Bœuf, or his giddy companion.

"By the faith of mine order," he said, "these men approach with more touch of discipline than could have been judged, however they came by it. See ye how dexterously they send themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and show respecting themselves to the shot of our crossbowmen? I spy another banner set person among them, and yet will I give my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilled in the practice of war."

"I spy him," said De Bœuf; "I see the waving of a knight's

* The belt was the arrow peculiarly fitted in the cross-bow, as that of the long bow was called a shaft. Hence the English proverb—"I will either make a shaft or belt of it," signifying a determination to make one use, or other, of the thing spoken of.

erred, and the glow of his armors. See you well men in the black mud, who are bound marshalling the further tramp of the mercenary yeoman.—By Saint Dennis, I told him to be the man whom we called *Le Noir-Fumant*, who overcame them, *Frant-d'Arret*, in the lake at Ashby."

"So much the better," said *Frant-de-Bœuf*, "that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some hiding before he meets us, who dared not stay to meet his claim to the treasury prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him, whose insight and wisdom such than I am, and right glad was I he had have shown himself among you noble yeomanry."

The demonstration of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discussion. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in various measure to defend the whole aspect of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

This wandering eye, ever'd from other men,
 Hunt yet their intemperance with beams serene,
 The sun, the moon, the planets which they trace,
 Find their appointed way, their secret spheres,
 And unperceptible, and flowing, and incessant,
 Display unobscured of powers, when gather'd by them
 THE FATE.

Our history must needs retrograde for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that, when French men came down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the impetuosity of Salomon which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior transported from the field to the house which for the time the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

It would not have been difficult to have persuaded Isaac in this step in any other circumstances, for his disposition was

kind and grateful. But he had also the prophetic and sympathetic faculty of his parental people, and those were to be conquered.

"Eloip Abraham?" he exclaimed, "he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the gods trouble him his rich mother doted on him, and his reward of goodly grace—but to carry him to our house!—dashed, hast thou well considered?—he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our common."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca; "we may not befriend him with them in banquet and in jollity, but in wisdom and in mercy the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother."

"I would I knew what the Rabbi Jacob Ben Tzabla would speak on it," replied Isaac,—"nevertheless, the good youth may not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben love him to death."

"Nay, let them place him in my living," said Rebecca; "I will mourn one of the paleys."

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of these dogs of Ishmael and of Ebon," whispered Isaac, with a suspicious glance towards the crowd of laughter and square. But Rebecca was already bound in carrying her charitable purpose into effect, and listed not what he said, until Isaac, seeing the stern of her resolve, again exclaimed, in a hoarse voice—"Heard of Aaron!—what if the youth perish!—if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, gently extricating herself from the grasp of Isaac—"he will not die, unless we abandon him, and if so, we are stained unrevocable for his blood to God and to man."

"Nay," said Isaac, relaxing his hold, "it grieveth me as much to see the drops of his blood, as if they were as many golden hyacinths from which our power; and I will know, that the lawyers of Miriam, daughter of the Rabbi Hirschman of Epsestine, whose soul is in Paradise, have made thee skilled in the art of looking, and that thou knowest the craft of herbs and the force of spices. Therefore, do as thy mind prompt thee—they set a good dinner, a blessing and a crown, and a song of rejoicing unto me and to my house, and unto the people of my fathers."

The apprehensions of Isaac, however, were not ill-founded; and the generous and grateful benevolence of his daughter exposed her, on her return to Ashby, to the uncalculated gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Templar twice passed and repassed them on the road, fixing his bold and ardent look on the beautiful Jewess; and we have already seen the consequences of the admiration which her charms excited, when accident threw her into the power of that unprincipled voluptuary.

Rebecca had no time in crossing the patients to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads must recollect how often the females, during the dark ages, as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery, and how frequently the gallant knight estimated the wounds of his person in her cure, whose eyes had yet more deeply penetrated his heart.

But the Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical sciences in all its branches, and the monstrous and powerful barons of the time frequently consulted themselves to the charge of some experienced sage among this degraded people, when wounded or in sickness. The art of the Jewish physicians was not less eagerly sought after, through a general belief prevailed among the Christians, that the Jewish Rabbins were deeply acquainted with the occult sciences, and particularly with the cabalistical art which had its name and origin in the studies of the sages of Israel. Neither did the Rabbins derive such superstitious and superstitious arts, which added nothing (for what could add night?) to the hatred with which the nation was regarded, while it diminished the contempt with which that intolerance was regarded. A Jewish surgeon might be the subject of equal abhorrence with a Jewish sorcerer, but he could not be equally despised. It is besides probable, considering the wonderful cures they are said to have performed, that the Jews possessed some secrets of the healing art peculiar to themselves, and which, with the exclusive spirit arising out of their condition, they took great care to conceal from the Christians amongst whom they dwelt.

The beautiful Rebecca had been carefully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and powerful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged, in the course of

a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the age in which she lived. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been acquired under an aged Jewess, the daughter of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her own child, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets, which had been left to himself by her aged father at the same time and under the same circumstances. The fate of Miriam had indeed been to fall a sacrifice to the fanaticism of the times; but her secrets had survived in her apt pupil.

Rebecca, thus endowed with knowledge as with beauty, was universally admired and admired by her own tribe, who almost regarded her as one of those gifted women mentioned in the sacred history. Her father himself, out of reverence for her talents, which invariably mingled with her unbounded affections, permitted the maiden a greater liberty than was usually indulged to those of her sex by the habits of her people, and was, as we have just seen, frequently guided by her opinion, even in preference to his own.

When Ibrahim reached the habitation of Isaac, he was still in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the lists. Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to it such veterinary remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fever could be averted, of which the great bleeding rendered her little apprehensive, and if the healing science of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the morrow day. Isaac looked a little blank at this conversation. His charity would willingly have stopped short at Ashby, or at most would have left the wounded Christian to be tended in the house where he was residing at present, with an assurance to the Hebrew to whom it belonged, that all expenses should be duly discharged. To this, however, Rebecca opposed many reasons, of which we shall only mention two that had peculiar weight with Isaac. The one was, that she would on no account put the ghast of profuse blood into the hands of another physician even of her own tribe, but that valuable repository should be discovered; the other, that this wounded knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, was an intimate favourite of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and that, in case the monarch should return, Isaac, who had supplied his brother John with treasure to prosecute his rebellions

purpose, would stand in no small need of a powerful protector who enjoyed Richard's favor.

"Then art speaking but words, Richard," said Isaac, giving way to those weighty arguments—"it were as offending of Heaven to bring the streets of the blessed Minster, for the good which Heaven giveth, a not ready to be squandered upon others, whether it be talents of gold and dollars of silver, or whether it be the secret mysteries of a wise physician—certainly they should be preserved to those to whom Providence hath vouchsafed them. And him whom the Ministers of England call the Lion's Heart, scarcely it were better for me to fall into the hands of a strong line of Iduncs, than into his, if he shall have got assurance of my dealings with his brother. Wherefore I will lead me to thy counsel, and thou shalt journey with me to York, and our house shall be as a house to him, until his wounds shall be healed. And if he of the Lion Heart shall return to the host, as is commonly stated, then shall this Wilfred of Ivresham be made me as a wall of defense, when the King's displeasure shall turn high against thy father. And if he doth not return, then Wilfred may noblesse enjoy us our charge when he shall gain treasure by the strength of his spear and of his sword, even as he did yesterday and this day also. For the youth is a good youth, and keepeth the day which he appointeth, and knoweth that which he borroweth, and succoreth the Lawfuls, even the child of my father's house, when it is encompassed by strong Iduncs and sons of Idol."

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivresham was returned to consciousness of his situation. He awoke from a broken slumber under the confused impressions which are naturally attendant on the recovery from a state of insensibility. He was unable for some time to recall exactly to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists, or to make out any connected chain of the events in which he had been engaged upon the yesterday. A mass of wounds and injury, joined to great weakness and exhaustion, was mingled with the recollection of blows dealt and received, of swords resting upon each other, overbearing and overborne—of shouts and clashing of arms, and all the busy tumult of a confused fight. An effort to draw aside the curtain of his couch was to some degree successful, although rendered difficult by the pain of his wound.

To his great surprise he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palovina. The impression was increased, when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female slave, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a wealthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair attendant, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Iruahon's side, and the lovely domestic attended herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilized days, have served to relieve it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of so young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a benevolent being ministering her affectional aid to misere pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Roberto's fire and bold character were given in the Helian language to the old domestic; and he, who had been frequently her assistant in similar cases, obeyed them without reply.

The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Roberto, the romantic and glowing effect which fiery ardour to the cheeks communicated by some beautiful fairy, palpable, indeed, to the ear, but, from the sweetness of utterance, and benignity of aspect which accompanied them, soothing and affecting to the heart. Without making an attempt at further question, Iruahon suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until these were completed, and his kind physicians about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed.—“Gentle maiden,” he began, in the Arabian tongue, with which his Eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the Arabian and Persian domestic who stood before him—“I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy”——

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, a smile, which she could scarce suppress, dimpling for an instant a face whose general expression was that of contemplative melancholy. "I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my language belong to another climate."

"Noble demand!"—again the Knight of Inverke began; and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt him.

"Dostow not on me, Sir Knight," she said, "the epithet of noble. It is well you should speedily know that your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It will become him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful attendance as your present state necessarily demands."

I know not whether the fair Jewess would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the beautiful creature, and his form, and business eyes of the lovely Rebecca; eyes whose brilliancy was dimmed, not, as it were, suffolved by the things of her long alien eye-lashes, and which a minstrel would have compared to the evening star during its raze through a lower of passion. But Inverke was too good a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. This Rebecca had fairness, and for this very purpose she had hastened to mention her father's name and lineage; yet—for the fair and wise daughter of Isaac was not without a touch of female weakness—she could not but sigh internally when the glance of respectful admiration, not altogether unmingled with tenderness, with which Inverke had hitherto regarded his unknown handmaiden, was exchanged at once for a manner cold, composed, and collected, and fraught with no deeper feeling than that which expressed a grateful sense of courtesy received from an unexpected quarter, and from one of an inferior race. It was not that Inverke's former language expressed more than that general devotional homage which youth always pays to beauty; yet it was something that one word should open to a spell to remove poor Rebecca, who could not be supposed altogether ignorant of her title to such homage, into a degraded class, to whom it could not be honourably rendered.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imparted no fault to Inverke for sharing in the universal prejudice of

his age and religion. On the contrary, the fair Jewess, though sensible her patient now regarded her as one of a mass of regulations, with whom it was disgraceful to hold any beyond the most necessary intercourse, ceased not to pay the same patient and devoted attention to his safety and convalescence. She informed him of the necessity they were under of returning to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and treat him in his own house until his health should be restored. Franklin expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give further trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon landlord, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his arms?—Was there no convent of Saxon monks, where he could be nursed?—Or could he not be transported as far as Burton, where he was sure to find hospitality with Waltheof the Abbot of Saint Wilfrid's, to whom he was related?"

"Any, the worst of these harbours," said Rebecca, with a malicious smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting to your residence than the shade of a despised Jew, yet, Sir Knight, unless you would damage your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we do not in extracting them; and in our family, in particular, are secrets which have been handed down since the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantages. No Saxon—*I* crave your forgiveness, Sir Knight—no Christian lord, within the four walls of Britain, could enable you to bear your wounds within a month."

"And how soon will she enable me to break it?" said Waltheof, impatiently.

"Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"By our Blessed Lady," said Waltheof, "if it be not a sin to nurse her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be bedridden; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my masque full of coppers, come by them as I may."

"I will accomplish my promise," said Rebecca, "and thou

shall bear thine wounds on the eighth day from hence, if thou wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me."

"If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may yield to one of thy people," replied Ivanson, "I will grant thy boon willingly and thankfully."

"May," answered Robinson, "I will not pray of thee to believe hitherto that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without denoting other goodness than the blessing of the Great Father, who made both Jew and Gentile."

"It were not to doubt it, master," replied Ivanson, "and I repeat myself as thy skill without further scruple or question, well knowing you will enable me to bear my combat on the eighth day. And now, my lord lord, let the inquiry of the news abound. What of the noble Roger Debus and his household?—what of the lovely lady?— He stoop, as if unwilling to speak Richard's name in the house of a Jew—" Of her, I wot, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was admired by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity with judgment which was advanced on such as your nation," replied Robinson.

The blood which Ivanson had lost did not prevent a flush from crossing his cheek, feeling that he had occasionally betrayed his deep interest in Richard by the awkward attempt he had made to conceal it.

"It was too of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince Jehan; and I would also know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now stands no more?"

"Let me see my authority as a host," answered Robinson, "and enable you to keep silence, and avoid agitating notions, whilst I assure you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and we flocked in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and chivalry of his party, after collecting such men as they could wing, by far more or less, from those who are attended the weakness of the land. It is said he designs to ransom his brother's crown."

"Not without a blow struck in his defence," said Ivanson, raising himself upon the bench, "if there were but one true subject in England. I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one to two, as his just quarrel!"

"Not that you may be able to do so," said Robinson, smiling

her shoulder with her hand, "you must now choose my direction and remain quiet."

"True, master," said Ivesden, "as speak as these disparted times will permit—And of Gethen and her household?"

"[He sternal man 'not least' while more," said the Jewess, "parting with haste, to ask my father for certain moneys, the price of wool the growth of Gethen's flock, and from him I learned that Gethen and Abbotson of Coatesborough had left Prince John's lodging in high displeasure, and were about to set forth on their return homeward."

"What say lady with them in the banquet?" said Wifred.

"The Lady Norwen," said Balson, answering the question with more precision than it had been asked—"The Lady Norwen went not to the Prince's feast, and, as the steward reported to us, she is now on her journey back to Northwood, with her gentle Gethen. And tending your faithful squire Gurth."

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, "increased then her name!—But when dost," he immediately added, "and well thou suggest, for it was from thy hand, and, as I am now convinced, from thine eye generously of spirit, that he received but yesterday a hundred moolins."

"Speak not of that," said Balson, blushing deeply; "I am low now it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would gladly conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivesden, gravely, "my master is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Balson, "when night does have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of rights that may retard thy recovery."

"Be it so, kind master," said Ivesden; "it was most regretful to dispute thy commands. But one word of the fate of poor Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee."

"I grieve to tell thee, Sir Knight," answered the Jewess, "that he is in custody by the order of Gethen"—And then, observing the distress which her communication gave to Wifred, she instantly added, "But the steward Gervail said, that if nothing occurred to mar the master's displeasure against him, he was sure that Gethen would pardon Gurth, a faithful son, and one who stood high in favour, and who had but committed this error out of the love that he bore to Gethen's son.

And he said, moreover, that he and his comrades, and especially Wanda the Jester, were resolved to warn Gerth to make his escape by the way, in case Odrin's lie against him could not be unravelled."

"Would to God they may keep their purpose!" said Euboea; "but it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shown kindness to me. My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou seest that the brother most indebted to him is rising; he aims to grasp his crown;—my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the father of her son—and now my father in his mood may slay this poor bondman, but for his love and loyal service to me—Then stand, maiden, what an ill-fated woman thou dost labour to assist, be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortune which track my footsteps like a shadow, shall involve thee also in their power."

"Nay," said Euboea, "thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee miscompute the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been rescued in thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast founded the pride of those women and those of thy king, whom their love was most highly excited; and for the evil which thou hast done, would thou not that Heaven has named thee a helper and a physician, even among the most despised of the land?—Therefore, be of good courage, and trust that thou art preserved for some marvel which Gods are about to work before this people. Alas!—and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Euboea, compose thyself again to rest, that thou mayest be the more able to endure the journey on the morrow day."

Euboea was convinced by the reasoning, and closed the directions of Euboea. The draught which Euboea administered was of a sedative and narcotic quality, and secured the patient sound and undisturbed slumber. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from febrile symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lake, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. In one circumstance only even the extraction of Euboea was unable to secure sufficient attention to the accommodation of the wounded knight. Even, like the unskilled traveller of

Jarrow's health when, had ever the fear of robbery before his eyes, conceived that he would be able to account this gain by the marauding Normans while, and by the Swiss outfit. He therefore portrayed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter rests, so that he passed by Orléans and Amboise, who had several times the view of him, but who had been delayed by their professed fasting at the convent of Saint Vithold's. Yet such was the virtue of Miran's labours, or such the strength of Drachon's constitution, that he did not suffer from the hurried journey that inconvenience which his kind physician had apprehended.

In another point of view, however, the Jew's haste proved somewhat more than good speed. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling, bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. There were three, and not five by any means from the national love of ease and good living which the Normans attributed as laziness and sloth. Knowing Shylack's position, they had accepted the employment in hopes of finding upon the wealthy Jew, and were very much displeased when they found themselves disappointed by the rapidity with which he insisted on their proceeding. They remonstrated also upon the risk of danger to their horses by these forced marches. Finally, there arose between them and him a violent quarrel, concerning the quantity of wine and ale to be allowed for consumption at each meal. And then it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, and that which haste feared was likely to come upon him, he was deserted by the discontented mercenaries on whose protection he had relied, without using the means necessary to secure their attachment.

In this deplorable condition the Jew, with his daughter and his wounded patient, was found by Odris, as has already been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Remy and his confederates. Little notice was at first taken of the horse-lifter, and it might have remained behind had not the anxiety of De Remy, who looked into it under the impression that it might contain the object of his enterprise, for however he had not deceived himself. But De Remy's astonishment was considerable when he discovered that the latter contained a wounded man, who, conceiving himself to have fallen into the power of Swiss outlaws, with whom his name might be a pro-

tution for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The ideas of chivalrous honour, which amidst his wisdom and lenity, never utterly abandoned De Bracy, prohibited him from doing the knight any injury in his delinquent condition, and equally interdicted his betraying him to Front-de-Bœuf, who would have had no scruples to put to death, under any circumstances, the rival champion of the fist of Ivanhoe. On the other hand, to liberate a vassal preferred by the Lady Rowena, at the events of the tournament, and indeed Wilfred's previous banishment from his father's house, had made matter of necessity, was a pithy far above the flight of De Bracy's generosity. A middle course between good and evil was all which he found himself capable of adopting, and he commanded two of his own squires to keep close by the litter, and to suffer no one to approach it. If questioned, they were directed by their master to say, that the empty litter of the Lady Rowena was employed to transport one of their comrades who had been wounded in the strife. On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes—the one on the Jew's treasure, and the other on his daughter—De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. This explanation was accordingly returned by them, when he questioned them why they did not stake for the battlements upon the cliffs.

"A wounded comrade?" he replied in great wrath and attachment. "No wonder that clerks and priests war so pious-minded as even to lay longer before death, and that doctors and surgeons and doctors to maim, men men-at-arms have turned sick men's noses, and Five Companies are grown keepers of dying folk's carcases, when the world is about to be rescued.—To the battlements, ye entering villains!" he continued, raising his stentorian voice till the arches around rang again, "to the battlements, or I will splinter your bones with this truncheon!"

The men sickly replied, "that they desired nothing better than to go to the battlements, providing Front-de-Bœuf would have them out with their master, who had commanded them to tend the dying man."

"The dying man, know'st?" rejoined the Baron, "I promise

then we shall all be dying men as we stand not to it the more steadily. But I will relieve the ground upon this selfish companionship of yours.—Here, Urfied—*hey—hey*—head of a horse with—*honest me not!*—and no this wickedness follow, since he must needs be tested, whilst those knives use their weapons.—Here by two athletes, numerous, with windlass and quavrelle*—to the barbers with you, and see you drive each bolt through a horse's brain."

The men, who, like most of their description, were fond of enterprise, and detested inaction, went joyfully to the scene of danger as they were commanded, and thus the change of Itabone was transferred to Urfied, or Urfon. But she, whose brow was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devote upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

* The *urfiel* was a cross-bow, the windlass the machine used in loading that weapon, and the *quavrel*, so called from its square or diamond-shaped head, was the bolt adapted to it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

Across the wide-leaves peering, without aid,
Look on the bold, and say how pure the battle.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Measure for Measure*.

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudences at least conceal, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Itabone, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Itabone, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her, the

anxieties which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the question which she asked the knight concerning his state of health was put in the tone of calm friendliness. Franches answered her lightly that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and motionless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound—are dearer to him than the dearest Jewen!"

"My sweet, gentle maiden," continued Franches, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of those men who were my teachers just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which's once now dispatched there hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Jewen and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewen," said Rebecca, internally, "yet what is our portion to him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She listened after this brief self-accusation to give Franches what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were quarrelling within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest?" said the knight, joyfully; "lead him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly comfort—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Franches, made that attempt to bring Colrie into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Utried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca refused to communicate to Franches the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to consider by what means it might be

cried; for the noise within the castle, enveloped by the delusive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into fearful hoarseness and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various barbacans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often directed in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremulous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they portended, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Robeson's high-spirited mind could not even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—“The quiver rethinks—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!”

But Travelling was like the wayfarer of that sublime passage, glowing with anticipation at his meeting, and with his senses drawn to single in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. “If I could but stay myself,” he said, “to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but time to shoot a shaft, or but time to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am quite nerveless and weaponless!”

“Fret not thyself, noble knight,” answered Robeson, “the sounds have ceased of a battle—it may be they join our battle.”

“Those hoarsest sought of us,” said Walbro, earnestly; “this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst soon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Then, wilt thou injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly asked, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I see what passes without.”

“You must not—you shall not!” exclaimed Travelling; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the makers, some malicious shaft!”

"It shall be welcome!" answered Rebecca, as with firm gaze she scanned two or three ships, which led to the windows of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Frankton, "this is no maiden's pasture—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with your ancient buckles, and show us little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the direction of Frankton, and availing herself of the protection of the large window-shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with terrible security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Frankton the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she then obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the perimeter of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork fairly in to the first object of the well-wind assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Gadrin had been recently dissuaded by Frons-de-Bont. The castle-moor divided this species of bastion from the rest of the fortress, so that, as none of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged maintained apprehensions for its safety, and, from the positioning of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These observations she hastily communicated to Frankton, and added, "The skirts of the wood were lined with soldiers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shades."

"Under what banner?" asked Frankton.

"Under no ensign of war which I can discern," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," noticed the knight, "to advance in

storm such a castle without person or banner displayed!—Send them who they be that set us leaders!"

"A knight, clad in white armour, is the most conspicuous," said the French; "he alone is armed from head to foot, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied French.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a pallid painted lion on the black shield!"*

"A Bâtardist and shieldless man," said French, "I know not who may bear the device, but well I woe it might now be mine own. Great then set me the watch!"

"Scout the device itself at this distance," replied Bohem; "but when the sun glances far upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"None there so other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious English.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Bohem, "but, besides, the other side of the castle is also watched. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance lead bear huge shields, and defence made of plank, the others follow, bearing their lances as they come on.—They raise their voice!—God of Zion, forgive the weakness these last words!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a shout of the Norman, transported from the fortification, which, mingled with the deep and hoarse clang of the mace (a species of battle-axe), uttered in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties represented the fearful din, the confusion crying, "Dont George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Dieu!*"—*En avant!*—*En avant!*—*En avant!*—*En avant!*" according to the variations of their different command.

It was not, however, by chance that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assault were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the longbow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of

* *Bar G. Bâtard.*

the time, as "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their death-pair shafts. By the heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its intended aim, and flew by scores together against such enormous and opening as the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed,—by the sustained discharge, two or three of the persons were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportional to the fury of the attack, and repaid with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-pikes, darts, and other missile weapons, to the dense and continued shower of arrows, and, as the assaults were incessantly but ineffectually protracted, did considerably more damage than they received at their head. The winning of shafts and of wounds, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must be here like a belaboured mule," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives us freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not gashed by the arrows beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the stone."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interest which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took part of the latter, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the shower of arrows flying so thick as to darken mine eyes, and to hide the banners who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe, "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may well be little against stone walls and battlements. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, Sir Balcon, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul crimes!" exclaimed Iveslow, "does he bleed from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He bleeds not! he bleeds not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer battery of the barbican."—They pull down the poles and pennons; they haul down the banners with care.—The high black plumes float stirred over the throng, like a wave over the fold of the sail.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back.—*Front-de-Bœuf* leads the defenders; I see his gigantic form cleave the press. They throng again to the breach, and the gate is disposed head to head, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce sides—the conflict of two passions moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the battles, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Iveslow, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the victory must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! *Front-de-Bœuf* and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, and the rear of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Harrow stirrer with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Iveslow; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, slowly; then instantly again shouted with joyful exclamation—"Not so—but so!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—The sword is broken—he mistakes no man from a peasant—he presses *Front-de-Bœuf* with blow on blow.—The great stoops and quivers like an oak under the step of the woodman—he kills—he kills!"

* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barbican, which was often the scene of severe skirmishes, in those times frequently so cruel, before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of these walled forts of some which adorn the picturesque pages of *Flower de la Rose* had place at the location of the original picture.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf?" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champions to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf writhing to the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged back upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swing like haws, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulder of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given man this new image, that it should be thus cruelly debased by the hands of their brethren?"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The holders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie prodding under them like stacked reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the like yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right bravely—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hurled down on the bold champions—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, rising himself joyfully on his seat, "methoughts there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca, "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outerwork is won—Oh, God!—they haul the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—Oh, now, if ye be valiant men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that post?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shouts and cries which you hear tell

the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, comrades?" said Frankie; "look forth yet again—this is no time to falter at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the network which they have entered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the farmer's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few balls on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disgust than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whom our hath most heart-of- oak and love of war.—Gladly," he again mentioned to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *daring-de!*"—a *fettelsack*, and a *stockschelt* on a field-wide—what may that mean!—secret those might die, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished!"

"Nothing," said the farmer, "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him forth—his having once seen him yet forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God needs him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds!"

"Rebecca," said Frankie, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant enterprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this in-

* *Daring-de!—daring-de courage!*

patient poring after salute—thus struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to open your retreating health—then wouldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Behoove," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained in notions of chivalry, to assume passivity as a priest, or a woman, when they are seeing deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the heat of the battle is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and unrevenged—Death, neither, are the love of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, radiant knight, were an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch!—What remains to you as the price of all the blood you have spilled—of all the loved and young you have ravished—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overthrown the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ismael; "Glory, neither, glory! which glides our squanders and embelms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "Alas! in the vaulted wall which hangs as a hatchment over the damp earth and mouldering tomb—in the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inspiring phrases—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable! Or is there such virtue in the rude renown of a wandering band, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the base of those belated which ragged miswretts drag to drunken death over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Howard!" replied the knight, indignantly, "thou speakest, neither, of those knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the cruel and the savage; which rules our life here, for beneath the path of our honour; when we victorious eyes pale, sad, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but dishonour. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high

feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of empire which sanctifies his name—Glenley!—ship, garden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the release of grievance, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nothing were lost an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her heart and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "spring from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who waited not, even while yet a nation, mere at the command of the Duty, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Jewish no longer, and her dearest children are now but the unwilling victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—will the God of Jacob still raise up for his chosen people a second Uthman, or a new Maccabees, to all beneath the Jewish banner to speak of battle or of war?"

The high-spirited maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ibrahim considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this house," she said, "to imagine that swartness or measures of soul must needs be its guests, because I have conceived the hateful slavery of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the valiant Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the race and from north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said, "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, he wears some embrace the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time!—When yet but a short space, and these fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant

spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep!—When the mortals shall be detected, the mouth opens, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest scuff of this scorned earth, yet stir not when the head is lifted up against him!—And my father! oh, my father! and is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the ungodly child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the dissolution of Jewish, and looks upon the continuance of a Gentile, and a stranger!—But I will tear this filth from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, satisfying, or endeavoring to satisfy, her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Approach, Oe chamber, look upon my bed,
 'Tis in the panting of my painful flesh,
 Wither, as the bark arises to the sky,
 'Tis wretchedly ravens' beaks and scathed feet,
 Is wretchedly broken by good men's rights and laws!—
Amalia, peris alterius.

OLD PLAT.

DURING the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage, and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Ersey held brief council together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the latter, who had superintended the defence of the fortress on the other side; "must any be both here and there?"

"He lives," said the Templar coolly, "lives as yet; but had he worn the half's head of which he bears the name, and two places of men to force it withal, he must have gone down before

your fatal axe. Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is with his father—a powerful limb lopped off France's main-prize."

"And a brave addition to the kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy; "this combs of swelling acres and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be hung down on the heads of these rascally yeomen."

"On to—they are a fool," said the Templar; "the superstition is upon a level with Front-de-Bœuf's want of faith; neither of you can render a stroke for your belief or unbelief."

"Emphatic, Sir Templar," replied De Bracy, "I pray you to keep better rule with your tongues when I am the theme of it. By the Mother of Heaven, I am a better Christian man than thou and thy fellowship; for the first youth sincerely out, that the most holy Order of the Temple of Jesus received not a few brothers within its bosom, and that Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is of the number."

"Care not for such reports," said the Templar; "but let us think of making good the matter.—How fought these villain yeomen on thy side?"

"Like brave men-at-arms," said De Bracy. "They rushed close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the knight who won the prize at the archery, for I knew his horn and helms. And this is old Fitzcarril's boasted gallery, encouraging these misbegotten knaves to rebel against us! Had I not been armed in proof, the villain had marked me down seven times with an Irish missile as if I had been a hawk in season. He told every man on my armour with a club-head staff, that raged against my side with an Irish compensation as if my horse had horns of iron.—But that I wore a shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, I had been fairly speared."

"But you maintained your post?" said the Templar. "We lost the outwork on our part."

"That is a shamed loss," said De Bracy; "the heavens will find cover there to assault the walls more closely, and, say, if not well watched, give some unguarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten window, and so break in upon us. Our soldiers are too few for the defence of every point, and the men complain that they can nowhere show themselves, but they are the more for as many arrows as a parish hunt on a holiday even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall receive no more

aid from his left's hand and bristled strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better make a virtue of necessity, and compensated with the regret by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How?" exclaimed the Templar, "deliver up our prisoners, and stand on silent abject of subdule and submission, as the dauntless warriors who died by a night-attack to preserve themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travellers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a ragged band of outlaws, led by rascals, justice, and the very refuse of mankind—*Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de Bracy!*—The cause of this castle shall bury both my body and my shame, ere I consent to such base and dishonourable capitulation."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy, suddenly; "that man never breathed, he be Turk or Templar, who held life at a lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Five Companies!—Oh, my brave horses! if ye knew but how hard your capitis were this day heated, how soon would I set my banners at the head of your charge of spears! And how short while would those noble villains stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain—They are chiefly *Front-de-l'Arrière's* followers, hated by the English for a thousand acts of insolence and oppression."

"The better," said De Bracy; "the ragged shreds will defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, ere they encounter the revenge of the peasants without. Let us up and be doing, then, Brian de Don-Quixote; and live or die, thou shalt see Maurice de Bracy bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood and courage."

"To the walls!" muttered the Templar; and they both ascended the battlements to do all that skill could devise, and made good accordingly, in defence of the place. They readily agreed that the point of greatest danger was that opposite to the entrance, at which the peasants had possessed themselves. The castle, indeed, was divided from that fortress by the moat, and it was impossible that the besiegers could reach the pasture door, with which the moatward corresponded, without surmounting that obstacle, but it was the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy, that the besiegers, if governed by the same policy

their leader had slowly deployed, would endeavor, by a simultaneous assault, to draw the chief part of the defenders' observation to this point, and take measures to avoid thousands of every negligence which might take place in the defence elsewhere. To guard against such an evil, their wisdom only permitted the English to place sentinels from space to space along the walls in communication with each other, who might give the alarm whenever danger was threatened. Meanwhile, they agreed that De Drury should command the defence at the porters, and the Templar should keep with him a score of men or thereabouts as a body of reserves, ready to hasten to any other point which might be suddenly threatened. The loss of the lockmen had also this unfortunate effect, that, notwithstanding the superior height of the main walls, the besieged could not see from them, with the same precision as before, the operations of the enemy; for some struggling underwood approached so near the midway of the outwork, that the assailants might introduce into it whosoever they thought proper, not only under cover, but even without the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly ignorant, therefore, upon what point the storm was to burst, De Drury and his companions were under the necessity of providing against every possible contingency, and their followers, however brave, experienced the common disposition of mind incident to men enclosed by enemies, who possessed the power of choosing their time and mode of attack.

Meanwhile, the host of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resource of flight in that expeditious period, most of whom were wont to elude for the crimes they were guilty of by flight to the church, styling by this means their harlots by the idea of atonement and forgiveness, and although the religion which sanctions such perdition, was as sure like to the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance, than the torrid stupefaction procured by opium renders bodily and mental shudder, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of exhausted remorse. Not among the class of Font-de-l'Arde, a hard and gaping man, crime was predominant; and he preferred sitting church and churchmen at defiance, to purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of masters. Nor did the Templar, as unlike of another stamp, justify character by his conduct, when he said

Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his selfish and unattractive to the established faith; for the lazar would have alleged that the church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front-de-Bœuf professed deriving the virtue of the medicine, to paying the expenses of the physician.

But the moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the strange Baron's heart, though hard as a soldier's callousness, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of infinity. The fever of his body cooled the impatience and agony of his soul, and his dishevelled exhibited a mixture of the newly awakened feelings of honor, combining with the fixed and involuntary obstinacy of his disposition,—a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tormented regions where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished.

"Where be those dog-ghosts now," growled the Baron, "who set such prices on their ghostly currency?—where be all those masked Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of Saint Anne, selling his hair of many a fair maid of meadow, and away a fit field and close—where be the greedy hounds now?—twining, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of some wretched child—Ma, the hair of their founder—no, where their foundation leads them to pray for—no—wretched wretches as they are!—they suffer to do like the hound-dog on yonder common, mauling and mauling.—Tell the Tangle to come hither—he is a priest, and may do something.—Eri-er!—as well cast the spark to the devil as to Denis de Bois-Guilbert, who robs neither of heaven nor of hell.—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to imitate the false priest—but I—I dare not!"

"Lions Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not!"

The evil consciousness and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons, who, at the expiration of the time be-

lured, bent the backs of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together, but, suddenly summoning up his wasted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there!—what art thou, that dardest to enter my works in a tone like that of the night-mare?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am those evil angels, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee, then, in thy bodily shape, if thou be'st indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will shrink from thee. By the cursed dagger, could I but grapple with those horrors that have round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven or hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sin, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the sinister vocally voice, "on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who started up the forsaken John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, ghost, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "dare thou be thy desert!—Not I started John to rebellion—nor I slain—there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the noblest nation—better men never had leave to stay—And must I answer for the fault done by fifty!—Yaine fiend, I defy thee. Depart, and leavest my couch no more—let me die in peace if thou be mortal!—If thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt never die," repeated the voice; "even as death shall thou think on thy sinners—on the groans which this world has echoed—on the blood that is ingrained in its floor!"

"Thou must not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and continued laugh. "The lebbid Jew—it was meet with heaven to deal with him as I did, else whither are men accented who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens!—The Swiss pikemen, whom I have slain, they were the sin of my country, and of my hands, and of my huge land.—Hail be! thou need'st there as no crime as my coat of plate—let thee die!—art thou released?"

"No, foul parasite!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his hangman's

flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"He!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "no thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and to be punished as the monster and thou!—That wretch I deemed looked in my own breast, and in that of one beside—the temptress, the purveyor of my guilt.—Go, leave me, Devil! and seek the Baron, wretch Ulrich, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one perished in time and in the course of nature.—Go to her, she was my temptress, the first procurer, the more fatal revivifier of the dead—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrich, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf, "she hath long drunk of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to say that thou dost partake it.—Gird not thy loath, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not down eyes—dash not thy head, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace!—The hand which, like that of thy snow-white monster who played thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain bull, is now enured and powerful as mine own!"

"Vile miserable hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "detestable unworldly! it is thou that art come to snuff over the rules thou hast selected to lay low!"

"Ay, Rightold Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—It is the daughter of the murdered Torgel Wollpenger!—It is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—It is she who descends of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fate—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast born my evil rage, and I will be taken—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shall thou never witness.—Ho! Ulric, Clement, and Eustace! Ernst Haas, and Stephen, seize this damned witch, and bid her flee the battlements howling—she has betrayed us to the Baron!—Ho! Saint Haas! Clement! Alchamrad! leave, where fury go!"

"Call on them again, villain Baron," said the hag, with a

sides of guilty weakness; "surround thy vessels around them, down those that lead to the towers and the dungeons—But know, mighty deed," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "there shall have neither sword, nor skill, nor shieldmen at their hands—Listen to these hoarse accents," for the din of the unnumbered assaults and defenses now rang lustily loud from the battlements of the castle, "in that war-cry is the downfall of thy tower—The blood-couraged blots of Front-de-Bœuf's power follow to the foundation, and before the day be most despoiled!—The flames, Reynald!—the scorned flames rends thy walls!—Why hast thou here like a worn-out band, when the flames storm thy place of strength?"

"Gale and flame!" exclaimed the wounded knight, "O, for the warrior's strength, to drag myself to the walls, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Heathen hag! thou dost," exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers bear down bravely—my walls are strong and high—my courtesies to come fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa!—The war-cry of the Thorp and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we know the blaring beacon, the joy of our defense, it shall consume thee, body and house; and I shall live to hear them art gone from earth's face to those of that hell which never send forth an accursed fiend so utterly deluded!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Utrice, "all the good men there—But no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this double hand. Markest thou the unceasing and suffocating vapour which already eddies in white fiths through the chamber!—Didst thou think it was but the drifting of thy hovering eyes—the difficulty of thy unheeded breathing? No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause—Rememberest thou the fragments of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Women!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it!—By heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Utrice, with fragrant

composure; "and a signal shall soon warn to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Maria, Stegrain, and Zerkowitch, gods of the ancient Saxons—bless, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, whilst Ulric, now refigurations!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulric, is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, perdition, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that tide into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, then sitting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Nour!—Clement and Odina!—I leave here snatched!—To the rescue—to the rescue, leave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy!—It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor apes!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perfidious and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your serpent heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They leave me not—they cannot leave me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!" And in the mad frenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself—"The red fire flashes through the dark smoke!" he exclaimed; "the German marches against me under the banner of his own element—Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not with them without my weapons—all, all are there, that garrison these walls—Thinkst thou, Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go down!—No—the infidel Templar—the hypocrite De Bracy—Ulric, the foul wretched stranger—the man who aided my enterprises—the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a godly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed to his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in uttered word, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own mad laughter

Does returning upon his ear—"who laughed there?—This, was it thou?—Spoken, which, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Aye—no—no—no!"

But it were useless to trace any further the picture of the blasphemer and parasite's death-bed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Four more rode the beach, four friends, even more,
Or thus the wall up with our English dead
————— And you, good friends,
Whose love's been made us English, show us here
The marks of your presence—oh, we need
That you are worth your breeding.

EARL HENRY VI.

CECILE, although not greatly confident in Ulric's message, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to facilitate their entrance, and readily agreed with the Scave that a storm, under whatever disadvantages, ought to be accepted, as the only means of liberating the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Front-de-Bœuf.

"The royal blood of Alfred is endangered," said Cecile.

"The honour of a noble lady is no good," said the Black Knight.

"And, by the Saint Christopher at my bedside," said the good woman, "were there no other cause than the safety of this poor fecked knave, Wamba, I would jeopard a joint ere a hair of his head were hurt."

"And so would I," said the Friar; "what, alas! I trust well that a fool—I mean, if ye see me, sir, a fool, that is free of his guild and master of his craft, and, can give us much relief and deliver us a cup of wine as ever a fiddish of house-see—I say, brethren, such a fool shall never want a wine-drink to pray for or fight for him at a street, while I can say a mass or flourish a pike."

And with that he made his heavy halberd to play around his head as a shepherd boy flourishes his white crook.

"True, Holy Clerk," said the Black Knight, "true as if Saint Dunston himself had said it.—And now, good Locksley, were it not well that noble Godefr should assume the direction of this assault?"

"Not a jot I," returned Godefr; "I have never been wont to study either how to take or how to hold out those abodes of tyrannical power, which the Normans have erected in this greenish land. I will fight among the forest; but my honest neighbours will know I am not a trained soldier in the discipline of wars, or the attack of strongholds."

"Since it stands thus with the noble Godefr," said Locksley, "I am most willing to take on me the direction of the assault; and ye shall hang me up on my own trying-tree, as the defenders be persuaded to show themselves over the walls without being struck with so many shafts as there are slaves in a garden of harts at Clarendon."

"Well said, stout yeoman," answered the Black Knight, "and if I be thought worthy to have a charge in those matters, and am find among those harts men as many as are willing to follow a true English knight, for so I may truly call myself, I am ready, with such skill as my experience has taught me, to lead them to the attack of those walls."

The parties being thus distributed to the leaders, they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

When the hotness was over, the White Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him, at the same time, to keep such a strict observance on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden rally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost. This the knight was chiefly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men, whom he led, being hasty and untrained volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed to discipline, must, upon any sudden attack, fight at great disadvantages with the veteran soldiers of the Norman knights, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the ardour and high spirit of the besiegers, had all the confidence which arises from perfect discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed

a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was a work of some time, which the leaders the less regretted, as it gave Ulric leisure to execute her plan of diversion in their favour, whatever that might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the banners :—"It awaits not waiting here longer, my friends ; the sun is descending to the west—and I know that you, my lords, which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the business comes not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, out of ye go to Locksley, and bid him command a charge of arrows on the opposite side of the moat, and move forward as if about to assault it, and you, true English lords, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft sailing over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and bid me to hasten ye sailport in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are not ill willed to meet it, do you rise the top of the network, draw your bow-strings to your ears, and mind you quail with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart.—Noble Cedric, wilt thou take the direction of those which remain?"

"Not so, by the soul of Hitherward!" said the Baron: "had I quiver; but may possibly miss me in my guess, if I follow not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point the way.—The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Baron," said the knight, "thou hast neither haberk, nor corselet, nor mightest thou slight helmet, target, and sword."

"The better," answered Cedric; "I shall be the lighter to dash those walls. And,—forgive the boast, Sir Knight,—thou shalt this day see the mailed breast of a Baron so boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel caparot of a Norman."

"In the name of God, then," said the knight, "fling upon the deck, and launch the floating bridge."

The postern, which led from the inner wall of the barbacon to the moat, and which corresponded with a sailport in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon floated in the waters,

extending its length between the castle and interior, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men, almost to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of telling the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Odo, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to flounder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones sent by the defenders, by the mass of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the battlements, leaving the counterpoise still attached to the upper part of the portal. The battlements of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the battlements.

The situation of Odo and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so, but for the constancy of the archers in the battlements, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the assailants, distracting the attention of those by whom they were assailed, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. But their situation was infinitely perilous, and was becoming more so with every moment.

"Stave on ye all!" cried De Bury to the soldiers around him, "do ye all yourselves cross-bowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle!—Hurl over the opening stones from the battlements, as better may not be—that gibbous and leech, and down with that huge plowshare!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone carved-work that projected from the parapet.

At that moment the halcyon caught sight of the red flag upon the eagle of the tower which Urrus had described to Odo. The good yeoman Lockley was the first who was aware of it, as he was looking to the interior, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

"Saint George!" he cried, "Harry Saint George for England!—To the charge, bold yeomen!—why leave ye the good knight and noble Odo to storm the castle?—make in, and perish, show them never fight for thy money—suffice us, brave yeomen!—the castle is ours, we have friends within—See yonder flag, it is the opposite signal—Treachery is done!—Think of honour, think of spoil—One effort, and the place is ours!"

With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was lowering a fragment from one of the battlements to prospect on the heads of Colene and the Black Knight. A second shaft sprang from the hands of the dying man the men-at-arms, with which he leaped at and had leaped the stone plume, when, receiving an arrow through his heart-piece, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armour could proof against the shot of the Frenchman's archer.

"*En peu plus, grand, bon baron!*" said De Bracy, "*Merci pour Saint Denys!—Give me the liver!*"

And, snatching it up, he again reached the loosened plume, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the summit of the Drawbridge, which sheltered the two foremost warlocks, but also to have sunk the wide sheet of floods over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stout Prior himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thence did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thence did he sweep round back from the knight's answer of proof.

"*Come on thy Spanish steel-vest!*" said Locksley, "*but English mail! forped it, those arrows had gone through, as as if it had been silk or arnid.*" He then began to call out,—"*Comrades! friends! noble Colene! bear back, and let the rain fall.*"

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself conceived by his station upon the rafters would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The faithful Queth asked spring forward on the plumed bridge, to warn Colene of his impending fate, or to share it with him: but his warning would have come too late, the massive plume already hit, and De Bracy, who still leaped at his task, would have accomplished it, had not the voice of the Templar shouted close to his ear.

"*All is lost, De Bracy, the mail burns.*"

"*Then art mad to say so!*" replied the knight.

"*It is all in a tight-lass on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it.*"

With the stern confusion which formed the basis of his character, *Reuss de Fols-Jouffert* communicated the dilemma in-

intelligence, which was not so easily reserved by his astonished comrades.

"*Scouts of Paradise!*" said De Bracy; "what is to be done? I vow to Saint Nicholas of Lemnue a collection of pure gold!"

"*Spurn thy vow,*" said the Templar, "and mark me. Lead thy men down, as if to a rally; throw the postern-gate upon—There are but two men who occupy the fleet, fling them into the moat, and push across to the barbican. I will charge down the main gate, and attack the barbican on the outside, and if we can repulse that post, be assured we shall deluge ourselves with us as we are released, or at least till they grant us our quarter."

"It is well thought upon," said De Bracy; "I will play my part—Templar, thou wilt not fail me?"

"Hand and glove, I will not!" said Bois-Guilbert. "But haste thee, in the name of God!"

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern-gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown upon. But success was this done ere the portamans strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"*Engage!*" said De Bracy, "will ye let two men win our only pass for safety?"

"*He is the devil!*" said a veteran man-at-arms, bounding back from the blow of their noble antagonist.

"*And if he be the devil,*" replied De Bracy, "would you fly from him into the mouth of hell—the main battle ledeth us, willows!—let despair give you courage, or let me forward, I will cope with this champion myself!"

And well and cheerfully did De Bracy that day maintain the flame he had kindled in the cold wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passages in which the posters gave entrance, and in which those two redoubtable champions were now fighting head to head, rang with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At length the Norman received a blow, which, though as there was partly parried by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have again moved. But, dismounted yet with such violence on his cross, that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield ye, De Eney," said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the base of his helmet the fatal pointed with which the knight despatched their enemies (and which was called the dagger of mercy)—"yield then, Monsieur de Eney, reason or no reason, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Eney, faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me—it shall never be said that Monsieur de Eney was prisoner to a nameless knight."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, reason or no reason," answered the Frenchman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of deep though willing submission.

"Go to the barthen," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first, let me say," said De Eney, "what it imports thee to know. Withed of Irachon is wounded, and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without prompt help."

"Withed of Irachon!" exclaimed the Black Knight,—"*prisoner, and perish!*—The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed—Show me his chamber!"

"Second your waiting order," said De Eney; "it leads to his apartment—With thou accept my guidance?" he added, in a subservient tone.

"No. To the barthen, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Eney."

During this contest, and the brief conversation which ensued, Calbis, at the head of a body of men, among whom the Prior was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge, as soon as they saw the prison open, and driven back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Eney, of whom some seized quarters, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled towards the court-yard. De Eney himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He treats me not," he repeated, "but have I deserved his treat?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barthen, gave up his sword to Looking, whom he met by the way.

As the first signified, symptoms of it became soon apparent

in the chamber when Dracoon was seized and bound by the Jewish Rulers. He had been undressed from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle, and his attendant, who sat, at his anxious desire, again placed himself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack, was for some time prevented from observing either, by the incense of the smouldering and stifling vapour. At length the violence of smoke which rolled into the apartment—the noise the water, which was heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Robeco; "it burns!—What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Dracoon, and save thine own life," said Dracoon, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Robeco; "we will be saved or perish together—and yet, great God!—my father—my father!—what will be his fate?"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself,—a ghastly figure, for his plumed armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly torn away, partly burnt from his crests. "I have found thee," said he to Robeco, "these dark paths I will keep my word to share woe and woe with thee—There is but one path to safety; I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee—up, and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Robeco, "I will not follow thee. If there were born of woman—if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee—if thy heart be not as hard as thy breastplate—save my aged father—save this wounded knight?"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness, "a knight, Robeco, must succour his tale, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame—and who seeks here or when a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Robeco, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

* The author has seen him, that this passage is inserted from the appearance of Philadelphia, before the first landing, when the city of Babylon is on fire, and he proposes to carry her from the flames. But the fact, if there be one, would be rather too severely punished by the promise of reaching for the original passage through the intermediate volume of the Great Pyre.

"Then shalt not choose, Rebecca—none shall then bid me, but I serve myself all so true."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms in spite of her cries, and without regarding the screams and defiance which Isabella threatened against him. "Hound of the Temple—slave to Spain—Order—not from the clannet! Traitor of Bow-Gilbert, in a brother's arms—do thou!—Wilt thou, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "drink not of me—peruse you neither—save the Lady Rowena—back to the noble Cedric!"

"Is that true," answered he of the Redoubt; "but thine is first."

And, raising upon Isabella, he bore her off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his ladies to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which shined out fiercely from window and chink-hole. But, in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments, retarded the progress of the flames, and thus the rage of men still triumphed, as the smoke rose dreadful almost half a century elsewhere; for the barons pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and collected in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant *Franks-de-France*. Most of the parties collected in the staircase—few of them asked quarter—none received it. The air was filled with groans and shrieking of arms—the floors were slippery with the blood of departing and expiring warriors.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gertie, following him closely through the maze, neglected her own safety while he strove to assist the women that were armed at his master. The noble Baron was so absorbed as to reach his wife's apartment just as she had abandoned all hopes of safety, and, with a creature clasped in

agency to her house, not in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the harbours, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the flames. This accomplished, the loyal Celtic hastened in quest of his friend Athalestan, determined, at every risk to himself, to save that last relic of Saxon royalty. But ere Celtic penetrated as far as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the invincible genius of Wamba had procured liberation for himself and his companions in adversity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, the Foster began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "Saint George and the Dragon!—Brave Saint George for merry England!—The castle is won!" And these words he rendered yet more fearful, by laughing against each other two or three pieces of rusty armour which lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer, or anteroom, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took flight at Wamba's shout, and, leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that enemies had entered the old hall. Meanwhile the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the anteroom, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the brave Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them. The drawbridge had been lowered by his orders, but the passage was lost; for the archers, who had hitherto only assailed the castle on that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison, as to secure their own share of booty as the castle should be burnt down. On the other hand, a party of the besiegers who had entered by the postern were now looking out into the courtyard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus assailed on both sides at once.

Animated, however, by despair, and supported by the example of their indefatigable leader, the remaining soldiers of the castle fought with the utmost valor; and being well armed, suc-

needed more than was in driving back the assailants, through such inferior in numbers. Heloise, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's banners above, was in the midst of the life party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, showed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the boss of his triangular steel-plated shield; and when starting from his position by her, he cried his war-cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was at the same instant once more at her lord's side.

Atthalacta, who, as the reader knows, was doubtful, but not cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus valiantly, and doubted not that it was Heloise, whom the knight was carrying off in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

"Think what you do!" cried Winche; "the lady hand rather fray for this—by my heart, yonder is none of my lady Heloise—see but her long dark looks!—Nay, ay, ye will not know black from white, ye may be kinder, but I will be no Heloise—ye bones of mine shall be broken, unless I know for whom.—And you without answer too!—Behold you, silk hose, never kept out steel blade—Nay, then, if wifed will to wate, wifed must druck.—Dene welcome, most daughter Atthalacta!"—he concluded, touching the bald which he had hitherto kept upon the Saracen's tunic.

To snatch a mare from the pavement on which it lay beside one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it—to rush on the Templar's hand, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, leaving a wonder at each blow, was, for Atthalacta's great strength, now augmented with martial fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his lordliest tone.

"Tut, blue-haired Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch—tut, look of a head of murthering and hypocritical rethorn!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of God!" and

with these words, half-sheathing his sword, he made a demi-courbette towards the Saxon, and rising in his stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the lance, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstan.

Well said Wanda, that others looked upon as steel blades. So trenchant was the Templar's weapon, that it shorn another, as it had been a yellow twig, the tough and gleaming handle of the moon, which the Elf-land Saxon meant to pierce the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

"Ho! Down-ward!" exclaimed Tola-Guthbert, "then be it to the malignance of the Temple-knight!" Taking advantage of the duncy which was spread by the fall of Athelstan, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bracy might have been in possession.

"De Bracy! De Bracy!" he shouted, "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bracy, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I rescue thee?" cried Tola-Guthbert.

"No," replied De Bracy; "I have conducted me, ransom or no ransom. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself—there are hands abroad—put the sea between you and England—I dare not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "as thou wilt tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove. In the haven where they will, maintain the walls of the Precinctory of Templars; we will be cover sufficient, and thither will I, the lance to her breast."

Having thus spoken, he galloped off with his followers.

Some of the knights who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately with the heathens, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulric, who had just knelt it, appeared on a tower, in the guise of one of the

second series, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore
 sung on the field of battle by the sons of the yet heathen
 Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her
 uncovered head, the interesting delight of painted womanhood
 contended in her eyes with the fire of passion; and she brand-
 ished the staff which she held in her hand, as if she had
 been one of the Fates Sisters, who spin and stridge the thread
 of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild stories of
 the barbarous hymns which she chanted wildly amid the scenes
 of the val of slaughter:—

1.

What the bright star,
 Son of the White Dragon !
 Kindle the torch,
 Daughter of England !
 The star glimmers not for the evening of the banquet,
 It is torch, brand, and sharply pointed ;
 The torch goes not to the bridal chamber,
 It burns and glitters blue with smoke.
 What the star, the seven circles !
 Light the torch, R.ashbrook is calling !
 What the star, son of the Dragon !
 Kindle the torch, daughter of England !

2.

The black cloud is low over the thorn's castle ;
 The eagle screams—he sits on his tower,
 Run, not, grey rider of the white cloud,
 Thy banquet is prepared !
 The warriors of Vallhalla look back,
 The men of England will not turn back.
 Make your black banners, warriors of Vallhalla !
 And ride your best steeds to the joy !
 Many a laughing eye looks to your hall,
 Many a beloved hand.

3.

Dark sits the evening upon the thorn's castle,
 The black clouds gather round ;
 Soon shall they be red as the blood of the wound !
 The destroyer of hearts shall shake his red sword against them,
 He, the bright vengeance of justice,
 Roused even by his living names,
 Red, white, and blue,
 Over the stars of the west !
 The joy is in the smoking sword and burning banner ;
 No love is left the living blood, as it flows warm from the wound !

4.

All most parish !
 The sword sheathe the helmet ;
 The strong warrior is parted by the lance ;
 Fire discometh the dwelling of peace,
 Babylon's wall, down the flames of the battle
 All most parish !
 The men of Harquet is gone—
 The house of Urian is no more !
 Hark ye men from your doors, sons of the sword !
 Let your blades drink blood this morn'g,
 Fast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
 By the light of the blazing torch !
 Slaving be just months while your blood is warm,
 And spare neither for pity nor fear,
 For vengeance hath bid us here !
 Slaving here (and) shall never !
 I also most parish.*

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening sky as huge and burning beacons, with fire and smoke through the adjacent country. Towers and towers crashed down, with blazing roof and rafters ; and the multitudes were driven from the marketplace. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in huge bands, gazed with wonder, and amazed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own riches and arms glowed dusky red. The massive figure of the Sanson Urian was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms aloft with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had kindled. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole tower gave way, and she pitched in the flames which had consumed her spirit. An awful pause of horror preceded each movement of the crowd spectators, who for the space of several minutes, stared not a finger, save to eye the queen. The voice of Lockley was then heard, "Hark, ye men!—the day of tyrants is no more!—Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the Frying-tree in the Harthill Walk, for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own lands, together with our worthy allies in this great deal of vengeance."

* Book II. Urian's death-song.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

Trust no oak shade west have its solace
Elegance here abate, when here dear Charles;
Even the wild cat, in his forest-cave,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;
For he that shows when seen his voracious eyes,
Hath none with none to spoil unless death,
But here were made to show that nation's shame.

OUR FLICK.

THE daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glittered with all their pools of dew. The bird led her flock from the covert of high fern to the more open vale of the grasswood, and no hunter was there to watch or intercept the stately hunt, as he passed at the head of the scattered herd.

The crows were all assembled around the Tiptoe-tree in the Hawthall Walk, where they had spent the night in celebrating themselves after the fatigues of the night, some with wine, some with stouthead, some with bearing and recounting the events of the day, and comparing the heaps of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, silk, armour, and splendid clothing, had been secured by the exertions of the dandiest cutthroats, who could be supplied by no danger where such rewards were in view. Yet so strict was the law of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into the common mass to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak, not, however, the same to which Locksley had conducted Gerth and Wamba in the earlier part of the story, but one which was the centre of a silver amphitheatre, within half a mile of the demolished castle of Yarncliffe. Here Locksley remained his seat—a throne of turf erected under the trusted branches of the huge oak—and the effeminate fellows were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

"Pardon my freedom, soldiers," he said, "but in these glades I am monarch.—they are my kingdom; and these my wild subjects would not but little of my power, were I, within my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man.—Now, men, who hath seen our champion? where is our cruel Friar? A man amongst Christians, was best begun a busy morning."—"No one had seen the Clerk of Copacabana!—"Over gods debate!" said the rather Chief, "I trust the jolly priest hath but chafed by the wine-pot a thought too late. Who saw him since the battle was begun?"

"I," quoth the Miller, "searched him busy about the door of a cellar, overtopped by each wind in the calendar: he would taste the musk of Front-de-Bœuf's Gargoyles wine."

"Nay, the musk, as strong as there be of them," said the Captain, "beford, but he has drunk too deep of the wine-bottle, and perished by the fall of the castle!—Away, Miller!—take with you some of men, seek the place where you last saw him.—Drive water from the mouth on the wedding cake—I will have them removed ere by dawn ere I lose my mortal Friar!"

The captain who busied to execute this duty, considering that an interesting division of spoil was about to take place, showed how much the troop had at least the ability of their spirited father.

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Lancelot; "for when this bold deed shall be avenged abroad, the lands of Do Buzay, of Malrobin, and other allies of Front-de-Bœuf, will be in motion against us, and it were well for our safety that we retreat from this vicinity.—Noble Captain," he said, turning to the leader, "that spoil is divided into two portions; do thou make choice of that best suits thee, to recompense thy people who were partakers with us in this adventure."

"Good counsel," said Cuffin, "my heart is oppressed with sadness. The noble Adeline of Champagne is no more—the last spirit of the married Confessor! Hopes have perished with her which our never return!—A spouse hath long agonized by his blood, which no human breath can again quicken! My people, save the few who are now with me, do but bury my presence to transport his honored remains to their last mansion. The Lady Rowena is desirous to return to Rotherwood, and must be escorted by a sufficient force. I should, therefore, ere now have left this place; and I wished

—not to share the booty, for as help me God! and Beat With-
old! no warrior I nor any of mine will touch the value of a
hair—I waited but to render my thanks to thee, and to thy
kind goodness, for the life and honour you have saved.”

“Nay, list,” said the chief Outlaw, “we did but half the
work at most—take of the spoil what may reward your own
neighbours and followers.”

“I am not enough to reward them from mine own wealth,”
answered Gairle.

“And none,” said Wanda, “have been was enough to reward
themselves; they do not march off empty-handed altogether.
We do not all wear nothing.”

“They are welcome,” said Locksley; “our laws bind none
but cannot cut.”

“But thou, my poor knight,” said Gairle, turning about and
releasing his fester, “how shall I reward thee, who faced
not to give thy body to chains and death instead of taking?—All
forsook me when the poor lord was deluded!”

A tear stood in the eye of the rough Thane as he spoke—a
mark of feeling which even the death of Athelstan had not
extinguished; but there was something in the half-undrained at-
tainment of his sword, that washed his nature more keenly than
even grief itself.

“Nay,” said the fester, extricating himself from his master’s
arms, “if you pay my service with the water of your eye, the
fester must weep for company, and then what business of his
wonder is—that, needs, if you would indeed pleasure me, I pray
you to pardon my playfellow Gairle, who stole a week from your
service to hasten it on your arm.”

“Pardon him!” answered Outlaw; “I will both pardon and
reward him. Kneel down, Gairle.”—The stranger was as an
instant at his master’s feet—“Trow and Ears” set then as
longer,” said Gairle, touching him with a wand; “Farrars
and Bannans” set then in town, and from town, to the forest as
in the field. A life of land I give to thee in my stead of
Wallingham, from me and mine to thee and thine eye and the
ear; and God’s witness on his head who this promises.”

No longer a wail, but a shout and a loud-bellied, Gairle
sprang upon his feet, and twice bounded swift to thrust his own
length from the ground.

“I kneel and kneel him.

† A loud shout.

"A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the collar from the neck of a freeman!—Noble master! doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you!—There is a free spirit in my breast—I am a man changed to myself and all around.—Ha, Yargo!" he continued,—for that faithful one, seeing his master thus transported, began to pump upon him, to express his sympathy,—“knowest thou thy master still?”

“Ay,” said Wamba, “Yargo and I still know thee, Overk, though we must needs shake by the collar; it is only thou, not liberty to forget both us and thyself!”

“I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, true comrade,” said Overk, “and were freedom fit for thee, Wamba, the master would not let thee want it.”

“Nay,” said Wamba, “never think I envy thee, brother Overk; the worst side by the hall fire when the freeman goes forth to the field of battle—And what with Oldham of Melnabury—Hector a fool at a feast than a wise man at a day.”

The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their plumes and dashed their brown-kills for joy of her freedom. She herself, sickly attired, and mounted on a dark chestnut palfrey, had recovered all the dignity of her manner, and only an unwonted degree of paleuess showed the sufferings she had undergone. Her lovely brow, though sorrowful, bore on it a cast of reviving hope for the future, as well as of grateful thankfulness for the past deliverance.—She knew that Frechet was safe, and she knew that Athelstan was dead. The former assurance filled her with the most sincere delight; and if she did not absolutely rejoice at the latter, she might be pardoned for feeling the full advantage of being freed from further persecution on the only subject in which she had ever been contradicted by her guardian Odo.

As Rowena bent her steel towards Locksley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, was to receive her, as if by general instinct of courtesy. The blood rose to her cheeks, as, consciously waving her hand, and bowing so low that her beautiful and loose tresses were for an instant mixed with the flowing mane of her palfrey, she expressed in few but apt words her obligations and her gratitude to Locksley and her other deliverers.—“God bless you, brave men,” she concluded, “God and Our Lady bless you and require you for gallantly perilling your-

where in the cause of the oppressed!—If any of you should linger, remember Rowena has died!—If you should think, she has many a host of wine and kisses also—and if the *Stromas* drive ye from these walls, Rowena has forests of her own, where her gallant deliverers may range at full freedom, and never regret not whose sword hath struck down the deed."

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley; "thanks from my company and myself. Not to have saved you requires itself. We who walk the greenwood do many a wild deed, and the Lady Rowena's deliverance may be viewed as an atonement."

Again turning from her gallery, Rowena turned to depart; but, pausing a moment, while Cedric, who was to attend her, was also taking his leave, she found herself unexpectedly close by the pioneer De Bracy. He stood under a tree in deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast, and Rowena was to hope that she might pass him unobserved. He looked up, however, and, whose aware of her presence, a deep blush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. He stood a moment next irresolute; then, stepping forward, took her gallery by the side, and laid his knee before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight—on a dishonoured soldier?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "is enterprise such as yours, the real deliverer too not in failure, but in success."

"Conquer, lady, should rather the least," answered De Bracy, "let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence committed by an ill-fated peasant, and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in better ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian."

"That woman," said Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all!"

"Not I can never forgive the robbery and deception your nation has committed," continued Rowena.

"Grieve your lord on the lady's side," said Cedric, coming up. "By the bright sun above us, but if were shame, I would pay thee to the south with my javelin—but, be well wared, thou shalt meet, Hastings de Bracy, for thy share in this foul deed."

"He threatens wisely who threatens a prisoner," said De Bracy; "but when had a Baron any touch of courtesy?"

Then, retiring two steps backward, he proffered the lady to move on.

Osorio, as they departed, expressed his profound gratitude to the Black Champion, and earnestly entreated him to accompany him to Rochester.

"I know," he said, "that ye ardent knights desire to carry your fortunes on the point of your lance, and risk not of lands or goods; but war is a changeful mistress, and a home is sometimes desirable even to the champion whose trade is wandering. Thou hast earned one in the halls of Rochester, noble knight. Osorio has wealth enough to repair the injuries of fortune, and all he has is his deliverer's—Come, therefore, to Rochester, not as a guest, but as a son or brother."

"Osorio has already made me rich," said the Knight,—"he has taught me the value of Bacon's virtue. To Rochester will I come, leave Bacon, and that speedily; but as now pressing matters of moment detain me from your halls. Perchance, when I come hither, I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

"It is granted ere spoken was," said Osorio, striking his ready hand into the gilded palm of the Black Knight,—"it is granted already, were it to afford half my fortune."

"Gaze not thy promise so lightly," said the Knight of the Fettershook, "yet well I hope to gain the boon I shall ask, *Monseigneur, adieu.*"

"I have but to say," added the Baron, "that, during the funeral rites of the noble Atholstone, I shall be an inhabitant of the halls of his castle of Chastelburgh—they will be open to all who choose to partake of the funeral banquetting; and, I speak in name of the noble Blith, master of the fallen prince, they will serve to shut against him who behaved so basely, though unsuccessfully, to save Atholstone from French chains and Norman steel."

"Ay, ay," said Waulbe, who had resumed his attendance on his master, "sure feeding these will be—gay thus the noble Atholstone cannot banquet at his own funeral.—But he," mentioned the Baron, lifting up his eyes gravely, "is supping in Paradise, and doubtless does honour to the feast."

"Peace and more so," said Osorio, his anger at this untimely jest being checked by the recollection of Waulbe's recent services. He then waved a graceful adieu to him of the Fettershook

—the *Saints* bade God speed him, and as they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

They had scarce departed, ere a sudden procession moved from under the graminet branches, swept slowly round the stony amphitheatre, and took the same direction with Rowena and her followers. The priests of a neighbouring convent, in expectation of the ample donation, or endowment, which Cedric had promised, attended upon the car in which the body of Athelstane was laid, and sang hymns as it was slowly and slowly borne on the shoulders of his vassals to his castle of Chesham-burgh, to be there deposited in the grave of Manglet, from whom the deceased derived his long descent. Many of his vassals had assembled at the news of his death, and followed the bar with all the external marks, at least, of devotion and sorrow. Again the soldiers arose, and paid the same rude and spontaneous homage to death, which they had so lately rendered to liberty—the slow chant and mournful step of the priests brought back to their remembrance each of their sacrifices as had fallen in the yesterday's affray. But such recollections dwell not long with those who lead a life of danger and enterprise, and ere the sound of the death-bells had died on the wind, the soldiers were again banded in the distribution of their spoil.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the Black Champion, "without whose good hand and mighty arm our enterprise must altogether have failed, will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to please you, and to reward you of this my Tynning-tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "as freely as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of the Marston de Bray at my own pleasure."

"He is there already," said Locksley, "and well for him! also the tyrant had graced the highest bough of the oak, with as many of his Free Companions as we could gather, hanging thick as acorns around him.—But he is thy prisoner, and he is safe, though he had slain my father."

"De Bray," said the Knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art seems to take most revenge for what is past. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee.—Marston de Bray, I say farewell!"

De Bray bowed low and in silence, and was about to with-

draw, when the yeoman leapt at once into a shout of exclamation and defiance. The great Knight instantly stopped, turned back, folded his arms, drew up his brow to the full height, and exclaimed, "Fence, ye poling out! who upon upon a try which ye believed not when the dog was at bay—Do Deney scorn your courage as he would dishonour your appliances. To your blades and carres, ye followed thither! and be about when might mightly or while is but apiece within a league of your far-seeing."

This ill-timed defiance might have provoked for De Deney a volley of arrows, but for the busy and importunate interference of the outlaw Chief. Meanwhile the knight sought a horse by the rein, for several which had been taken in the stable of Front-de-Bœuf stood scattered around, and were a valuable part of the booty. He threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood.

When the battle commenced by this incident was somewhat composed, the chief Outlaw took from his neck the mark horn and looking which he had recently gained at the siege of another near Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Peterlock, "if you dishonour not to give by your acquiescence a league which an English yeoman has once won, then will I pray you to keep as a memorial of your patient bearing—and if ye have might to do, and, as happens oft to a patient knight, ye choose to be hard beried in any forest between Trent and Tees, wind three notes upon the horn then, *W-a-a-h-a*! and it may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and winded once and again the call which he described, until the knight had sought the notes.

"Generous for the gift, bold yeoman," said the knight, "and better help than this and thy notes would I never seek, were it at my utmost need." And then in his turn he winded the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "behesten me as thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war!—thou hast been a striker of deer in thy day, I warrant.—Come, then,

* The notes upon the bugles were carefully called notes, and are distinguished in the old tradition as having, and by various characters, but by written words.

mark these three men—it is the will of the Knight of the Peppercock; and he who hears it, and listens not to serve him, at his word, I will have him scouted out of our land with his own bowstring."

"Long live our leader!" shouted the yeomen, "and long live the Black Knight of the Peppercock!—May he soon use our service, to prove how ready it will be paid."

Lodging now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church, and for pious uses; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury, a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the Chief, on all such doubtful questions as occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness, and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that even, in a state so lawless, vice, nevertheless, among themselves so regularly and equitably governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I weep," said the leader, "we could bear tidings of our pious chaplain—he was never wont to be absent when need was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the tilth of our successful enterprise. It may be the office has helped to cover some of his numerous infirmities. Alas I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Prior to help me to deal with him in due sort—I greatly mischieved the safety of the black priest."

"I was right sorry for that," said the Knight of the Peppercock, "for I stand indebted to him for the pious hospitality of a merry night in his cell. Let us to the ruins of the castle; it may be we shall there learn some tidings of him."

While they thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen

announced the arrival of him for whom they stood, as they learned from the stammering voice of the Filar himself, long before they saw his hoary person.

"Hilloo, soon, my money man!" he exclaimed, "soon for your golly father and his prisoners—Ory welcome once more,—I come, noble leader, like an eagle, with my prey in my clutch."—And, making his way through the ring, amidst the laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge portmanteau in one hand, and in the other a halberd, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Ismael of Turk, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious pirate, who shouted aloud, "Where is Ahsan-a-Dala, to chastise me as a halibut, or if it were but a hog?—By Saint Herraugh, the flapping scoundrel is over out of the way where there is no apt chance for making value!"

"Durdil Frazet," said the Captain, "thou hast been at a very noon this morning, so early as it is. In the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Coppenhagen; "to my law and to my halibut, I should rather say; and yet I have reclaimed him by my charity from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew—have I not recovered thee from Babylon?—have I not taught thee thy cross, thy pole, and thine *Ain Maria*?—And I not spent the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of scripture?"

"For the love of God!" ejaculated the poor Jew, "will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad—I mean this holy man?"

"Here's this, Jew!" said the Friar, with a menacing aspect; "don't thou mock, Jew!—Belshazz! thou, if thou dost plunge into there infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a suckling pig—I would I had one to break my feet upon—thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be conformable, hence, and repeat the words after me. *Ain Maria*!"—

"Say, we will have no profanation, said Priest," said Ludo-loy; "let us rather hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did stop into the cellars to see what might be rescued there; for though a cup of burnt wine, with spices, be an evening's delight for an emperor, it were

truth, notwithstanding, to let so much good liquor be spilled at once; and I caught up one goblet of sack, and was coming to call over old among these bay knaves, who are ever to seek when a good drink is to be done, when I was advised of a sleeping door—Ah! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt, and the knave better, being disgusted at the vision, took left the key in the door—in, therefore, I went, and found just naught beside a commodious of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner, scarce or no scarce. I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the action with the scoffs, with one hammering rap of sack, and was proceeding to beat both my captives, when, sack after sack, as with wild thunder-clap and lightning, down tumbled the masonry of an outer tower (scarcely before those hands that built it met the beam's) and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another—I gave up thought of life, and deeming it a dishonour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I leaped up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his grey hairs, and judged it better to lay down the parson, and take up my spiritual weapons for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the soul has been ever in good soil, only that, with speaking to him of repentance through the whole night, and being in a manner fasted (for the few draughts of sack which I sharpened my wife's wash were not worth marking), my head is well-nigh distill'd, I trow.—But I was clean exhausted.—Gilbert and Willbold know in what state they found me—quite and clean exhausted."

"We can bear witness," said Gilbert; "for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by Saint Dunstan's help lighted upon the dangerous stair, we found the goblet of sack half-empty, the Jew half-dead, and the Friar more than half-exhausted, as he tells us."

"Ye be honest! ye be!" rejoined the offended Friar; "it was you and your pernicious companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught—I am a Pious, as I kept it not for the Captain's own throat. But what makes it? the Jew is generous, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself."

"Jew," said the Captain, "is this true? but then recount these scoffs!"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate speaks to me all this fearful night. Alas ! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener."

"Thou hast, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Prior ; "I will remind thee but of one word of our conference—thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the Promise, fair sir," said Isaac, even more alarmed than before, "as no such words ever crossed my lips ! Alas ! I am an aged beggared man—I fear me a childless—have faith on me, and let me go !"

"Nay," said the Prior, "if thou dost retract vows made in favour of Holy Church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lightly on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Church's punishment to himself.

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "as I buckle to my gun, I will teach thee, sir lay brother, to deal with thine own matters, manage thine own case there !"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight ; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and counsellor."

"I know no such thing," answered the Prior, "and defy thee for a meddling counsellor !"

"Nay, but," said the Knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quarrelsome host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake (for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the party) thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil ?"

"Truly, friend," said the Prior, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such penance," said the Knight ; "I am content to take thy cuff" as a loan, but I will repay thee with many as deep as over thy prisoner thou exacted in his traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Prior.

"Hold !" cried the Captain, "what art thou after, mad Prior ! bending beneath our Trypall-tree !"

"No knowing," said the Knight, "it is but a friendly inter-

* Note E. Richard Coeur de Lion.

change of country.—Priest, strike on that forest, I will stand thy slave if thou wilt stand mine."

"Then hast thou advantage with that iron put on thy head," said the churchman; "but hark at this—Down thou goest, as thou wert Goliath of Gath in his better helmet."

The Prior bowed his heavy arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the peons around; for the Clerk's cuff was proverbial amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not had occasion to know its vigour.

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, jelling off his gambel, "if I had vengeance on my head, I will have none on my hand—stand fast as a tree man."

"Gone, gone, dolt cavalieri—I have given my cheek to the under," said the Priest; "as thou must stir me from the spot, follow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's reasons."

So spoke the holy Priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his tale! The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will, that the Prior rolled head over heels upon the plain, to the great amusement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor confounded.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had wounded but a lame man on thee: hadst broken my jaw, for the piper plays ill that waxes the rather cheap. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the laster. And now all unkindness let us put the Jew to reason, else the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"The Priest," said Clement, "is not half as confident of the Jew's conversion, since he received that buffet on the ear."

"Go to, leave, what protest thou of conversion!—what, is there no respect!—all customs and no man!—I tell thee, follow, I was somewhat totty when I received the good knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But as thou please most of it, thou shalt have, I can give as well as take."

"Peace off!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy reason; thou needest not to be told that thy race are held to be accurate in all Christian conversation, and trust me

that we cannot achieve thy purpose among us. Think, therefore, of an offer, while I commence a protest of another sort."

"Were many of Front-de-l'Arrière's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the Captain, "a set of halibut fellows there were, whom we discovered to find them a new master—though had been done the wrong and profit; the bunch of them were not worth a cannon. The prisoner I speak of is better kept—on jolly much liking to visit his home, as I may judge by his home-gear and wearing apparel—Here comes the worthy prisoner, as just as a pig." And, between two prisoners, was brought before the silver steps of the rather Chief our friend Prior Appear of Jorvauld.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

—Flower of wisdom,
How is't with thee, Sir?—
Answer—As with a man, beated about the world,
Chattering to men in doubt, and men to men,
Becoming him or playing, becoming the other
Quintessence.

That captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a wildered mixture of offended pride, and deranged lappery and boldy terror.

"Why, how now, my masters?" said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended. "What order is this among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman?—Know ye what it is, man's ignorance in error? I have plundered my male—seen my eyes of course out here, which might have served a candle! Another in my place would have been as his accompaniment; but I am placable, and if ye order forth my pollaxe, release my hoodlum, and restore my male, tell down with all speed as hundred ducats to be expended in masses at the High altar of Jorvauld Abbey, and make your vow to ask no venison until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad folk."

"Holy Father," said the chief Officer, "it grieves me to

think that you have met with such snags from any of my followers, as calls for your friendly reprehension."

"Unga!" echoed the priest, encouraged by the mild tone of the adverse leader; "it were snags fit for an hermit of good name—such loss for a Christian—for loss for a priest—and loss of all for the Friar of the holy community of Jerusalem. Here is a profane and devilish injustice, called *Allan-a-Dale*—what justice—who has mortared me with ungodly punishment—say, with death itself, as I pay you down five hundred crowns of money, to the host of all the treasure he hath already robbed me of—gold chains and gilded rings to an unknown value; besides what is hidden and spoiled among their rude hands, such as my pocket-book and silver smoking-tongs."

"It is impossible that Allan-a-Dale can have thus treated a man of your bearing," replied the Captain.

"It is true as the gospel of St. Nicholas," said the Friar; "he cures, with snags a cruel north-country snail, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the greenwood."

"Did he so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend father, I think you had better comply with his demands—for Allan-a-Dale is the very man to abide by his word when he has no prospect of it."

"You do best just with me," said the astounded Friar, with a forced laugh, "and I love a good jest with all my heart. Dost, ha! ha! ha! when the mischief has lasted the living long night, it is time to be grave in the morning."

"And I am as grave as a father confessor," replied the Captain; "you must pay a round sum, Sir Friar, or your church is likely to be called to a new election; for your place will know you no more."

"Are ye Christians," said the Friar, "and hold this language to a devilman?"

"Christians! ay, marry are we, and have divinity among us to boot," answered the Captain. "Let our blessed chaplain stand forth, and respond to this reverend father the facts which concern this matter."

The Friar, half-drunk, half-father, had bled a Friar's flock over his green snail, and now commencing together whatever

* A commentary is said to have reached similar conclusions from a certain circumlocution, in which he complained that a general officer led and some such faced towards him as that is the task.

songs of learning he had acquired by rote in former days, "Holy father," said he, "Dona forestis ubi dominabitur robur—You are welcome to the greenwood."

"What profane nursery is that?" said the Prior. "Friend, if thou wert indeed of the church, it were a better deed to show me how I may escape from these men's hands, than to stand darning and prising hoes like a morris-dancer."

"Truly, answered better," said the Prior, "I know but one mode in which thou mightst escape. This is Saint Andrew's day with us, we are taking our tithes."

"But not of the church thou, I trust, my good brother!" said the Prior.

"Of church and lay," said the Prior; "and therefore, Sir Prior, *facite velis amicos de Mammone capitalis*—make yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodman at heart," said the Prior, softening his tone; "come, ye must not deal too hard with me—I can wall of woodcraft, and can wind a horn clear and loudy, and holla till every oak rings again—Come, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the Outlaw; "we will prove the skill he boasts of."

The Prior Aymer wheeled a blast accordingly. The Captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "thou blowest a merry note, but it may not reason thus—we cannot afford, as the legend on a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for a blast. Moreover, I have found thee—thou art one of those, who, with new French graces and Tra-la-see, disturb the modest English bagpipe notes—Prior, that last flourish on the reedest hath whistled fifty arrows to thy nostrils, for corrupting the true old manly blast of *rimoria*."

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, partially, "thou art ill to please with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be more comfortable in this matter of my nostrils. At a word—since I must needs, for now, hold a candle to the devil—what reason can I to pay for walking on Watling Street, without having fifty men at my back?"

"Woe it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's nostrils, and the Jew name the Prior's!"

"Then, art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan tremendous!—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what measure we should hold him!—Then knowest the measure of his answer, I warrant thee."

"Oh, naturally," said Isaac, "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. Oh, it is a rich abbey-estate, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wine upon the trees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an citizen like me had such a house to go to, and suchummings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Herald of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is polluted by the breathing of our damned!"

"And for the storing of your riches in the last season, with the due allowance of Gammon wine," interrupted the Jew; "but what—that is small matter."

"Hear the wretched dog!" said the churchman; "he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wine we have a licence to drink proper necessaries, at all feasts and banquets. The circumcised villain blasphemes the holy church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader—"Isaac, pronounce what he may say, without saying both bible and law."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honored rulers, and never sit less rich in his state."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented—then, hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the lord; "Believe me not dare it better."

"Then, knowest thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a man? If I sell the very pees and confessions on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half, and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself: ye may reckon as borrowers' my two priests."

* *Boight, or borrow, signifies pledge. Hence our word to borrow, because we pledge ourselves to return what is lent.*

"That will be but blind trust," said the Outlaw; "we will retain these Priors, and send them to fetch the ransoms. These shall not want a cup of wine and a collar of venison the while, and if these honest woodmen, these shall not such as your north country never witnessed."

"On, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to carry favour with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred marks, out of certain moneys in my hands, if so be that the most virtuous Prior present will grant me a quitance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost bid, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Agnes as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, conscience sore," said the Jew, "I am a broken and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain.—"How say you, Father Agnes? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"Can he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior—"Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the Jew wives of Israel who were led into Assyrian bondage?—I have seen but little of him myself, but our soldiers and treasure have dealt largely with him, and report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a thorn in any Christian land. Marvel it is to all living Christian hearts that such graving silver should be suffered to eat into the bowels of the state, and even of the holy church itself, with such waste and extortion."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "withstand and manage your clerics. I pray of your reverence to remember that I have up moneys upon no one. But when chardam and layman, justice and priest, knight and peasant, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shakels with these unkind terms. It is thou, Friend Isaac, wilt you pleasure as in this matter, and our day shall be truly kept, so God wot us?—and, Kind Isaac, if ever you served man, serve yourself a friend in this need. And when the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I but damned Jew, and the curse of Egypt on your tribe, and all that may stir up the rude and untaught populace against poor strangers?"

"Fool," said the Captain, "Jew though he is, he hath in

this spoken well. Do thou therefore excuse his reasons, as he meant them, without further such terms."

"None but holy persons—the interpretation whereof," said the Prince, "will I give at some other time and tale—would place a Christian's salute and an unbaptized Jew upon the same bench. But since ye require me to put a price upon this word, I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" said the chief Officer.

"A sentence!—a sentence!" shouted his successors; "the Christian has shown his good nature, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an imperishable creature!—all on this day children, and will ye deprive me of the name of brotherhood?"

"Thus will have the law to provide for, Jew, if thou art children," said Agnes.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our house is enticed with the strings of our heart—O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a needle, and each needle mine eye, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Egyptians!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the rulers; "and, was she not a veil of twisted sables, bordered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as fondly with her. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! must thou tell me ought of her ability?"

"It was she, then," said the prince, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our walls on yester-even. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after her, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I should might take home from the error."

"Oh!" answered the Jew, "I would to God, thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her heart!—Better the tomb of her fathers than the dishonourable couch of the frenzied and savage Templar. Blessed! blessed! the glory hath departed from my house."

"Friends," said the Chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, methinks his grief teaches me.—Deal uprightly with

us, Isaac—will paying the ransom of a thousand crosses have thee altogether penitent?"

Isaac, recalled to think of his worldly goods, the love of which, by dint of insatiable habit, extended even with his parental affection, grew pale, staggered, and could not deny there might be some small surplus.

"Well—go to—what through there is," said the Outlaw, "we will not reason with thee too closely. Without however thou suspect us well, here to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as to about a dozen or two with a headless stake.—We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Agnes, or rather at one hundred crosses lower, which hundred crosses shall be more or less provided for, and not light upon this wretched community; and so we shall avoid the heinous offence of taking a Jew merchant as high as a Christian priest, and thou wilt have six hundred crosses remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Therefore lose the glitter of silver shelds as well as the sparkle of black eyes.—Hasten to make thy ransom check in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere we come of it. Thou wilt find him, as our words have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order,—Said I well, my merry warden?"

The priestess expressed their woe's acquiescence in their leader's opinion; and Isaac, relieved of one-half of his apprehensions, by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his head against his breast, sought to kiss the hem of his green surcoat. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, however thou, man, up with thee! I am English born, and Jew no such Eastern prostration—Kneel to God, and not to a poor wretch, like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Agnes: "kneel to God, as represented in the sacrament of his altar, and who knows, with thy sincere repentance and due gifts to the shrine of Saint Robert, what grace thou mayest acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca! I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and usually countenance,—I beheld her in the late of Ashby. Also Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom I may do much,—bethink thee how thou mayest deserve thy good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every head the spoiler aims against me—I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Friar; "for what with holy writ, written Deeds of judgement, it signifies not unto us—thy race hath cast forth the word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them, prophecies shall without come unto them—I will give their women to strangers, that is, to the Templar, as in the present matter; it shall come unto Jerusalem above, and their treasures to others—as in the present case to these honest gentlemen."

Isaac grunted deeply, and began to wring his hands, and to wring into his state of distraction and despair. But the leader of the priests led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of the churchman. He is rich, Isaac, and he is cunning, at least he needs money to supply his profusions. Thou shalt easily gratify his greed, for think not that I am blinded by the pretence of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very inn door in which thou dost keep thy money-bags—What! know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York? The Jew gave us gold as death—" But hear nothing from me," continued the priest, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick woman when thy fair daughter Rebecca returned from the grove at York, and kept her in thy house till her health was restored, when thou didst demand her recovered, and with a piece of money?—Hence as thou art, thou didst never place gold at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we called Elsom Dead-the-Fox?" said Isaac: "I thought ever I knew the sound of thy voice."

"I am Dead-the-Fox," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these."

"But thou art mistaken, good Dead-the-Fox, concerning that same vaulted apartment. Be holy too, Heaven, as thou is taught in it but some merchandise which I will gladly part with to you—one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets in thy men, and a hundred stores of Spanish pew to

make bows, and one hundred silver bowstrings, tough, strong, and sound,—these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Dorem, as thou wilt keep silence about the truth, my good Dorem."

"Silent as a dormouse," said the Outlaw; "and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may not help it.—The Templars' horses are too strong for my archery in the open field—they would smother us like dust. And I hot know if was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I trust for thee with the Priest?"

"In God's name, Dorem, as thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my hopes!"

"Do not thou interrupt me with thine ill-timed sorrows," said the Outlaw, "and I will deal with him in thy behalf."

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

"Prior Agnar," said the Captain, "come apart with me under this tree. Men say thou dost love wine, and a lady's smile, better than because thy Order, Sir Priest; but with that I have sought to do. I have heard, too, thou dost love a brace of good dogs and a fleet horse, and it may well be that, loving things which are easy to come by, thou hastest not a piece of gold. But I have never heard that thou didst love oppression or cruelty.—Now, here is Isaac willing to give thee the means of pleasure and passion in a bag containing one hundred marks of silver; if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Peace, Isaac," said the Outlaw, "or I give up thine interest. What say you to this my purpose, Prior Agnar?"

"The matter," quoth the Prior, "is of a mixed condition; for, if I do a good on the one hand, yet on the other, it giveth to the vengeance of a Jew, and in so much is against my conscience. Yet, if the knave will advantage the Church by giving me somewhat over to the building of our dormitory,* I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dormitory," said the Outlaw,—

* Dormitory, or dormitory.

"Be still, I say, Isaac!—or for a lance of silver medallions to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but good Thomas Band-the-Dove,"—said Isaac, endeavouring to interpose.

"Good Jew—good heart—good earthenware!" said the yeoman, looking grimace; "as thou dost go on to put thy filthy lace in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every raiment thou hast in the world, before three days are out!"

Isaac shrank together, and was silent.

"And what pledge art thou to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the Outlaw, "I swear by Saint Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Agnes, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing-tablet—though, hold!—rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where shall I find one?"

"If your lady scribbles can dispose with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a scowly," said the yeoman; and, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild-goose which was sailing over their heads, the utterance of a platoon of his tribe, which were winging their way to the distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The bird came fluttering down transfixed with the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the Captain, "are quills now to supply all the wants of Jerome!" for the next hundred years, as they take not to writing chronicles."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure laid an epistle to Beles de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets delivered them to the Jew, saying, "This will be thy sub-conduct to the Priory of Templars, and, as I think, a most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with promises of advantages and commodity at their own hand; for trust me well, the good Knight Bois-Guilbert is of their generosity that do sought for couple."

"Well, Prior," said the Outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew acquittance for the five lan-

* Bois J. Jerome's alias.

dead crows at which the mason is dead—I accept of him for my payment; and if I hear that ye boggle at allowing him to his earnings the sum so paid by him, Saint Mary refuse me, as I have not the abbey over those head, though I hang ten years the mason!”

With a much worse grace than that wherewith he had penned the letter to Bois-Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of five hundred marks, advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his ransom, and faithfully promising to hold true count with him for that sum.

“And now,” said Prior Aymer, “I will pray you of restitution of my marks and gifts, and the freedom of the overworld brethren attending upon me, and also of the gymnasal rings, jewels, and fur vestures, of which I have been despoiled, having now satisfied you for my mason as a true person.”

“Touching your brethren, Sir Prior,” said Loderley, “they shall have present freedom, if were unjust to detain them; touching your horses and robes, they shall also be restored, with such spending money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the means of journeying.—But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender conscience, and will not yield to a reasonable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain goods.”

“Think what you do, my masters,” said the Prior, “are you put your hand on the Church’s patrimony—These things are ours as monks, and I wot not what judgment might come were they to be handled by layed hands.”

“I will take care of that, overworld Prior,” said the Hermit of Clymshamst; “for I will wear them myself.”

“Friend, as brother,” said the Prior, in answer to this solution of his doubts, “if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to thine official for the share thou hast taken in this day’s work.”

“Friend Prior,” returned the Hermit, “you are to know that I belong to a little house, where I am my own abbot, and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jorvale, the Prior, and all the convent.”

“Thou art utterly irregular,” said the Prior; “one of those disorderly men, who, taking on them the sacred character with

not due exact, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands; *legatus pro pace redemptoris* *est*, giving them cloven instead of leaved, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Nay," said the Prior, "an my halcyon could have been broken by Latin, it had not held so long together.—I say, that making a world of such unproved points as thou art of their jewels and their glisterings, is a lawful sport of the Egyptians."

"Thou hast a halcyon-pest," said the Prior, in great wrath, "*perennianale* *est*."

"Thou hast thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Prior, equally indignant; "I will preach up as much absurd before my parishioners, as thou shalt be not choose to put upon me, although I be a reversed brother to thee. *Qui est peccatorum*, I will break your bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Hold!" cried the Captain, "come the reversed brethren to each term.—Keep thine assurance of peace, Friar.—Poor, as thou hast not made thy peace perfect with God, provoke the Prior no further.—Hence, let the reversed father depart in peace, as a reversed man."

The process separated the increased priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior delivered the more fluently, and the Hermit with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length recollected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity by squabbling with such a halcyon-pest as the Captain's chaplain, and being joined by his attendants, rode off with considerably less pomp, and in a much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly matters were concerned, than he had exhibited before this encounter.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a thousand marks, and to deliver certain merchandises specified in the note.

"My brother Sharn," he said, grunting deeply, "behold the key of my merchandise."

"And of the vaulted chamber?" whispered Locksley.

"No, no—may Heaven reward!" said Isaac; "evil is the hour that let any one whatsoever into that secret."

* Note K. Halcyon-pest.

"It is safe with me," said the Outlaw, "so be that this thy small produce the men should not find and set down—But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupefied? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter's soul out of thy mind?"

The Jew started to his feet—"No, Diace, no—I will presently set forth.—Farewell, then, whom I may not call good, and dare not and will not call evil."

Yet not Isaac departed, the Outlaw Chief bestowed on him this parting advice—"Be heedful of thine offer, Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter's safety. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat."

Isaac answered with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had soon with no small interest followed various proceedings, now took his leave of the Outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the law.

"Good fare, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "will sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmitigated. Amongst those who are driven into this lawless state, there are, doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its license with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of these," said the Knight, "I am now, I presume, speaking?"

"Sir Knight," said the Outlaw, "we have each our secret. You are welcome to form your judgment of me, and I may use my conjectures touching you, though neither of our shades may let the mark they are shot at. But as I do not propose to be admitted into your mystery, be not offended that I preserve my own."

"I move pardon, brave Outlaw," said the Knight, "your reply is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of concealment on either side.—Meanwhile we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I will call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an Outlaw for the present."

"And there he wins his return," said the Knight; "and I hold it honored by being clasped with yours. For in that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. Fair—doe—well, gallant Outlaw!"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and he of the Fatherlock, mounting upon his strong war-horse, rode off through the forest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

*King John.—I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent to my way;
And whatsoever this host of mine doth tread,
He lies before us.—That thou understandest me!*
Kennel Cury.

THERE was leave-taking in the Castle of York, to which Prince John had invited these nobles, prelates, and knights, by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. William Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at constant work among them, inspiring all to that pitch of courage which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one main link of the conspiracy. The valiance and daring, though limited courage of Front-de-Bœuf, the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of De Bracy; the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned valour of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy; and, while caring in secret their necessary and increasing claims, neither John nor his adviser dared to proceed without them. Even the Jew also seemed to have watched, and with him the hope of certain sums of money, making up the subsidy for which Prince John had contracted with that headlin and his brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove perilous in an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of Turpinstone that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York, that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with their confederate Front-de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. William brought the rumour

in Prince John, assuming that he found it such the more than they had met with a small attendance, for the purpose of consulting an ascent on the Baron Odric and his attendants. At another time the Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest; but now that it interfered with and impeded his own plans, he exclaimed against the perpetrators, and spoke of the broken laws, and the infringement of public order and of private property, in a tone which might have become King Alfred.

"The unprincipled assassins!" he said—"were I ever to become monarch of England, I would hang such transgressors over the door-ways of their own castles."

"But to become monarch of England," said his Abbot-palace cousin, "it is necessary not only that your Grace should ensure the transgressions of these unprincipled assassins, but that you should afford them your protection, notwithstanding your high-splendour and for the love they are in the habit of holding. We shall be truly helped if the chivalrous Baron should have realized your Grace's vision of converting feudal drawbridges into gibbets; and your high-splendoured Baroness would be to whom such an imagination might occur. Your Grace is well aware it will be dangerous to stir without Front-de-l'Or, De Bracy, and the Templar; and yet we have gone too far to recede with safety."

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, and then began to stride up and down the apartment.

"The villains," he said, "the base treacherous villains, to desert me at this pinch!"

"Nay, my rather the father-pated giddy wretches," said Waldemar, "who must be trying with fellow when such business was in hand."

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, stopping short before Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered his counsellor, "save that which I have already taken order for.—I come not to counsel this evil chance with your Grace, until I had done my best to remedy it."

"Then art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said the Prince; "and when I have such a counsellor to advise with, the reign of John will be renewed in our minds.—What hast thou recommended?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelmann, De Bracy's lieutenant, to man the trumpet armed to blow, and to display the banner, and to set promptly forth towards the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, to do what yet may be done for the recovery of our friends."

Prince John's face flushed with the pride of a spoiled child, who has undergone what he considers to be an insult.

"By the face of God!" he said, "Waldemar Fitzurse, much hast thou taken upon thee! and ever misinterpret thou wilt to cross trumpet to blow, or banner to be raised, in a town where ourselves were in power, without our express command."

"I cover your Grace's pardon," said Fitzurse, internally cursing the life vanity of his prince; "but when thou proceed, and even the loss of minutes might be fatal, I judged it best to take this rash burden upon me, in a matter of such importance to your Grace's interest."

"Then art justified, Fitzurse," said the Prince, gravely; "thy purpose hath stood for thy hasty rashness.—But whom have we here?—De Bracy himself, by the soul!—and in strange guise dost he come before us."

It was indeed De Bracy.—"Bloody with spurring, they red with speed." His armour bore all the marks of the late obstinate fray, being locked, defaced, and stained with blood in many places, and covered with clay and dust from the coast to the spot. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

"De Bracy," said Prince John, "what news dost thou?—Speak, I charge thee!—Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same moment with the master, "thou wert wont to be a man.—Where is the Templar?—Where Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar is dead," said De Bracy; "Front-de-Bœuf you will never see more. He has found a bad grave among the blating wolves of his own castle, and I shan not attempt to tell you."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of fire and conflagration."

"The worst news is not yet told," answered De Bracy; and, coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and emphatic tone—"Richard is in England—I have seen and spoken with him."

Prince John turned pale, tottered and caught at the back of an elbow bench to support himself—much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bowels.

"Then revert, De Bussy," said Fitzurse, "it cannot be."

"It is as true as toothache," said De Bussy, "I was his prisoner, and spoke with him."

"With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?" continued Fitzurse.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bussy, "with Richard Cœur-de-Lion—with Richard of England."

"And thou wert his prisoner?" said Walsingham; "he is then at the head of a power?"

"No—only a few withered youths were around him, and to these his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to meet at the doorway of Tonguestone."

"Ay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of Richard—no true knight-errant he, and will wander in wild adventures, treating the persons of his squire as like any Sir Guy or Sir Beris, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered.—What dost thou propose to do, De Bussy?"

"I—I offered Richard the service of my Free Lance, and he refused them—I will lead them to Hail, save on sleeping and embark for Flanders; thanks to the breeding time, a man of action will always find employment. And thou, Walsingham, wilt thou take horse and shield, and lay down thy pollaxe, and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"I am too old, Marcellus, and I have a daughter," answered Walsingham.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will maintain her as she best needs, with the help of horse and alloy," said De Bussy.

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take sanctuary in this church of Saint Peter—the Archbishop is my sworn brother."

During this discourse, Prince John had gradually awakened from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the unexpected intelligence, and had been attentive to the conversation which passed between his followers. "They fall off from me," he said to himself, "they hold no more by me than a withered leaf by the bough when a breeze blows on it.—Hail and thanks! can I shape no means for myself when I am deserted by those

arrows!"—He passed, and there was an expression of chafed passion in the constrained laugh with which he at length broke in on their conversation.

"Ho! ho! ho! my good lords, by the light of Our Lady's knee, I hold ye sage men, bold men, ready-witted men; yet ye thrive down wealth, honour, pleasure, all that our noble queen proffered you, at the moment it might be won by one bold cut!"

"I understand you not," said De Bracy. "As soon as Richard's return is known abroad, he will be at the head of an army, and all is then over with us. I would counsel you, my lord, either to fly to France, or take the protection of the Queen Mother."

"I seek no safety for myself," said Prince John laughingly; "that I could secure by a word spoken to my brother. But although you, De Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, are so ready to abandon me, I should not greatly delight to see your hands blackening on Clifford's Gate powder. Thinkst thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will not suffer thee to be taken from the very horns of the altar, would it make his power with King Richard? And forgettest thou, De Bracy, that Rufus Fitzosborne has betrayed thee and Blith with all his forces, and that the Earl of Essex is gathering his followers? If we had reason to fear those forces even before Richard's return, doubtst thou there is any doubt now which party their banners will take? Trust me, Fitzosborne alone has strength enough to drive all thy Free Lancers into the Hamilton!"—Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked at each other's face with blank dismay.—"There is but one road to safety," continued the Prince, and his brow grew black as midnight; "the object of our terror journeys alone—he must be met withal."

"Not by us," said De Bracy hastily; "I was his prisoner, and he took me to mercy. I will not harm a feather in his cloak."

"Who speaks of harming him?" said Prince John, with a hardened laugh; "the issue will say next that I meant he should slay him!—No—a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it?—Things will be but as they were when we commenced our enterprise.—It was founded on the hope that Richard would remain a captive in Germany.—Our uncle Robert lived and died in the castle of Chertida."

"Ay, but," said Waldemar, "your sirs Henry will more than in his coat than your Grace can. I say the best justice is that which is made by the nation—no danger like a church-mass! I have said my say."

"Peace or tomb," said De Bracy, "I wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Villain!" said Prince John, "then wouldst not bearing me sword!"

"Council was never betrayed by me," said De Bracy laughingly, "nor must the name of villain be coupled with mine!"

"Peace, Sir Knight!" said Waldemar; "and you, good my lord, forgive the scraps of valiant De Bracy: I trust I shall soon remove them."

"That passes your eloquence, Flanders," replied the Knight.

"Why, good Sir Maurice," rejoined the wily politician, "start not aside like a scared stork, without, at least, considering the object of your terror.—This Richard!—but a day since, and it would have been thy dearest wish to have met him head to head, in the ranks of battle—a hundred times I have heard thee wish it."

"Ay," said De Bracy, "but that was, as thou sayest, hard to have, and in the ranks of battle! Then never hearest thou breathe a thought of assaulting him alone, and in a forest?"

"Then art no good knight if thou dost scruple at it," said Waldemar. "Was it in battle that Lamollet de Luz and Sir Trestron won renown? or was it not by encountering gigantic knights under the shade of deep and unknown forests?"

"Ay, but I promise you," said De Bracy, "that neither Trestron nor Lamollet would have been match, head to head, for Richard Plantagenet, and I think it was not their wish to take the odds against a single man."

"Then art mad, De Bracy—what is it we propose to thee, a hired and retained Captain of Free Companions, whose swords are purchased for Prince John's service? Then art appraised of our strength, and then thou scruplest, though thy patron's defiance, those of thy comrades, those ours, and the life and honour of every one amongst us, are at stake!"

"I tell you," said De Bracy, solemnly, "that he gave me my life. Yes, he sent me from his presence, and refused my homage—so that I owe him neither favour nor allegiance—but I will not lift hand against him."

"It smells not—and Louis Walsingham and a score of thy leaves."

"Ye have sufficient refuse of your race," said De Bracy, "not one of whom shall badge on such an errand."

"Art thou so obstinate, De Bracy?" said Prince John, "and wilt thou forsake me, after so many protestations of aid for my service?"

"I mean it not," said De Bracy, "I will abide by you to night that becomes a knight, whether in the lists or in the camp, but this highway practice comes not within my vow."

"Come hither, Walsingham," said Prince John. "An unhappy Prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants—He had but to say that he was plagued with a dishonest priest, and the blood of Thomas à Becket, saint though he was, stained the steps of his own altar.—Trey, Morville, Brian,² loyal and daring subjects, your names, your spurs, are with me! and although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he has fallen off from his father's fidelity and courage."

"He has fallen off from neither," said Walsingham Fitzurse, "and since it may not better be, I will take on me the onus of this perfidious enterprise. Doubtly, however, did my father purchase the robes of a righteous friend; and yet did his proof of loyalty to Henry fall far short of what I am about to effect, for rather would I needs a whole calendar of saints, than put spear in rest against Count de Leon.—De Bracy, to thee I must trust to keep up the spirits of the doubtful, and to guard Prince John's person. If you receive such news as I want to send you, our enterprise will no longer wear a doubtful aspect.—Fare," he said, "hio to my halcyons, and tell my arrowmen to be there in readiness, and bid Stephen Wethered, Brad Thornely, and the Three Spears of Buryngton, come to me instantly, and let the scout-master, Hugh Burdon, attend me also.—Adieu, my Prince, till better times." Thus speaking, he left the apartment.

"He goes to make my brother prisoner," said Prince John to De Bracy, "with as little touch of compensation as if it but concerned the liberty of a Saxon freeman. I trust he will

² Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brian, were the partisans of Henry the Second's household, who, indignated by some passionate expressions of their servants, slew the celebrated Thomas à Becket.

obey our orders, and use our dear Richard's person with all due respect."

De Bracy only answered by a smile.

"By the light of Our Lady's knee," said Prince John, "our orders to him were most precise—though it may be you heard them not, as we stood together in the wild window—Most clear and positive was our charge that Richard's safety should be cared for, and was to Waldemar's head if he transgress it!"

"I had better pass to his lodgings," said De Bracy, "and make him fully aware of your Grace's pleasure, for, as it quite escaped my ear, it may not perchance have reached that of Waldemar."

"Say, say," said Prince John, impatiently, "I promise thee he loved me; and besides, I have further occupation for thee. Maurice, come hither; let me lean on thy shoulder."

They walked a turn through the hall in this familiar posture, and Prince John, with an air of the most confidential intimacy, proceeded to say, "What thinkst thou of this Waldemar Fitzurse, my De Bracy!—He trusts to be our Chancellor. Surely we will permit one we give an office so high to one who dares avowedly how little he respects our blood, by his openly undertaking this enterprise against Richard. Then dost thou, I warrant, that thou hast lost somewhat of our regard, by thy boldly declaring this unpleasant task—Dost so, Maurice! I rather honour thee for thy virtuous constancy. There are things most necessary to be done, the perpetrator of which we neither love nor honour; and there may be refusal to serve us, which shall rather exalt in our estimation those who do our request. The arrest of my unfortunate brother forms no such good title to the high office of Chancellor, as thy abstinence and courageous denial establish in thee to the transgression of Hugh Marshal. Think of this, De Bracy, and begone to thy charge."

"Fiddle tyne!" muttered De Bracy, as he left the presence of the Prince; "evil luck have they who trust thee. Thy Chancellor, indeed!—He who hath the keeping of thy conscience shall have an easy charge, I trow. But Hugh Marshal of England! that," he said, extending his arm, as if to grasp the hilt of a sword, and assuming a loftier stride along the antechamber, "that is indeed a prize worth playing for!"

De Bracy had no sooner left the apartment than Prince John summoned an attendant.

"But Hugh Barlow, our second-master, comes hither, as soon as he shall have spoken with Waldemar Fitzmaur."

The second-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disorderly steps.

"Barlow," said he, "what did Waldemar desire of thee?"

"Two capable men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the trail of man and horse,"

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your Grace never trust me else," answered the master of the ship. "One is from Essexshire; he is wont to trace the Tyndale and Tyndale chases as a bloodhound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has tramped his bounding right off in merry Harwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and highwood, holt and thicket, and Richmond."

"The well," said the Prince.—"Goon Waldemar forth with them?"

"Instantly," said Barlow.

"With what attendance?" asked John, curiously.

"About Thorsby goes with him, and Wethered, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen Steel-heart, and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang—they are called the Spies of Spynghere."

"The well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Barlow, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Mousen de Dray—as that he shall not observe it, however.—And let us know of his motions from time to time—with whom he converse, what he propoeth. But not in this, as thou wilt be assured so."

Hugh Barlow bowed, and retired.

"If Mousen betraye us," said Prince John—"if he betraye us, as he having leads us to fear, I will have his head, were Edward thundering at the gates of York."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTE.

*Across the tiger of Egyptian death,
 Slaves with the halberdred Jew for his prey ;
 Leave the risk, then comes the discharging fire
 Of wild fanaticism.*

ANASTASIA.

Gyrus took now return to Isaac of York.—Mounted upon a mule, the gift of the Oriler, with two tall yeomen to act as his guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the Priory of Templestowe, for the purpose of negotiating his daughter's redemption. The Priory was but a day's journey from the desolated castle of Templestowe, and the Jew had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly, having dismounted his guides at the verge of the forest, and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to press on with such speed as his weakness permitted him to exert. But his strength failed him totally ere he had reached within four miles of the Temple Court; riding paces shot along his back and through his limbs, and the excessive anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was rendered altogether incapable of proceeding further than a small market-town, where dwelt a Jewish Kabbah of his tribe, ancient in the medical profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Nathan Ben Israel received his suffering countryman with that kindness which the law prescribed, and which the Jews practised to each other. He limited on his tottering himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in most request to check the progress of the fever, which terror, fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow, had brought upon the poor old Jew.

On the morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and pursue his journey, Nathan remonstrated against his purpose, both as his host and as his physician. It might cost him, he said, his life. But Isaac replied, that more than life and death depended upon his going that morning to Templestowe.

"To Templestowe!" said his host with surprise; again felt his pulse, and then muttered to himself, "His fever is checked, yet seems his mind somewhat alienated and disturbed."

"And why not to Templestowe?" answered his patient. "I

great than, Nathan, that it is a dwelling of those to whom the despoiled Children of the Promise are a stumbling-block and an abomination; yet often knowest that pressing affairs of traffic sometimes carry us among these bloodthirsty Saracenic soldiers, and that we visit the Priories of the Templars, as well as the Commanderies of the Knights Hospitallers, as they are called."

"I know it well," said Nathan, "but wottest thou that Lucas de Beaumanoir, the chief of their Order, and whom they term Grand Master, is now himself at Templeton?"

"I know it not," said Isaac; "our last letters from our brethren at Paris advised us that he was at that city, beseeching Philip for aid against the Sultan Saladin."

"He hath since come to England, unsuspected by his brethren," said Tom Isoud, "and he cometh among them with a strong and outstretched arm to correct and to punish. His countenance is kindled in anger against those who have departed from the vow which they have made, and grief is the lot of those sons of Belial. Thou must have heard of his name?"

"It is well known unto me," said Isaac; "the Gentiles deliver this Lucas Beaumanoir as a man without sin, rising for every part of the Saracenic law; and our brethren have termed him a fierce destroyer of the Saracens, and a cruel tyrant to the Children of the Promise."

"And truly have they termed him," said Nathan the physician. "Other Templars may be moved from the purpose of their heart by pleasure, or bribed by promises of gold and silver; but Beaumanoir is of a different stamp—being essentially, despising treasure, and pressing forward to that which they call the crown of martyrdom.—The God of Jacob speedily send it unto him, and unto them all! Speedily hath the proud man extended his glove over the children of Judah, as holy David over Eliab, halting the murder of a Jew to be an offering of an sweet savour as the death of a heathen. Impious and idle things has he

* The establishments of the Knight Templars were called Priories, and the title of those who presided in the Order was Priory; as the principal Knights of Saint John were termed Commanders, and their houses Commanderies. But these terms were sometimes, it would seem, used indifferently.

[Such an establishment formerly existed at Temple Newnham, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Leeds.]

said even of the virtues of our medicine, as if they were the devices of Satan—The Lord rebuke him!"

"Nonsense," said Isaac, "I must protect myself at Templestowe, though he hath made his den like unto a fiery furnace more than heated."

He then explained to Nathan the pressing cause of his journey. The Rabbi listened with interest, and testified his sympathy after the fashion of his people, reading his clothes, and saying, "Ah, my daughter!—oh, my daughter!—Alas! for the beauty of Zion!—Alas! for the captivity of Israel!"

"Then wait," said Isaac, "how it stands with me, and that I may not tarry. Furthermore, the presence of the Lucas Beaumanoir, being the chief man over these, may turn Helen de Bois-Gilbert from the ill which he doth meditate, and that he may deliver to me my beloved daughter Rebecca."

"Go then," said Nathan Ben Isaac, "and be wise, for wisdom availed David in the den of those into which he was cast; and may it go well with thee, even as thine heart wisheth. Yet, if thou must, keep thee from the presence of the Grand Master, for to do foul wrong to our people is his morning and evening delight. It may be if thou canst speak with Bois-Gilbert in private, thou shalt the better prevail with him, for men say that these ungodly Normans are not of one mind, as the Presumptory—May their counsels be confounded and brought to shame! But do thou, brother, return to me as if it were to the house of thy father, and bring me word how it has sped with thee, and well do I hope thou wilt bring with thee Rebecca, once the scholar of the wise Marlow, whose name the Gentiles chuckled as if they had been wrought by sorcery."

Isaac accordingly bade his friend farewell, and about an hour's riding brought him before the Presumptory of Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was seated amidst the meadows and pastures, which the knights of the former Presumptory had bestowed upon their Order. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered particularly necessary. Two battlements, clad in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in the same and heavy, glistened to and fro upon the wall with a funeral pace, resembling spectres more than soldiers. The interior officers of the Order were thus dressed, ever since

their use of white garments, similar to those of the knights and requires, had given rise to a combination of certain false notions in the mountains of Palestine, bearing themselves Templars, and bringing great dishonour on the Order. A knight was now and then seen to cross the court in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other, if they chanced to meet, with a slow, silent, and mute greeting, for such was the rule of their Order, quodammodo the holy taste, "In many words thou shalt not avoid sin," and "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." In a word, the stern ascetic rigor of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentious indulgence, seemed at once to have revived at Templars under the severe eye of Louis Beaumarchais.

Isaac passed at the gate, to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to succeed; for he was well aware, that to his unhappy race the religious fanaticism of the Order was not less dangerous than their unprincipled kindnessness; and that his religion would be the object of hate and persecution in the one case, as his wealth would have exposed him in the other to the extortions of voracious avarice.

Moravian Louis Beaumarchais walked in a small garden belonging to the Templary, inclosed within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held out and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long gray beard, and the shaggy gray eyebrows, overhanging eyes, of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formidable warrior, his thin and scrawny features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression, as scarce light, they were so less marked by the emaciation of oldness, and the spiritual pride of the enthusiastic devotee. Yet with these severe traits of physiognomy, there was mixed somewhat striking and noble, arising, doubtless, from the great part which his high office called upon him to act among monarchs and princes, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the robust and high-born knights, who were united by the rules of the Order. His stature was tall, and his gait, unimpeded by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule

of Saint Bernard himself, being composed of what was then called *Barrel cloth*, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the octangular cross peculiar to the Order, bordered of red cloth. He wore or assumed besides this garment, but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the richest lambkin, dressed with the wool outside, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular device, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the Order, surmounted within a circle or orb, as heretofore term it. His companion, who attended on this great personage, had nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his Superior showed that no other equality subsisted between them. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just on far behind that Bourgeois could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Comrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to day faithful brethren about I am unable my words. To thee alone can I tell how oft, since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be dissolved and to be with the just. Not one object in England hath met mine eye which could rest upon with pleasure, save the tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of our Temple Church is yonder good knight. Oh, valiant Robert de Bos! did I exclaim internally, as I gazed upon these good soldiers of the cross, whose they lie sculptured on their aquiducles,—Oh, worthy William de Marston! open your marble cells, and take to your repose a weary brother, who would rather strive with a hundred thousand pagans than witness the decay of our Holy Order!"

"It is but true," answered Comrade Mont-Fichet, "it is but too true, and the irregularities of my brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand Master. "Bear with me, brother, although I should something vent myself. Thou knowest the life I have led, keeping each point of my Order, striving with devils embodied and down bodied, striving down the roaring sea, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, like a good knight and devout priest,

wherever I met with him—even as Master Sclat Bernard hath prescribed to us in the forty-fifth capital of our rule, *In hoc campo salutaris*.* But, by the Holy Temple! the soul which hath devoted my substance and my life, yea, the very nerves and marrow of my bones, by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that were I dead and were five that still retain the ancient severity of our Order, I look upon no brethren whom I can bring my soul to embrace under that holy name. What say our statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no van or worldly ornament, no cloak upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or handle-bar, yet who now go prinked out so proudly and so gaily as the poor soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden by our statutes to take one lord by means of another, to shoot beasts with bow or shaft, to follow to a hunting-house, or to spend the hours after games. Yet now, at hawking and hawking, and such idle sport of word and deed, who so prompt as the Templars in all these fond vanities? They are forbidden to read, save what their Superior permitted, or listen to what is read, save such holy things as may be recited aloud during the hours of reflection; but lo! their ears are at the command of idle minstrels, and their eyes study empty romances. They were commanded to cultivate temper and love; but they are charged with studying the ancient rabbinical secrets of the Jews, and the magic of the Egyptian Sorcerer. Simplicity of diet was prescribed to them, roots, pottage, gruel, saving flesh but three a-week, because the unceasing looking on flesh is a dishonourable corruption of the body; and behold, their tables groan under delicate fare! Their drink was to be water, and now, to drink like a Templar, is the boast of each jolly town companion! This very garden, filled as it is with various herbs and trees sent from the Eastern climes, better because the house of an unbelieving Emir, than the plot which Christian monks should devote to raise their homely pot-herbs.—And oh, Conrade! well it were that the relaxation of discipline stopped even here!—Well thou knowest that we were forbidden to receive those devout women, who at the beginning were associated as sisters of our Order, because,

* In the effluence of the Knights of the Temple, this phrase is reported to be a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the signal word of the Order; which may account for its being so frequently put in the Grand Master's mouth.

with the forty-sixth chapter, the ancient Enemy hath, by female safety, withdrawn many from the right path to paradise. Nay, is the last capital, being, as it were, the capstone which our blessed founder placed on the pure and undefiled doctrine which he had enjoined, we are prohibited from offering, even to our sisters and our mothers, the kiss of affection—at various southern September noons.—I shudder to speak—I shudder to think—of the corruptions which have rushed in upon us even like a flood. The souls of our pure founders, the spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de Saint Omer, and of the blessed James who first joined in dedicating their lives to the service of the Temple, are disturbed even in the enjoyment of paradise itself. I have seen them, Grande, in the visions of the night—their sad eyes shed tears for the sin and filth of their brethren, and for the foul and shameful luxury in which they wallow. Beware, they say, thou dumbered—awake! There is a stain in the fibres of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the streaks of leprosy on the walls of the infested houses of old.* The soldiers of the Cross, who should show the glance of a woman as the eye of a basilisk, live in open sin, not with the females of their own race only, but with the daughters of the accursed heathen, and more accursed Jew. Beware, thou sleepiest; up, and avenge our cause!—Slay the sinners, male and female!—Take to thee the head of Priamus!—The valour dost, Grande, but as I awoke I could still hear the clank of their mail, and see the waving of their white mantles.—And I will do according to their word, I will purify the fabric of the Temple! and the unseen stones in which the plague is, I will remove and cast out of the building.”

“Yet bethink thee, renowned father,” said Mont-Pichet, “the stone hath become engrained by time and circumstance; let thy reformation be cautious, as it is just and wise.”

“No, Mont-Pichet,” answered the stern old man.—“It must be sharp and sudden—the Order is on the brink of its fall. The selfishness, self-indulgence, and ploy of our predecessors, made us powerful friends—our presumption, our wealth, our luxury, have lifted us up like an mighty nation.—We must and every these diseases, which are a temptation to princes—we must lay down that presumption which is an offence to them.—We

* See the 11th chapter of *Leithers*.

most reform that comes of manna, which is a reward to the whole Christian world! Go—mark my words—the Order of the Temple will be utterly demolished—and the place thereof shall no more be known among the nations."

"How may God avert such a calamity?" said the Preceptor.

"Answer," said the Grand Master, with solemnity, "let us most deserve His aid. I tell thee, Comrade, that neither the powers in Heaven, nor the powers on earth, will longer sustain the wickedness of this generation—My intelligence is sure—the ground on which our throne is reared is already undermined, and each addition we make to the structure of our greatness will only sink it the deeper in the abyss. We must retract our steps, and show ourselves the faithful Champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling, not alone our blood and our lives—but alone our lusts and our vices—lost our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections, and not so soon convinced that every a pleasure which may be harmful to others, is forbidden to the vernal soldier of the Temple."

At this moment a squire, clothed in a threadbare vestment (for the squires after this holy Order were during their servitude the cast-off garments of the knights), entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission ere he proceeded to tell his errand.

"Is it not more wisely," said the Grand Master, "to see this Damsel, clothed in the garments of Christian humility, thus appear with reverence alone before his Superior, than, but two days since, when the fair soul was decked in a gilded coat, and jangling as port and as proud as any peasantry!—Speak, Damsel, we permit thee—What is thine errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and revered father," said the squire, "who prays to speak with brother Elias de Bois-Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master; "In our province a Preceptor is but as a vassal compared of our Order, who may not walk according to his own will, but to that of his Master—even according to the text, 'In the bearing of the ear he hath shaped me.'—It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.

"Report speaks him brave and valiant," said Comrade.

"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master, "in our values only we are not disappointed from our performance, the horses of the Cross. But brother Brian came into our Order a ready and disappointed man, stirred, I doubt not, to take our vows and to renounce the world, not in anxiety of soul, but as one whose some touch of light discontent had driven into passion. Since then, he hath become an active and earnest squire, a squire, and a machinator, and a leader amongst those who impugn our authority; not considering that the rule is given to the Master even by the symbol of the staff and the red—the staff to support the infirmities of the weak—the red to correct the faults of delinquents—Damian," he continued, "lead the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in a few minutes returned marshalling in Lord of York. He walked slow, colored was the presence of some mighty prince, could approach his judgment-seat with more profound reverence and terror than that with which the Jew drew near to the presence of the Grand Master. When he had approached within the distance of three yards, Beaumanoir made a sign with his staff that he should come no further. The Jew knooked down on the earth, which he kneeled in token of reverence; then rising, stood before the Templars, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed on his breast, in all the submission of Oriental slavery.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire, and have a guard ready to await our sudden call; and suffer no one to enter the garden until we shall leave it."—The squire bowed and retreated.—"Jew," continued the haughty old man, "mark me. It suits not our condition to hold with thee long conversation, nor do we waste words or time upon any one. Wherefore be brief in thy answers to what questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of truth; for if thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it torn from thy mauling jaws."

The Jew was about to reply, but the Grand Master went on.

"Peace, unbeliever!—not a word in our presence, save in answer to our questions.—What is thy business with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Heard gasped with terror and uncertainty. To tell his tale might be interpreted into scandalizing the Order; yet, unless he told it, what hope could he have of achieving his daughter's

deliverance! Remember, now his mortal apprehension, and condemnated to give him some assistance.

"For nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person, Jew, as thou dostest speak in this matter. I demand again to know from thee thy business with *Hon de Tene-Guillert*!"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "as please your honored value, to that good knight, *son Prieur Aymer* of the Abbey of *Jocroux*."

"Had I not those ears and those, *Conrade*!" said the Master. "A Christian Prieur sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and our find no more fitting messenger than an unbelonging Jew.—Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, unfolded the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the Prieur's talbots for the greater security, and was about to approach, with head extended and body crouched, to place it within the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I teach not misbelongers, save with the sword.—*Conrade*, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me."

Theremault, being thus possessed of the talbots, reported the outside rapidly, and then proceeded to unfold the pack-thread which secured its folds. "Fervent father," said *Conrade*, interrupting, though with much deference, "will thou break the seal?"

"And will I not?" said *Theremault*, with a frown. "Is it not written in the deep-seamed capital, *De Letitius Liliusson*, that a Templar shall not receive a letter, no not from his father, without communicating the same to the Grand Master, and reading it in his presence?"

He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly; then holding it out to *Conrade* with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed—"Here is goodly stuff for our Christian man to write to another, and both members, and no irreconcilable members, of religious professions! What," said he solemnly, and looking upward, "will thou come with thy fingers to purge the shocking floor?"

Must-Frichet took the letter from his Superior, and was about to peruse it. "Read it aloud, *Conrade*," said the Grand Master,—"and do thou" (to *Isaac*) "attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrad read the letter, which was in these words : " Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistercian house of Saint Mary's of Jervaise, to Sir Brian de Bosc-Gallant, a Knight of the holy Order of the Temple, wisteth health, with the bowdles of King Richard and of my Lady France. Touching our present condition, dear Brother, we are a captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us in ransom ; whereby we have also learned of Front-de-Bœuf's misfortune and that thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorcerer, whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety ; nevertheless, we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor, for we are greatly assured that your Great Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to disabuse your earth, and amend your doings. Whence we pray you heartily to beware, and to be found watching, even to the Holy Tent hath it, Jewenisher exploits. And the worthy Jew her father, Isaac of York, having perused of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom, seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as may buy fifty denards upon easier terms, wherof I trust to have my part when we make merry together, as true brethren, not forgetting the wine-cup. For what earth the test, Flowers letfast or loaves ; and again, for detestfuler golden-kisses too.

" Till which merry meeting, we wish you farewell. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of sunset,

" AYMER P. R. M. JACQUEMART.

" Postscriptum. Truly your golden chain hath not long shakken with me, and will now mature, around the neck of an outlaw Jew-stender, the white viceroy he willeth on his bonds."

" What sayst thou to this, Conrad ?" said the Grand Master—" Den of thieves ! and a th residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. No wonder that the hand of God is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place by place, foot by foot, before the infidels, when we have such charlatans as this Aymer.—And what meaneth he, I trow, by this second Witch of Endor ?" said he to his confidant, something apart.

Conrade was better acquainted (perhaps by practice) with the pangs of gallantry, than was his Superior, and he expounded the passage which embarrassed the Grand Master, to be a sort of language used by worldly men towards those whom they loved *per amorem*; but the explanation did not satisfy the legated Roumanche.

"There is more in it than thou dost guess, Conrade, thy simplicity is no match for this deep abyss of wickedness. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt love the Jew even to *even now*." Thus turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Helen de Rose-Guilbert?"

"Ay, powerful violence art," answered poor Isaac, "and what score ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance!"—

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "Thou thy daughter hath practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knights and yeomen, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath bestowed to her. Many a one can testify that she hath recovered them by her art, when every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

Demetrius turned to Mount-Picquet with a grin smile. "See, brother," he said, "the deception of the deviousing Tarray! Behold the lure with which he lures for souls, giving a poor space of earthly life in exchange for eternal happiness hereafter. Well said our blessed rule, *semper paratus ad verum*.—Up on the lion! Down with the deceiver!" said he, shaking aloft his mystic shams, as if in defiance of the powers of darkness—"Thy daughter worketh the cure, I doubt not," thus he went on to address the Jew, "by words and signs, and parables, and other substantial mysteries."

"Nay, reserved and brave knight," answered Isaac, "but in chief numbers by a behest of marvellous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" asked Roumanche.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master, "was it not from that wench with Miriam, the abandonment of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crowding himself. "Her holy

was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds, and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not do much to her people, and more else! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple.—There, Demian, spare that Jew from the gall—shoot him dead if he opposes or turns again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant.”

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the Presceptory; all his possessions, and even his office, valuated and dispersed. He could do no better than return to the house of the Balde, and endeavour, through his means, to learn how his daughter was to be disposed of. He had hitherto feared for her honour, he was now to tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the Priopriator of Templestrove.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

By wit my art is found—all this by meaning.
The better hope with it, and the gay comfort
Thou hast and still, such and such, by meaning;
The sharp seems it not, and the bold wishes
Will do with it his service—all about it,
All praise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have much credit
In church, or camp, or state—he wags the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

ANOTHER MANHOOD, President, or, in the language of the Order, Priopriator of the establishment of Templestrove, was brother to that Puffy Melchior who has been already occasionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron, in close league with Brian de Bon-Gallbert.

Amongst dissolute and unprincipled men, of whom the Temple Order included but too many, Albert of Templestrove might be distinguished; but with this difference from the insidious Bon-Gallbert, that he knew how to show over his wine and his ambition the veil of hypocrisy, and to assume in his exterior the sanctities which he internally despised. Had not the arrival of the Grand Master been so unexpectedly sudden, he would have seen nothing at Templestrove which

might have appeared to signify any relaxation of discipline. And, even although surprised, and to a certain extent detached, Albert Malrousse listened with such respect and apparent conviction to the rebuke of his Superior, and made such haste to reform the particulars he censured,—succeeded, in this, as well as giving an air of assiduous devotion to a family which had been lately devoted to dissipation and pleasure, that Louis Bonnemaison began to entertain a higher opinion of the Preceptor's morals, than the first appearance of the establishment had induced him to adopt.

But these favourable sentiments on the part of the Grand Master were greatly shaken by the intelligence that Albert had quarrelled within a house of religion the Jewish captive, and, as was to be feared, the purchaser of a brother of the Order; and when Albert appeared before him, he was regarded with unworldly sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your negligence, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malrousse was overwhelmed with confusion; for the unfortunate Hebrew had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Bonnemaison rules to Rou-Chiffert and to himself, unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you silent?" demanded the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master—"speak, and say, knowest thou the capital of our holy rule,—in our magnificent Temple in sacred solitude, yet our ever-watchful vigilance on sinners, *proprie discipline nous le faut*?"

"Surely, most revered father," answered the Preceptor, "I have not class in this office in the Order, being ignorant of one of its most important prohibitions."

"How could it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to being a purchaser, and that purchaser

* The word which he quotes, is applied figuratively with women of light character.

a Jewish sorcerer, into this holy place, to the state and pollution thereof?"

"A Jewish sorcerer?" asked Albert Malvrein; "good night, good to us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorcerer!" said the Grand Master, sternly. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Helena, the daughter of that wretched quarrelsome Jew of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Milam, is now—shame to be thought or spoken of—lodged within this thy Precinctory?"

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the Precincter, "hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. Think did I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert seemed so freely haunted on the shores of this fenside, when I received into the house merely to place a bar between their growing intimacy, which else might have been commented as the exposure of the fall of our valiant and religious brother?"

"Nath nothing, then, as yet passed between them in breach of his vow?" demanded the Grand Master.

"What! under this roof?" said the Precincter, crossing himself; "Saint Margherite and the ten thousand virgins forbid!—Nay! if I have aimed at receiving her here, it was in the wrong thought that I might thus break off our brother's devoted devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so wild and unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some touch of insanity, sure to be cured by pity than reproof. But since your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewish guest to be a sorcerer, perdition is my earnest folly for his encouraged folly!"

"It doth—it doth!" said Roussmore. "See, brother Commande, the peril of yielding to the first devices and manifestations of Satan! We look upon women only to gratify the lust of the eye, and to take pleasure in what men call her beauty; and the Ancient Enemy, the devouring Lion, obtains power over us, to complete by sinfulness and spoil a work which was begun by silliness and folly. It may be that our brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter deserve rather pity than angry chastisement; rather the support of the staff, than the stroke of the rod, and that our attentions and prayers may turn him from his folly, and restore him to his brethren."

"It were deep pity," said Comandant Must-Fisher, "to lose to the Order one of its best losses, when the Holy Community

most require the aid of its coat. Three hundred Saxons bath this Brian de Bois-Guilbert slain with his own hand."

"The blood of these accursed dogs," said the Grand Master, "shall be a sweet and acceptable offering to the saints and angels whom they despise and blaspheme, and with their aid will we exorcise the spells and charms with which our brother is enwined as in a net. He shall burst the bonds of this Danish, as Saxons burst the two new cords with which the Tybaltines had bound him, and shall slaughter the belkide, even leop upon leop. But concerning this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantments over a brother of the Holy Temple, severely she shall do the death."

"But the laws of England,"—said the Preceptor, who, though delighted that the Grand Master's resentment, thus fortunately created from himself and Bois-Guilbert, had taken another direction, began now to fear he was carrying it too far.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumais, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. The most petty baron may arrest, try, and condemn a witch found within his own domains. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple with a preceptary of his Order?—No—we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the workman thereof shall be hanged. Prepare the Castle hall for the trial of the sorcerer."

Albert Malvoisin bowed and retired,—not to give directions for preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and communicate to him how matters were likely to terminate. It was not long ere he found him, frowning with indignation at a reproach he had never sustained from the vile Jewess. "The unwitting," he said, "the wretched, to spare him who, amidst blood and flames, would have saved her life at the risk of his own! By Heaven, Malvoisin! I shudder until now and refuse credited and crushed around me. I was the butt of a hundred arrows; they railed on mine arms like halibuts against a lashed osprey, and the only use I made of my shield was for her protection. Thus did I endure for her, and now the self-willed girl upbraids me that I did not leave her to perish, and refuse me not only the slightest proof of gratitude, but even the most distant hope that ever she will be brought to

great sin. The devil, that possessed her race with slowness, has concentrated the full force in her single person!"

"The devil," said the Preceptor, "I think, possessed you both. How oft have I preached to you caution, if not discretion! Did I not tell you that there were enough willing Christian demands to be met with, who would thank it as to refuse to leave a knight in des. dangerous seas, and you must needs another affliction on a wretched, destitute Jewess! By the way, I think old Lucas Barmanus grows tight, when he mentions she hath cut a spell over you."

"Lucas Barmanus?"—said Ben-Guilbert, reproachfully—"Are these your precautions, Malvolin? Hast thou withheld the secret so long that Rebecca is in the Precipitatory?"

"How could I help it?" said the Preceptor. "I neglected nothing that could keep secret your mystery; but it is betrayed, and whether by the devil or no, the devil only can tell. But I have turned the matter as I could, you are safe if you renounce Rebecca. You are placed—the victim of magical delusion. She is a sorceress, and must suffer as such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Ben-Guilbert.

"By Heaven she must and will!" said Malvolin. "Neither you nor any one else can save her. Lucas Barmanus hath settled that the death of a Jewess will be a sin-offering sufficient to atone for all the unnumbered misdeeds of the Knight Templars; and then knowest he hath both the power and will to execute so reasonable and pious a purpose."

"Will thine eyes believe that such stupid bigotry ever existed?" said Ben-Guilbert, striding up and down the apartment.

"What they may believe, I know not," said Malvolin, calmly; "but I know well, that in this our day, clergy and laymen, take ninety-nine to the hundred, will lay down to the Grand Master's sentence."

"I have it," said Ben-Guilbert. "Albeit, thou art my friend. Thou must console at his escape, Malvolin, and I will transport her to some place of greater security and secrecy."

"I would, if I could," replied the Preceptor, "the manner is fixed with the attendants of the Grand Master, and where who are devoted to him. And, to be frank with you, brother, I would not embark with you in this matter, even if I could hope to bring my back to heaven. I have risked enough already for your sake. I have no mind to encounter a sentence of

degradation, or even to lose my Precipitator, for the sake of a painted piece of Jewish flesh and blood. And you, if you will be pulled by my counsel, will give up this wild-goose chase, and fly your hawk at some other game. Think, Ben-Guliah, — thy present rank, thy future honors, all depend on thy place in the Order. Shouldst thou allow personally to thy parents for this Rebecca, thou wilt give Beaumarchais the power of compelling thee, and he will not neglect it. He is jealous of the truncheon, which he holds in his trussing grasp, and he knows thou standest thy bold hand towards it. Dost not he will ruin thee, if thou affordest him a pretext as fair as thy protection of a Jewish woman. Give him his scope in this matter, for thou canst not control him. When the staff is in these evil men's grasp, they sweep across the daughters of Jacob, or burn them, as they best suit their own humors."

"Malvoine," said Ben-Guliah, "thou art a cold-blooded!"

"Friend," said the Precipitator, listening to fill up the blank, in which Ben-Guliah would probably have placed a common word,—"a cold-blooded friend I am, and therefore more fit to give thee advice. I tell thee once more, that thou canst not save Rebecca. I tell thee once more, thou canst but perish with her. Go his thou to the blessed Master—throw thyself at his feet and tell him."

"Not at his feet, by Heaven! but to the devil's very beard will I say!"

"Say to him, then, to his beard," continued Malvoine, coolly, "that you love this captive Jewess to destruction; and the more thou dost enlarge on thy passion, the greater will be his haste to end it by the death of the fair enchantress; while thou, taken in flagrant defect by the arrival of a crime contrary to thine oath, must hope no aid of thy brethren, and must exchange all thy brilliant visions of nobility and power, to left perhaps a necessary spear in some of the petty quarrels between Plantagenet and Burgundy."

"Thou speakest the truth, Malvoine," said Brian de Ben-Guliah, after a moment's reflection. "I will give the heavy lance an advantage over me; and for Rebecca, she hath not marked at my hand that I should expose rank and honors for her sake. I will cast her off—yes, I will leave her to her fate, unless!"

"Quickly not thy wise and necessary resolution," said Mal-

would; "witness are but the tops which crown our higher being—ambition is the invisible business of life. French a thousand such fatal fancies as this Jewess, before thy nearly sleep genius in the brilliant career that has stretched before thee! For the present we part, yet must we be seen to hold close conversation—I must order the hall for his judgment-seat."

"What!" said Don-Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Ay," replied the Procurator, "and move rapidly on when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Behave," said Don-Guilbert, when he was left alone, "they art like to cost me dear—Why cannot I abandon thee to thy fate, as this calm hypocrite recommends!—One effort will I make to save thee—but beware of ingratitude! for if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal thy love. The life and honour of Don-Guilbert must not be bartered, where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The Procurator had hardly given the necessary orders, when he was joined by Camille Mont-Fitchet, who explained him with the Grand Master's resolution to bring the Jewess to instant trial for sorcery.

"It is surely a decree," said the Procurator; "we have many Jewish physicians, and we call them not wizards, though they work wonderful cures."

"The Grand Master thinks otherwise," said Mont-Fitchet, "and, Albeit, I will be upright with thee—wizard or not, it were better that this miserable damned die, than that Brian de Don-Guilbert should be lost to the Order, or the Order divided by internal dissension. Thou knowest his high rank, his fame is great—thou knowest the aid with which many of our brethren regard him—but all this will not avail him with our Grand Master, should he consider Brian as the accomplice, not the victim, of this Jewess. Were the souls of the twelve tribes in her single help, it were better she suffered alone, than that Don-Guilbert were partner in her destruction."

"I have been working him ever now to abandon her," said Mont-Fitchet, "but still, are there grounds enough to condemn this Rebecca for sorcery?—Will not the Grand Master change his mind when he sees that the proofs are so weak?"

"They must be strengthened, Albeit," replied Mont-Fitchet, "they must be strengthened. Dost thou understand me?"

"I do," said the Procurator; "nor do I scruple to do right

for advancement of the Order—but there is little time to find support fitting.”

“Malvoine, they must be found,” said Comrade; “well will it advantage both the Order and thee. This Templarism is a poor Presumptory—what of Malvoine thou is worth double its value—thou hastest my interest with our old Chief—find those who can carry this matter through, and thou art Presumptor of Malvoine thou in the female Exalt—How sayest thou?”

“There are,” replied Malvoine, “among those who come hither with Don-Guilbert, two sisters whom I well know; servants they were to my brother Philip de Malvoine, and passed from his service to that of Foul-de-Blood!—It may be they know something of the witcheries of this woman.”

“Away, seek them out instantly—and hark thee, if a hundred or two will cheapen their money, let them not be wanting.”

“They would cheer the mother that bore them a scourge for a teacher,” said the Presumptor.

“Away, then,” said Monk-Francis; “at once the affair will proceed. I have not seen our sister in such earnest preparation since he condemned to the stake Ernest Alligh, a convert who reneged to the Muslim faith.”

The powerful castle-lord had told the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a tapping of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy; for she was none shield of the solitary visits of the three and personate Don-Guilbert than of any and that could hold her back. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Comrade and the Presumptor Malvoine entered, attended by four valets clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

“Daughter of an accused man!” said the Presumptor, “rise and follow us.”

“Why hear?” said Rebecca, “and for what purpose?”

“Darest,” answered Comrade, “it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee, that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our holy Order, there to answer for these offences.”

“May the God of Abraham be praised!” said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; “the name of a judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector. Most

willingly do I follow thee—permit me only to wrap my tail around thy hand."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, entered a long gallery, and, by a pair of sliding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Grand Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with sages and judges, who made way, not without some difficulty, for Palama, attended by the Preceptor and Moni-Vishat, and followed by the guard of hall-keepers, to move forward to the seat appointed for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head depressed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold without examining its contents. The impression that she possessed some favour in the awful assembly gave her courage to look around, and to mark into whose province she had been consigned. The guard, accordingly, upon the move, which we shall endeavour to describe in the next chapter

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

There was the fair which bade the wretched here
 At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
 There was the tale, which at the winning voice
 Of truth and heroism might forbade to weep;
 But sternest still, where high the law sat
 Of tyrant power she stood, and said that power of God
 THE MASTER JUDG.

The balcony, erected for the trial of the innocent and unhappy Palama, occupied the high or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall—a platform, which we have already described as the place of honour, destined to be occupied by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of an ancient mansion.

On an elevated seat, directly before the screen, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the sceptre staff, which bore the symbol of the Order. At his feet was placed a table, occupied by two scribes, disciples of the Order, whose duty it was to

radius to form round the proceedings of the day. The black dresses, bare necks, and massive locks of those churchwomen, formed a strong contrast to the white appearance of the knights who attended, either as reading in the Promptory, or as more thither to attend upon their Grand Master. The Promptory, of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height, and somewhat drawn back behind that of their superiors; and the knights, who occupied no such rank as the Choir, were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the Promptory as there from the Grand Master. Behind them, but still upon the same or elevated portion of the left, stood the members of the Choir, in white dresses of an inferior quality.

The whole assembly was an aspect of the most profound gravity, and in the faces of the knights might be perceived traces of military daring, mixed with the solemn earnestness becoming men of a religious profession, and which, in the presence of their Grand Master, failed not to sit upon every brow.

The approaching and lower part of the hall was filled with guests, holding portions, and with other attendants whom curiously had drawn thither, to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish convert. By far the greater part of these inferior persons were, in one rank or other, connected with the Choir, and were accordingly distinguished by their black dresses. But persons from the neighbouring manse were not received admittance, for it was the policy of Desmande to reserve the odifying sports of the justice which he administered as public as possible. His large blue eyes seemed to expand as he gazed around the assembly, and his countenance appeared gladdened by the numerous dignity, and buoyant mirth, of the part which he was about to perform. A pulse, which he himself accompanied with a deep mother tone, which age had not deprived of its power, announced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn music, *Voix catholique* Desmande, as often sang by the English ladies engaging with earthly observance, was judged by Louis most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, for such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness. The deep prolonged notes, raised by a hundred masculine voices accustomed to combine in the choral chant, arose to the vaulted roof of the hall, and rolled on amongst its arches with the plashing yet solemn sound of the making of mighty waves.

When the sound ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the Preceptors was vacant. From de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and was now standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the Knights Companions of the Temple, one hand resting on his long sword, so as in some degree to hide his face, while the other held his cross-handled sword, with the point of which, slanted as it was, he was slowly drawing lines upon the adian floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after observing him with a glance of compassion. "Thou seest, Comrade, how this holy work distresses him. To this man the light look of women, aided by the Prince of the Powers of this world, bring a violent and worthy knight!—Hast thou he cannot look upon us, he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his tormentor his hand forms these cabalistic lines upon the floor?—It may be our life and safety are thus saved us, but we spit at and defy the Red cross. *Semper Leo per-orator!*"

This was communicated apart to his confidential follower, Comrade Mont-Finchet. The Grand Master then raised his voice, and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, Preceptors, and Companions of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children!—you also, well-lore and pious Knightes, who aspire to wear this holy Cross!—and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree!—So it knows to you, that it is not defect of power in us which hath constrained the assembling of this congregation, for, however tardily in our power, yet to us is committed, with this lesson, full power to judge and to try all that regards the weal of this our Holy Order. Holy Saint Bernard, in the rule of our knightly and religious profession, hath said, in the fifty-eighth chapter,* that he would not that brethren be called together in council, were it the will and command of the Master, leaving it free to us, as to those more worthy fellows who have preceded us in this our office, to judge, as well of the occasion as of the time and place in which a chapter of the whole Order, or of any part thereof, may be convoked. Also, in all such chapters, it is

* The rule is again referred to the Rule of the Poor Military Brother head of the Temple, which occur in the works of Saint Bernard.—L. T.

our duty to hear the advice of our brethren, and to proceed according to our own pleasure. But when the ruling will hath made us lieued upon the flock, and carved off one member thereof, it is the duty of the kind shepherd to call his members together, that with love and afte they may quill the member, according to our well-known rule, that the lion is ever to be beaten down. We have therefore summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sottiness and her wilfulness, whereby she hath sullied the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a dwarf, but of a Knight—not of a member Knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple—not of a Knight Chamberlain, but of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, John de Bois-Guilbert, is well known to ourselves, and to all degrees who now hear me, as a true and ardent champion of the Cross, by whose arm many souls of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. Neither have our brother's sagacity and prudence been less in repute among his brethren than his valour and discipline, in so much, that Knight, both in matters and women's hearts, have named De Bois-Guilbert as one who may well be put in nomination to succeed to this station, when it shall please Heaven to release us from the toll of bearing it. If we were told that such a man, so honoured, and so illustrious, valiantly meeting every danger for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish dwarf, wandered in this land compassing through solitary places, deluded her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly blinded and besotted by her folly, as to bring her own to one of our own Preceptors, what should we say but that the noble knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, think not me, valour, high repute, or any earthly consideration, should prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that the evil thing might be removed, even according to the last, *deprece mures a nobis*. For various and heinous are the acts of transgression against the rule of our blessed Order in this lamentable history.—1st, He hath walked according to his proper will, contrary to chapter 23, *Quod nullus faciat propriam voluntatem debeat*.—2d, He hath held communication with an uncommunicated person, against 27,

On fashion are participant men accustomed, and therefore hath a portion in *Amatons Miramaths*.—3d, His hath covered with change women, contrary to the capital, *On fashion are common to our nations collection*.—4th, His hath not avoided, nay, he hath, it is to be feared, selected the line of women; by which, such the last rule of our renowned Order, *On fashion are*, the soldiers of the Cross are brought into a snare. For which heinous and unthought-of guilt, *Ernest de Bois-Guilbert* should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand and right eye thereof."

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly. Some of the younger part, who had been inclined to side at the statute *de ordine fependit*, became now given enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight-Templar, who wilfully offended against the rules of his Order in such weighty points. But if, by means of chance and of spite, *Ernest* had obtained dominion over the Knight, perchance because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his looking on; and, imposing on him only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, we are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the accused instrument, which had so well-nigh consumed his utter falling away.—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy things, that we may judge of the man and bearing thereof; and judge whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this sinful woman, or if we must go on, with a bleeding heart, to the further proceeding against our brother."

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the tale to which *Bois-Guilbert* exposed himself in referencing to our *Edmund* from the *Massing* castle, and the weight of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The man gave those details with the exaggerations common to vulgar minds which have been strongly noticed by my remarkable work, and their natural disposition to the narration was greatly increased by the satisfaction which their evidence seemed to afford to the strongest person for whose information it had been delivered. Thus the danger which *Bois-Guilbert* encountered, in themselves sufficiently great, became poisonous in their narrative. The de-
 v

tion of the Knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond the bounds, not only of discretion, but even of the most frantic excess of chivalrous zeal; and his defence to what she said, even although her language was often coarse and upbraiding, was pointed as never to an enemy, which, in a man of his haughty temper, seemed almost preposterous.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Rosa-Guilford and the Jewess arrived at the Promontory. The evidence of Malvein was skillfully guarded. But while he apparently strove to spare the feelings of Rosa-Guilford, he threw in, from time to time, such hints as seemed to imply that he believed under some temporary delusion of mind, so deeply did he appear to be impressed of the guilt which he brought along with him. With signs of passion, the Preceptor avowed his own conviction for having admitted Rebecca and her lover within the walls of the Promontory—"But my defence," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to our most revered father the Grand Master; he knows my motives were not evil, though my conduct may have been treacherous. Joyfully will I submit to any punishment he shall assign me."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Albert," said Beaumonde; "thy motives were good, since thou didst judge it right to avoid doing wrong brother to his career of perpetrate folly. But thy conduct was wrong; as he that would stop a runaway steed, and smother by the stirrup instead of the bridle, necessarily injury himself, instead of accomplishing his purpose. Thirteen punishments are assigned by our great founder for murder, and none for venience, he those crimes decided by thee. Three a-week are Templestowe permitted the use of that; but do thou keep fast for all the seven days. Thus do for us words to men, and thy purpose is accomplished."

With a hypocritical look of the deepest solicitude, the Preceptor of Templestowe bowed to the ground before his Superior, and resumed his seat.

"Were it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master, "that we exercise something into the former life and conversation of the woman, especially that we may discover whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells, since the truths which we have heard may well induce us to suppose, that in this

unhappy man, our ardent brother has been acted upon by some inherent sentiment and delusion?"

Herman of Goodwinville was the fourth Proceptor present; the other three were Comrade, Malcolin, and Dea-Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, whose face was marked with scars collected by the calms of the Redoubt, and had great rank and consideration among his brethren. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who leniently granted him license of speech. "I would care to know, most Reverend Father, of our valiant brother, Dea de Dea-Guilbert, what he says to these wasteful assumptions, and with what eye he himself now regards his unhappy intercourse with the Jewish studies?"

"Dea de Dea-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "then present the question which our Brother of Goodwinville hath thus shakely asked. I command thee to reply to him."

Dea-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Aword thou, Malcolin!—Speak, Dea de Dea-Guilbert, I command thee, by the spirit of our Holy Order."

Dea-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising anger and indignation, the expression of which, he was well aware, would have been avoided him. "Dea de Dea-Guilbert," he answered, "repiles not, most Reverend Father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which has often fought for Christianity."

"We forgive thee, Brother Dea," said the Grand Master, "though that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us, is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and smacks of the Booby, who tempteth us to seek our own reward. But thou hast our pardon, judging thou speakest less of thine own magnificence than from the impulse of him whom, by Heaven's leave, we will quell and drive forth from our assembly." A gleam of dislike flashed from the dark, fierce eyes of Dea-Guilbert, but he made no reply.—"And now," pursued the Grand Master, "since our brother of Goodwinville's question has been thus impudently answered, permit us our quest, brethren, and with our patron's assistance, we will search to the bottom the mystery of iniquity.—Let those who have sight to witness of

the life and conversation of this Jewish woman, stand forth before us." There was a bottle in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master opened the casket, it was opened, there was in the casket a beardless man, whom the professor had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miracle before.

The poor patient, a German by birth, was dragged forward to the bed, terrified by the great consequences which he might have incurred by the guilt of having been cured of the palsy by a Jewish doctor. Probably cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most surprising was his testimony, and given with many tears, but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a new disease, while labouring for leave the rich Jew, in his possession of a jobber; that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Holman's directions, and especially a warming and spot-smelling before, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. Moreover, he said, she had given him a pot of that precious ointment, and furnished him with a piece of Jewish wisdom, to return to the house of his father, near to Tinsphostere. "And may it please your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot thank the blessed saint here by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess; for even when I met her remedy, I said the Father and the Good, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Fence, drive," said the Grand Master, "and begone! It well with leaves like thee to be tampering and meddling with selfish cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons of mischief. I tell thee, she dare not impose cures for the very purpose of removing them, in order to bring into credit some diabolical fashion of cure. Hast thou that argument of which thou speakest?"

The prisoner, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sure proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Tremblingly, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and, turned in most of the Eastern tongue, read with great noise on the lid,—*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered. "Gather ye out of Babylon,"* said he, "which was current Scripture with Man-

phony, mingling poison with our country's food!—Is there no lock here who can tell us the ingredients of this capital ingredient?"

Two mechanics, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avowed they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they smelted of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they indicated that, since the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unlawful and magical pharmacopoeia; since they themselves, though so coarse, fully understood every branch of their art, so far as it might be assumed with the good faith of a Christian. When this medical research was ended, the Baroness poured cheerfully to have back the medicine which he had found so salutary; but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the couple.

"Higg, the son of Beall," answered the peasant.

"Then Higg, son of Beall," said the Grand Master, "I tell thee it is better to be belov'd, than to accept the benefits of unbelov'd medicines; that thou accept aid and walk; better to depend on the bounty of those to whom by the strong hand thou hast accepted of these unbelov'd gifts, or do thou serve for wages. Go thou, and do as I have said."

"Alack," said the peasant, "as it shall not displease your Reverence, the hour comes too late for me, for I am but a married man; but I will tell my two brethren, who serve the rich Duke, Nathan Ben Sagar, that your masterly says it is more lawful to rob him than to render him faithful service."

"Out with the pesting villain!" said Beamanor, who was not prepared to relate this practical application of his grand maxim.

Higg, the son of Beall, withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his benefactors, lingered until he should learn her doom, even at the risk of again encountering the frown of that severe judge, the terror of which withheld his very heart within him.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to stand herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity—"That it was not the wish of the daughters of her people to answer their fate when

alone in an assembly of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir, in whose mind the impression of such feeling of humanity which could interfere with his imagined duty, was a virtue of itself repugnant to his conscience that his victim should be executed. The guards went about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughters—Alas," she said, remembering herself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for the remembrance of your mothers—for the love of your sisters, and of female decency, let me not be thus handled in your presence; it were not a maiden to be disturbed by such rude grossness. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost melted the heart of Beaumanoir himself, "ye are elders among your people, and at your command I will show the features of an ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which beauty shone contrasted with dignity. Her answering beauty excited a murmur of surprise, and the young knights told each other with their eyes, in silent conversation, that Death's last agony was in the power of her red cheeks, rather than of her imaginary weakness. But Higg, the son of Good, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactress. "Let me go forth," he said to the warden at the door of the hall,—*"let me go forth!—To look at her again will kill me, for I have had a share in murdering her."*

"Peace, poor man," said Robson, when she heard his declaration; "thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth—they must not aid me by thy complaints or lamentations. Peace, I pray thee—go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the composition of the warden, who was apprehensive that his clamorous grief should draw upon them reprehensions, and upon himself punishment; but he persisted to be silent, and was permitted to remain. The two men-at-arms, with whom Albert Malvoisie had not failed to communicate upon the import of their testimony, were now called forward. Though both were hardened and inflexible villains, the sight of the captive maiden, as well as her moving beauty, at last appeared to stagger them; but an expres-

drive, given from the Pulpit of Templestree, revived them to their dazed senses, and they delivered, with a precision which would have seemed impossible to more important subjects, circumstances either altogether fabulous or trivial, and related in themselves, but rendered pregnant with suspicion by the suggested manner in which they were told, and the master consistency which the witnesses added to the facts. The circumstances of these evolutions would have been, in modern days, divided into two classes—those which were historical, and those which were actually and physically impossible. But both were, in those ignorant and superstitious times, easily credited as proofs of guilt.—The first class set forth, that Rebecca was known to neither to herself in an unknown tongue—that the songs she sang by the side of a strangely sweet sound, which made the ears of the hearing tingle, and her heart throb—that she spoke at times to herself, and seemed to look upward for a reply—that her garments were of a strange and exotic form, unlike those of women of good repute—that she had rings impressed with cabalistical devices, and that strange characters were inscribed on her vest.

All these circumstances, so natural and so trivial, were guardedly listened to as proofs, or, at least, as affording strong suspicions, that Rebecca had unlawful correspondences with mystical powers.

But there was less approved testimony, which the credulity of the assembly, or of the greater part, greatly overlooked, however incredible. One of the soldiers had seen her walk a pace upon a wounded man, brought with them to the castle of Templestree. He did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he believed God in unknown way, when the arm bent of a square cross-bow bolt damaged steel from the wound, the bleeding was checked, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in manœuvring a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact, that Rebecca had attended on the wounded knight when in the castle of Templestree. But it was the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to produce real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had

been remarkably extracted from the wound; and as the man weighed a full counce it completely confirmed the tale, however miraculous.

The crowd had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene between Rebecca and Ben-Gurion, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companions, this fellow asked that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the tower, and there take the form of a white-winged eagle, under which appearance she flitted three times round the walls of Toppolis, then again settle on the tower, and once more remove the female sign.

Less than one half of this weighty evidence would have been sufficient to convict any old woman, poor and ugly, even though she had not been a Jewess. United with that fatal circumstance, the body of proof was too weighty for Rebecca's youth, though couched with the most exquisite beauty.

The Grand Master had collected the witnesses, and now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice tremulous with emotion, "would, I am aware, be as reckless as I should hold it even. To state that to refuse the sick and wounded of another religion, cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also wounding; to plead that many things which these men (whom may Heaven pardon!) have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility; and still less would it advantage me to explain, that the practices of my dress, language, and customs, are those of my people—I had well-nigh said, of my country, but alas! we have no country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the denials and excuses which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—But he judge between him and me! but rather would I submit to an early death, as your pleasure may determine against me, than listen to the tale which that man of blood has spun upon me—deceitful, delusive, and his prisoner. But in the of your own faith, and his highest utterances would weigh down the poor solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me—but

to himself—Yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false! as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly!”

There was a pause, all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

“Speak,” she said, “if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear, by the name thou dost utter—by the knighthood thou dost wear—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?”

“Answer her, brother,” said the Grand Master, “if the Enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power.”

In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost overthrew his balance, and in vain with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca,—“The scroll—the scroll!”

“Ay,” said Beaumont, “this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his ailment.”

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words uttered as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demond a Disciple!* The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois-Guilbert, gave Rebecca leisure to examine, and minutely to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

“Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?”

“There is yet one chance of life left to me,” said Rebecca, “even by your own force laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of obtaining it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falseness of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion.”

“And who, Rebecca,” replied the Grand Master, “will lay down in rest for a moment? who will be the champion of a Jewess?”

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca—"it cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

— Thus I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee in the imminent point
Of mortal danger.

ROMANCE II.

Even Louis Beaumanoir himself was affected by the mien and appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally a cruel, or even a severe man; but with passions by nature cold, and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he pursued, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the supposed necessity of unshaken fidelity and unflinching heroism, which he considered particularly incumbent on him. His passions relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unprotected, and defending herself with so much spirit and courage. He crossed himself twice, as doubting whence came the unwonted softening of a heart, which on such occasions used to resemble as harden the steel of his sword. At length he spoke.

"Damsel," he said, "if the pity I feel for thee arises from any passion thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieve that so goodly a form should be a vessel of pollution. Repent, my daughter—confess thy witchcrafts—turn thee from these evil doings—embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In name ofstedood of the strictest order, shall thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be reported of. This do and live—what

but the law of Honor done for thee, that thou shouldst die for it!"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca, "it was delivered to themselves and is stored upon the mountains of Sinai, in deed and in fire. True, if ye are Christians, ye believe—it is, you say, modified: but so my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel!"—

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly, "I am a maiden, untrained to dispute for my religion, but I can do for it, if it be God's will.—Let me pay your sword to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir, "This is refused," he continued, as he looked at the snowy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail glove for a purpose so deadly!—Send them, Rebecca, to this stern and hugh glove of thine in to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost permit us thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do permit, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the Prioreaux around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat; but though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws, and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us, upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. Thus, therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, detected of secret profanity on the person of a noble knight of our holy Order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, returned brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the page of battle,

sending him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the Preceptor of Goodriches, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian be under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak; but for the sake of precaution, for to the arms of none of our holy Order would we mean willingly confide then or a more weighty cause."

"Barrenest father," answered the Preceptor of Goodriches, "no spell can affect the champion who means forward to fight for the judgment of God."

"Then sayst right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert.—It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, addressing him off to Bois-Guilbert, "that thou do thy battle manfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph,—and do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger who is else of another faith, to find one who will do battle, waging life and honour for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be fought in our own presence, and divine weighty causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in Him, to whom no matter is as effectual to me as a whole age."

"Thou hast spoken well, daughter," said the Grand Master, "but well know we who can creep himself like an angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting place of combat, and, if it so hap, site of execution.—Where is the Preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How?" said the Grand Master, "will he not resolve the gage?"

"He will—he doth, most Barrenest Father," said Malvoisin, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the street to be the lists of Saint George

belonging to this Preceptory, and used by us for military exercises."

"It is well," said the Grand Master.—"Rebecca, in three days thou shalt produce thy champion; and if thou refuse to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud, that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains, who acted as clerk to the chapter, immediately expressed the order in a huge volume, which contained the proceedings of the Templar Knights when solemnly assembled on such occasions; and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which, when translated from the Norman French in which it was couched, was expressed as follows:—

"Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery, seduction, and other damnable practices, practised as a Knight of the most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same; and sweth, that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, wicked, and dishonest; and that by lawful oaths* of her body as being unable to combat in her own behalf, she doth offer, by a champion instead thereof, to avouch her case, he performing his loyal duty in all brightly wot, with such arms as in page of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril and cost. And thenceforth she proffered her page. And the page having been delivered to the noble Lord and Knight, Brian de Bois-Griffours, of the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, he was appointed to do this battle, in behalf of his Order and himself, as injured and impeired by the practices of the appellant. Wherefore the most reverend Father and puissant Lord, Louis Marquis of Beaumarchais, did allow of the said challenge, and of the said oaths of the appellant's body, and assigned the third day for the said combat, the place being the enclosure called the lists of Saint George, near to the Preceptory of Templestowe. And the Grand Master appoints the appellant to appear there by her champion, on pain of doom, as a person convicted of sorcery or seduction; and also the defendant so to appear, under the penalty of being held and adjudged

* Another signifies oaths, and here refers to the appellant's privilege of appearing by her champion, in excuse of her own person on account of her sex.

moment in case of defeat; and the noble Lord and most revered Father should appoint the battle to be done in his own presence, and according to all that is commendable and profitable in such a case. And may God aid the just cause!"

"Amen!" said the Grand Master, and the word was echoed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to heaven, and, folding her hands, remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master, that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free conversation with her friends, for the purpose of making her confidants known to them, and procuring, if possible, some champion of fight in her behalf.

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here, who, either for love of a good cause, or for simple hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to show any interest in the calumniated prisoner, but he should be suspected of leaning towards Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, for how any feelings of compassion alone, could overcome this apprehension.

Rebecca stood for a few moments in indestructible anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus?—And, in English land, am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Wigg, the son of Smell, at length replied, "I am but a middling man, but that I am at all able or move was owing to her charitable assistance.—I will do thine errand," he added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object one, and happy were my hands strong enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He can turn the captivity of Judah, even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the devil is as sure a messenger as the angel. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this errand.—I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge

that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell! Life and death are in thy hands."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have demanded him, thus, teaching a document so mysterious; but Higg was reading in the service of his benefactress. She had saved his body, he said, and he was confident she did not mean to peril his soul.

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Nathan's good capot," and I will be at York within an hour's space as man and beast may."

But as it fortune, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Precinctory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel; and both had approached as near to the Precinctory as they dared, on hearing that the Glorious Master had summoned a champion for the trial of a sorcerer.

"Brother Ben Samuel," said Isaac, "my soul is disquieted, and I wot not why. The change of season is right often used for checking evil practices on our people."

"Be of good comfort, brother," said the physician, "then cannot deal with the Hushim as one possessing the attributes of righteousness, and cannot therefore purchase immunity at their hands—it takes the savage minds of those wretched men, even as the sight of the mighty Solomon was said to confound the evil genii.—But what poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches, dragging, as I think, some speech of me?—Friend," continued the physician, addressing Higg, the son of David, "I refuse thee not the aid of mine art, but I refuse not with one upon those who beg for alms upon the highway. Out upon thee!—Hush thou who play in thy legs! werest thou let thy hands work for thy livelihood; be, albeit thou wait for a speedy post, or for a mortal shipboard, or for the warfare, or for the service of a busy master, yet thou be occupation.—How now, brother?" said he, interrupting his harangues to look towards Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his saddle like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

The Rabbi now descended to great alarm, and hastily

* *Cyot*, i. e. Isaac; at a more limited sense, week-days.

applied the remedies which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion. He had even taken from his pocket a cupping apparatus, and was about to proceed to phlebotomy, when the object of his anxious solicitude suddenly revived; but it was to dash his cup from his hand, and to throw dust on his grey hairs. The physician was at that instant to soothe the swollen and violent emotion to the effects of insanity; and, adhering to his original purpose, began once again to handle his instruments. But Isaac soon convinced him of his error.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called *Isaiah*, instead of *Isaac*! Why should thy death bring down my grey hairs to the grave, *ill*, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die!"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a doctor in Israel, and dost thou utter words like unto these!—I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth!"

"His breath," answered Isaac; "but it is as David, who was called *Bethshazzar*, even when within the den of the lions. She is expired into those arms of Rachel, and they will wreak their cruelty upon her, sparing neither for her youth nor her sunny frown. Oh! she was as a crown of green palms to my grey locks; and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Joseph!—Child of my love!—child of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words:—

"To Isaac, the son of Adoniram, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of Turk, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Saracens, and that within the limits of Templestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath come to help her. But if thou may not be, let the virgins of

our people mourn for me as for one cast off, and for the land that is stricken by the hunter, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe of the reaper. Wherefore, look now what thou dost, and whether there be any reason. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father; for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And my wife, too, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she break or die wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou shalt be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thyself to Cordova, where thy brother Frank is safety, under the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Beshbal the Saracen; for less cruel are the conditions of the Moors unto the race of Jacob, than the conditions of the Nazarenes of England."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben Samud read the letter, and then again resumed the postures and exclamations of Oriental sorrow, tearing his garments, bespitting his head with dust, and ejaculating, "My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone!"

"Yea," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for this grief availeth nothing. Gird up thy loins, and seek out this Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath favour in the eyes of Richard, called of the Nazarenes *Coeur-de-Lion*, and the things that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, and his signal, commanding these men of blood, who take their name from the Temple to the dishonour thereof, that they proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a good youth, and hath companion for the exile of Jacob. But he cannot bear his armour, and what other Christian shall do battle for the oppressed of Zion?"

"Nay, but," said the Rabbi, "thou speakest as one that knoweth not the Gentiles. With gold shall they buy their

valued, even as with gold they bought their own safety. Be of good courage, and do thou not forward to find out this Wilfred of Franco. I will stir up and be doing, for great sin it were to leave thee in thy adversity. I will take me to the city of York, where many varrons and strong men are assembled, and doubt not I will find among them some one who will do battle for thy daughter; for gold is their god, and for riches will they pawn their lives as well as their heads.—Thou wilt fulfil my wishes, such promise as I may make unto them to thy name?"

"Anxiously, brother," said Isaac, "and Heaven be praised that raised me up a comforter in my misery. However, grant them not their full demand at once, for thou shalt find it the quality of this scorned people that they will ask promise, and practitioners accept of none.—Nevertheless, be it as thou wilt, for I am distracted in this thing, and what would my gold avail me if the child of my love should perish?"

"Farewell," said the physician, "and may it be to thee as thy heart desireth."

They embraced accordingly, and departed on their several roads. The crippled peasant remained for some time looking after them.

"These dog-Jews!" said he; "to take no more notice of a free gold-brother, than if I were a bond slave or a Turk, or a scorned Hebrew like themselves! They might have done me a wrong or two, however. I was not obliged to bring their unhalloved sorcery, and run the risk of being bewitched, as more folk than one told me. And what care I for the bit of gold that the witch gave me, if I am to come to harm from the priest next Easter at confession, and be obliged to give him twice as much to make it up with him, and be called the Jew's lying part all my life, as it may hap, into the bargain! I think I was bewitched in earnest when I was beside the girl!—But it was always so with Jew or Gentile, whomever came near her—none could stay when she had an errand to go—and still, whomever I think of her, I would give shop and tools to save her life."

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

O soul, meditating and wild as thou art,
 My house is proud as thine own.

REWARD.

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn we have ventured thus to translate into English.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 His fathers' God before him bore,
 An angel guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the wilderness' track
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's silence'd moon
 Illumed the deep solennity's glow.

There rose the choired hymns of praise,
 And trump and timbrel storied hym,
 And David's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With psalm's and warrior's notes interwoven.
 No portents now our feet amaze,
 Perilous found we none here ;
 Our fathers would not have Yeh's ways,
 And Yours had left them to their own.

But, pressed still, though near heaven ;
 When brightly shone the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Yours a cloudy screen
 To temper the desert's ray,
 And oh, when steep as David's path
 Be shade and storm the frequent sight,
 Be Yours, impervious, slow to wind,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our hearts are left by Yours's stream,
 The tyrant's past, the devil's crew ,
 No enemy need our other fear,
 And none our timbrel, trump, and harp
 But Yours has said, the land of peace,
 The task of ours, I will not give ,
 A warrior heart, no warrior thought,
 Ask none excepted meritor.

When the sounds of Rebecca's devotional hymn had died away in silence, the low knock at the door was again repeated. "Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend, and if a foe, I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."

"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apartment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the result of this interview shall make me."

Alarmed at the sight of this man, whose evil-toned position she considered as the root of her misfortune, Rebecca drew backward with a cautious and alarmed, yet not a timorous demure, into the darkest corner of the apartment, as if determined to retreat as far as she could, but to stand her ground when retreat became no longer possible. She drew herself into an attitude not of defiance, but of resolution, as one that would avoid provoking assault, yet was ready to repel it, being offered, to the utmost of her power.

"You have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the Templar; "or if I must so qualify my speech, you have at least none to reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although her short-drawn breath seemed to belie the bravado of her accents; "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"You have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely; "my former hostile attempts you have not now to dread. Within your cell are guards, even when I have no authority. They are designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer you to be insulted by any one, even by me, were my fancy—for fancy it is—to urge me so far."

"May heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "death is the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil."

"Ay," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is easily received by the courageous mind, when the road to it is sudden and open. A thrust with a lance, a stroke with a sword, were to me little—To you, a spring from a dazy bustlement, a stroke with a sharp pointed, less or heavier, compared with what other thinks degrees. Mark me—I say this—perhaps mine own sentiments of honour are not less fantastic, Rebecca, than thine are; but we know alike how to die for them."

"Unhappy man," said the Jewess; "and art thou condemned to expose thy life for principles, of which thy sober judgment does not acknowledge the validity? Surely this is a

parting with your treasure for that which is not bread—but does not do of me. Thy resolution may fluctuate on the wild and changeable billows of human opinion, but mine is anchored on the Rock of Ages.”

“Silence, madman,” answered the Templar; “such discourses now strike but little. Thou art condemned to die not a sudden and easy death, such as military strokes, and desperate welcomes, but a slow, wretched, protracted course of tortures, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of these men calls thy crime.”

“And to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I owe this?” said Rebecca; “surely only to him, who, for a most selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and who now, for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to aggravate the wretched fate to which he exposed me.”

“Think not,” said the Templar, “that I have so exposed thee; I would have buckled thee against such danger with my own hands, as freely as ever I exposed it to the shafts which had otherwise reached thy life.”

“Had thy purpose been the honorable protection of the innocent,” said Rebecca, “I had thanked thee for thy care—as it is, thou hast doomed me to die for it so often, that I tell thee life is worth nothing to me, preserved at the price which thou wouldst exact for it.”

“Trace with thine upbraidings, Rebecca,” said the Templar, “I have my own cause of grief, and brook not that thy reproaches should add to it.”

“What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?” said the Jewess; “speak it briefly.—If thou hast ought to do, come to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and then, if so it please you, leave me to myself—the step between thee and eternity is short but terrible, and I have few moments to prepare for it.”

“I perceive, Rebecca,” said Bois-Orléans, “that thou dost continue to burden me with the charge of distresses, which most thou would I have prevented.”

“Sir Knight,” said Rebecca, “I would avoid reproaches—but what is more certain than that I owe my death to thine unrelenting passion?”

“You are—you are,”—said the Templar, hastily, “if you impute what I could neither know nor prevent to my purpose or agency.—Could I guess the unexpected arrival of you distant,

when some shadow of heroic valour, and the passion yielded by death to the stupid self-torments of an ascetic, have raised the true grandeur above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and above the hundreds of our Order, who think and feel as men free from such silly and fantastic prejudices as are the grounds of his opinions and actions?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, "you sit a judge upon me, innocent—most innocent—as you know me to be—you entered in my condemnation, and, if I might understand, are yourself to appear in court to assist my guilt, and secure my punishment."

"Thy patience, madam," replied the Templar,—"He may know as well as thine own tales how to submit to the doom, and as to turn their back as to make advantage even of an adverse wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has taught such art to the house of Israel! but adversity bends the heart as the breeze the stubborn steel, and those who are no longer their own governors, and the despots of their own free independent state, must bow before stronger. It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our own misdeeds and those of our fathers; but you—you who boast your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper is your bondage when you stoop to scold the prejudices of others, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, pacing the apartment with impatience, "but I mean not further to busy reproaches with you.—Know that Bois-Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. He will be the mountain's stream, which may indeed be turned for a little space aside by the rock, but still runs to find its course to the ocean. That would which would then be deemed a champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois-Guilbert? in whom else couldst thou have excited such interest?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me—was this all thou couldst do for me, as whose head thou hast heaped sorrow, and whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, madam," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was not all that I proposed. Had it not been for the scornful interference of your frenzied dotard, and the fall of Goodfellow, who, being a

Templar, affords to think and judge according to the ordinary rules of humanity, the office of the Champion Defender had devolved, not on a Preceptor, but on a Companion of the Order. Thus I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in the lists as thy champion, disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving knight, who seeks adventures to prove his shield and spear; and then, let Beaumaneir have chosen not one, but two or three of the brethren here assembled, I had not doubted to cast them out of the saddle with my single lance. Thus, Rebecca, should three innocents have been avenged, and to thine own gratitude would I have sought for the reward of my victory."

"Thus, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "is but idle boasting—a brag of what you would have done had you not found it convenient to do otherwise. You reserved my glove, and my champion, if a creature so desolate can find one, must encounter your lance in the lists—yet you would assume the air of my friend and protector?"

"Thy friend and protector," said the Templar, gravely, "I will yet be—but mark at a lost risk, or rather at what certainty, of deliverance; and then blame me not if I make my stipulations, before I offer up all that I have hitherto held dear, to save the life of a Jewish maiden."

"Speak," said Rebecca; "I understand thee not."

"Well, then," said Don-Gualtero, "I will speak as freely as ever did dotting pontiffs to his ghostly father, when placed in the tricky confessional—Rebecca, if I appear not in those lists I lose time and rank—time that which is the breath of my sword, the arena, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of succeeding to that mighty authority, which is now withheld by the bigoted dastard Louis de Beaumaneir, but of which I should make a far different use. Such is my certain doom, except I appear in arms against the cross. Account he be of Goodalruke, who bafled this trap for me; and doubly account Albert de Malveaux, who withheld me from the resolution I had formed, of hasting back the glove at the face of the superstitious and superannuated fool, who listened to a charge so absurd, and against a creature so high in mind, and so lovely in form as thou art?"

"And what now wouldst thou or fatter?" answered Rebecca.

"Thus hast made thy choice between meeting to be chid the

blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering three ever earthly state and earthly hope—What would it to achieve against?—My choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her; "my choice is not made—nay, mark, it is time to make the decision. If I appear in the lists, I must necessarily my name in arms, and if I do so, championed or undaunted, then I die by the stake and faggot, for there lies not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal terms, or on terms of vantage, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his master of France, France, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his counsel, and Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy daimon should instigate some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defence."

"And what would'st repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy fate as every day."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, then am I a degraded and dishonoured knight, accused of wickedness and of concubinage with Ishide—the illustrious name, which has given yet more so under my wearing, becomes a laughing and a reproach. I lose fame, I lose honour, I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce emperor's claim to—I sacrifice mighty ambition, I destroy schemes built as high as the mountains with which heathens say their heaven was once nearly scaled—and yet, Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice, this fame will I renounce, this power will I forgo, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, Bois-Guilbert, I renounce thee for my lover."

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight," answered Rebecca, "but listen to the Regent, the Queen Mother, and to France John—they cannot, in honour to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So shall you get no protection without sacrifice on your part, or the pretext of repaying my refusal from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of

her sake—"It is thee only I address; and what can counter-balance thy choice? Reflect that, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca, afraid to provide the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to endure his passion, nor ever hope to endure it. "Be a man, be a Christian! If, indeed, thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tempers than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter."

"No, damsel!" said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame, and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca," he said, again softening his tone; "England,—Europe,—is not the world. There are spaces in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrad, Marysle of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend free as myself from the dotting scruples which sister our free-born names—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the hypocrites whom we condemn.—I will form new paths to greatness," he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides—"Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her sons!—Not the millions whom her cruelties send to slaughter, can do so much to defile Palestine—not the armies of the thousands and ten thousands of Europeans can hew their way so deep into that land for which nations are striving, as the strength and policy of me and those brethren, who, in despite of yonder old bigot, will adhere to me in good and evil. Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca.—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valor will gain for you, and I will exchange my long-desired baron for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca; "an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share, nor hold I so light of currency as religious faith, as to attract him who is willing to batter down the, and cast away the bonds of the Order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unrelenting passion for the daughter of another people.—Far not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—will not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not

for a selfish advantage—Go to the throne of England, Richard will listen to my appeal from those cruel men."

"Nerve, Rebecca!" said the Templar, sternly. "If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall retake mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be foiled on all hands—Swear my arrest to Richard!—ask a boon of that heart of pride!—Nerve, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his feet in my person. I may forfeit the Order, I never will degrade or betray it."

"Now God be gracious to me," said Rebecca, "for the succour of man is well-nigh hopeless!"

"It is indeed," said the Templar; "thou, proud as thou art, thou hast in me forced thy watch. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and think then upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be hurled upon a blazing pile—disposed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed—not a relic left of that graceful frame, from which we could say this kneed and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in women to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit."

"Bele Gualbert," answered the Jewess, "thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best fortune. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in the fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by a woman when called upon to suffer by attention or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong nervous within me, that my courage shall exceed higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee, the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who may hide his face from his people, but who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth."

"We part then thus?" said the Templar after a short pause; "would to Heaven we had never met, or that thou hadst born noble as birth and Christian in faith!—Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think what and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of those own degraded nation;

my hand conversant with sword and shield, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the starving and bankrupt laborer—this could I wish, Rebecca, to be near to thee in life, and to escape the fearful doom I must have in thy death."

"Thou hast spoken the Jew," said Rebecca, "as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Heaven is to us has driven him from his country, but industry has opened to him the only road to power and to influence which oppression has left unbarred. Read the modern history of the people of God, and tell me if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations, were that a people of slaves and slaves!—And know, proud knight, we number names stronger to us which your boasted northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that stand firmer back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the marriage-bed between the chambers, and which derive their splendor from no earthly power, but from the awful Voice, which bade their fathers be secret of the congregation in the Flints—Such were the princes of the House of Jacob."

Rebecca's colour rose, as she boasted the ancient glories of her race, but faded as she added with a sigh, "Such were the princes of Judah, now such no more!—They are trampled down like the shore grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways. Yet there are those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac the son of Adam! Farewell! I envy not thy blood-won honours—I envy not thy heathen descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

"There is a spell on me, by Heaven!" said Bala-Gilbert. "I almost think you haunted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee has something in it more than is natural.—Fair creature!" he said, approaching near her, but with great respect,—"so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with misery and agony. Who would not weep for thee?—The loss, that has been a stranger to these eyes for twenty years, sustains them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving

before the storm, which are dashed against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part, at least, as friends part. I have assumed thy resolution is vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamantine decrees of fate."

"Then," said Rebecca, "do men, then, on fate the brow of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Ben-Gadbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the daggered, and the weeds have crested up, and conspired to shake the fair and wholesome blossom."

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untought, untamed—and proved, that, amidst a school of empty skulls and crazy lips, I have attained the pre-eminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high as my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such was I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof.—But thou forgive me, Rebecca!"

"As freely as ever victim forgives her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment.

The Preceptor Albert waited impatiently in an adjacent chamber the return of Ben-Gadbert.

"Thou hast tarried long," he said; "I have been as if stretched on red-hot iron with very impatience. What if the Grand Master or his eye Comrade, had come hither! I had paid dear for my complacency.—But what aile thee, brother!—Thy step hastens, thy brow is as black as night. Art thou well, Ben-Gadbert?"

"Ay," answered the Templar, "as well as the wretch who is doomed to die within an hour.—Nay, by the rood, not half so well—for there be those in such state, who run up down life like a coat-of garment. By Heaven, Malveaux, yonder girl hath willingly consumed me. I am half resolved to go to the Grand Master, shew the Order to his very teeth, and refuse to set the brutality which his tyranny has imposed on me."

"Thou art mad," answered Malveaux; "thou sayest thou hast willingly consumed me, but must not even find a chance thereby to save the life of the Jewess, which seems so precious in thine eyes. Beaumanoir will name another of the Order to defend his judgment in thy place, and the second will be

surely perish as if thou hadst taken the duty imposed on thee."

"The tale—I will myself take upon me in her behalf," answered the Templar, haughtily, "and should I do so, I think, Halwode, that thou knowest not one of the Order, who will keep his sword before the point of my lance."

"Ay, but thou forgettest," said the wily adviser, "thou wilt have neither leisure nor opportunity to execute this mad project. Go to Lucas Remondino, and say thou hast returned thy vow of abstinence, and see how long the despotic old man will leave thee in personal freedom. The words shall scarce have left thy lips, ere thou wilt either be an hundred feet under ground, in the dungeon of the Preceptory, to share total as a recondite knight, or, if his opinion holds concerning thy possession, thou wilt be enjoying slave, darkness, and chains, in some distant convent cell, strewed with coarseness, and drenched with holy water, to expel the evil fiend which hath obtained dominion over thee. Thou comest to the hole, Bruce, or thou art a lost and disconcerted man."

"I will break forth and fly," said Bois-Guilbert—"fly to some distant land, to which folly and fanaticism have not yet found their way. No drop of the blood of this most excellent creature shall be spilled by my ambition."

"Thou canst not fly," said the Preceptor; "thy ravings have excited suspicion, and thou wilt not be permitted to leave the Preceptory. Go and make the way—present thyself before the gate, and command the bridge to be lowered, and mark what answer thou shalt receive.—Thou art surprised and offended; but is it not the better for thee? Woe thee to fly, what would come but the reversal of thy aim, the disclosure of this secret, the degradation of thy rank?—Think on it. Where shall these old companions in arms bide their heads when Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the best lance of the Templars, is proclaimed renegade, amid the blazes of the assembled people? What good will be at the Court of France? With what joy will the haughty Richard hear the news, that the knight that set him hard in Palestine, and well-nigh darkness his renown, has lost face and honour for a Jewish girl, whom he could not even save by so costly a sacrifice?"

"Halwode," said the knight, "I think thee—thou hast touched the string at which my heart most rudely thrills!—

Come of it what way, recruit shall never be added to the cause of Bois-Guilbert. Would to God Richard, or any of his murdering minions of England, would appear in these lists! But they will be empty—no one will risk to break a lance for the innocent, the unborn.”

“The better for thee, if it prove so,” said the Friar, “if no champion appears, it is not by thy means that this unhappy peasant shall die, but by the doom of the Grand Master, with whom rests all the blame, and who will count that blame for praise and commendation.”

“True,” said Bois-Guilbert: “If no champion appears, I am but a part of the payment, sitting indeed on horseback, in the lists, but having no part in what is to follow.”

“None whatever,” said Malvoisin, “so more than the armed image of Saint George when it makes part of a procession.”

“Well, I will resume my resolution,” replied the haughty Templar. “She has despised me—repulsed me—reviled me—and whosoever should I offer up for her whatever of estimation I have in the opinion of others? Malvoisin, I will appear in the lists.”

He left the apartment hastily as he uttered these words, and the Friar followed, to watch and confirm him in his resolution; for in Bois-Guilbert’s case he had himself a strong interest, expecting much advantage from his being one day at the head of the Order, not to mention the preference of which Mount-Pischat had given him hopes, on condition he would forward the consummation of the unfortunate Rebecca. Yet although, in combating his friend’s better feelings, he possessed all the advantage which a wily, composed, selfish disposition has over a man agitated by strong and contending passions, it required all Malvoisin’s art to keep Bois-Guilbert steady to the purpose he had prevailed on him to adopt. He was obliged to watch him closely to prevent his renouncing his purpose of flight, to intercept his communication with the Grand Master, but he should come to an open rupture with his Superior, and to recur, from time to time, the various arguments by which he endeavored to show, that, in appearing as champion in this cause, Bois-Guilbert, without either accelerating or causing the fate of Rebecca, would follow the only course by which he could save himself from degradation and disgrace.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

Shadow's quest I—Richard's himself again.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the Black Knight—for it became necessary to resume the title of his adventures—left the Tynning-tree of the generous Outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, of small extent and revenue, called the Priory of Saint Eobald's, to which the wounded Irnshaw had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and the magnanimous Wamba. It is unnecessary at present to mention what took place in the interim between Wilfred and his deliverer; suffice it to say, that after long and grave consideration, messengers were despatched by the Prior in several directions, and that on the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the prior. Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Irnshaw, "at Ovingburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstan, since there thy father Cedric holds the faneel seat for his noble nation. I would see your faces blazoned together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. Then also wilt meet me; and it shall be my task to remould thee to thy father."

So saying, he took an affectionate farewell of Irnshaw, who expressed an anxious desire to attend upon his deliverer. But the Black Knight would not listen to the proposal.

"Rest this day; thou wilt have some strength enough to travel on the next. I will have no grudge with me but loved Wamba, who can play priest or fool as I shall be most in the humour."

"And I," said Wamba, "will attend you with all my heart. I would fain see the flourishing of the faneel of Athelstan; for, if it be not dull and frequent, he will rise from the dead; to rebuke monk, sinner, and cupbearer; and that were a sight worth seeing. Always, Sir Knight, I will trust your valour with making my excuse to my master Cedric, in case mine own wit should fail."

"And how should my poor valour succeed, Sir Jester, when thy light wit fails?—resolve me that."

"With, Sir Knight," replied the Jester, "may do much. He is a quick, apprehensive knave, who sees his neighbour's blind side, and knows how to keep the long-gage when his passions are blowing high. But valour is a steady fellow that makes all right. He runs against both wind and tide, and makes way notwithstanding; and, therefore, good for Knight, while I take advantage of the fair weather in our noble master's temper, I will expect you to better yourself when it grows rough."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure as to be disappointed," said Deschtes, "I fear too you have chosen a talkative and a troublesome fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as if he had a hunter who frequents them, and the poor knave, as thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the Knight, "as he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desires to make it pleasant.—Part thou well, blind Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to travel till to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Deschtes, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion. Ivanhoe followed them with his eyes, until they were lost in the shades of the surrounding forest, and then returned into the convent.

But shortly after midnigh, he requested to see the Prior. The old man came to him, and inquired anxiously after the state of his health.

"It is better," he said, "than my fondest hope could have anticipated; either my wound has been slighter than the effusion of blood led me to suppose, or this balsam hath wrought a wonderful cure upon it. I feel already as if I could bear my sword; and so much the better, for thoughts pass in my mind which render me unwilling to remain here longer in inactivity."

"How the saints forbid," said the Prior, "that the son of the Baron Cedric should leave our convent ere his wounds were healed! It were shame to our profession were we to suffer it."

"Nor would I desire to leave your hospitable roof, venerable father," said Ivanhoe, "did I not feel myself able to endure the journey, and compelled to undertake it."

"And what can have urged you to so sudden a departure?" said the Prior.

"Have you never, holy father," answered the Knight, "felt

an apprehension of approaching evil, for which you in vain attempted to assign a cause?—Have you never found your mind darkened, like the sunny landscape, by the sudden cloud, which signifies a coming tempest?—And thinkest thou not that such impulses are deserving of attention, as being the hints of our guardian spirits, that danger is impending?

"I may not deny," said the Prior, answering himself, "that such things have been, and have been of ill-consequence; but then, such circumstances have had a visibly useful scope and tendency. But thou, wounded as thou art, what couldst thou do? shouldst follow the steps of him whom thou couldst not aid, were he to be assaulted?"

"Prior," said Irvahoe, "thou dost mistake—I am stout enough to exchange bullets with any one who will challenge me to such a traffic.—But were it otherwise, may I not still learn were he in danger, by other means than by force of arms? It is but too well known that the Saxons love not the Norman race, and who knows what may be the issue, if he leads in upon them when their hearts are irritated by the death of Athelstan, and their hands heated by the murder in which they will indulge themselves? I bidd him entrance among them at such a moment most perilous, and I am resolved to show or avert the danger; which, that I may the better do, I would crave of thee the use of some palfrey whose pace may be softer than that of my destrier?"

"Hardly," said the worthy abbot; "you shall have mine own walking jennet, and I would it called as may be your name as that of the Abbot of Saint Albans. Yet this will I say for Malin, for so I will her, that unless you were to borrow a mile on the juggler's stool that paces a humpback amongst the eggs, you could not go a journey on a creature so gentle and smooth-paced. I have composed many a hymn on her back, to the affliction of my brethren of the convent, and many poor Christian souls."

"I pray you, reverend father," said Irvahoe, "let Malin be got ready instantly, and let Gurk attend me with mine arms."

"Nay but, fair sir," said the Prior, "I pray you to remember that Malin hath as little skill in arms as her master, and that I warrant not her enduring the sight or weight of your full

* *Destrier*—war-horse.

passage. Oh, Malin, I promise you, in a hour of judgment, and will contend against an unseen weight—I did but borrow the *Prætor's* Empress from the priest of Saint Bea, and I promise you she would not stir from the gate until I had exchanged the huge volume for my little library."

"Treat me, holy father," said Franchise, "I will not distress her with too much weight; and if she calls a scold with me it is idle but she has the worst."

This reply was made while Garth was buckling on the Knight's horse a pair of huge gilded spurs, capable of carrying any native horse that his best safety lay in being conformable to the will of his rider.

The deep and sharp sounds with which Franchise's heels were now armed, began to make the worthy Prior suspect of his country, and ejaculate,—*"Nay look, fair sir, now I bethink me, my Malin shall not the spur—Better it were that you tarry for the mare of our principle down at the Garage, which may be had in little more than an hour, and cannot but be tractable, in respect that she draweth much of our water forward and catch at ears."*

"I thank you, reverend father, but will shak by your first offer, as I see Malin is already led forth to the gate. Garth shall carry mine armour; and, for the rest, rely on it, that as I will not overload Malin's back, she shall not overcome my patience. And now, farewell!"

Franchise now descended the stairs more hastily and easily than his wound promised, and threw himself upon the pavement, eager to escape the importunity of the Prior, who stood as closely to his side as his age and fatness would permit, now saying the praises of Malin, now recommending caution to the Knight in managing her.

"She is at the most dangerous period for maidens as well as maids," said the old man, laughing at his own jest, "being barely in her fifteenth year."

Franchise, who had other work to devote than to stand surveying a paltry's pace with its owner, but had a deaf ear to the Prior's grave advice and bleeding joints, and having kept on his mare, and commanded his squire (for such Garth now called himself) to keep close by his side, he followed the track of the Black Knight into the forest, while the Prior stood at the gate of the convent looking after him and ejaculating,—*"Saint*

May I how prompt and fiery be these men of war! I would I had not treated Malkin to his keeping, for, crippled as I am with the cold shivers, I am useless if aught but good befalls her. And yet," said he, reflecting himself, "as I would not spare my own old and disabled limbs in the good cause of Old England, so Malkin must e'en run her hazard on the same venture; and it may be they will think our poor house worthy of some magnificent pardon—or, it may be, they will send the old Prior a pacing nag. And if they do none of these, so great men will forget little men's service, truly I shall hold me well repaid in having done that which is right. And it is now well-nigh the fitting time to summon the brethren to breakfast in the refectory—Ah! I doubt they they that call more cheerily than the bells for primes and masses."

So the Prior of Saint Botolph's trotted back again into the refectory, to preside over the stock-fish and ale, which was just serving out for the friars' breakfast. Pery and important, he set him down at the table, and many a dark word he threw out, of benefit to be expected to the servant, and high deeds of service done by himself, which, at another season, would have attracted observation. But as the stock-fish was highly salted, and the ale reasonably powerful, the jaws of the brethren were too seriously employed to admit of their making much use of their ears; nor do we read of any of the friars who were tempted to speculate upon the mysterious hints of their Superior, except Father Diggory, who was severely afflicted by the toothache, so that he could only eat on one side of his jaws.

In the meantime, the Black Champion and his guide were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good Knight whilst humming to himself the lay of some unnumbered troubadour, sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this Knight, such as we have already described him, strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily he passed forward under it, having the visor of his helmet raised, in order to admit freedom of breath, yet keeping the beaver, or under part, closed, so that his features could be but imperfectly distinguished. Yet the

richly coloured duck-brown could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shadow of the raised brow, and the whole gesture and look of the description expressed nervous gravity and fearful confidence—a mood which was exempt to apprehended danger, and prompt to defy it when most imminent—yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and adventure.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting dirk-bone, instead of his wooden sword, with a haps to match it; of both which weapons he had, notwithstanding his profession, shown himself a skilled master during the storming of Thorgilstone. Indeed, the infirmity of Wrenth's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient restlessness, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any position, or adhere to any certain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task, or in apprehending any immediate topic. On horseback, therefore, he was perpetually swinging himself backwards and forwards, now on the horse's ears, then across on the very rump of the animal,—now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, scoping, cowering, and making a thousand oddish gestures, until his palfrey took his drake as much to heart, as fairly to lay him at his length on the green grass—an incident which greatly amused the knight, but compelled his companions to ride more closely thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a riddle, as it was called, in which the drowsy bore a rather burden to the better instructed Knight—of the *Potteluck*. And thus ran the ditty:—

Awake-Maria, here, up to the ears,
Awake-Maria, look, more a legs,
More are dropping, here, birds singing low,
Up to the morning, here, Awake-Maria.
Awake-Maria, here, up to the ears,
The hunter is waiting Nitha woods on his ears,
The side steps carry from well and from low,
The time is across thee, here, Awake-Maria.

WILLOW.

O Tybalt, here Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Awake my art's place while other dreams ill,

For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
 Compared with those visions, O Tybalt, my love?
 Let the beds be the ones of the most sacred shrill,
 Let the brother blow out his last horn on the hill,
 Safer sounds, sadder pleasures, so slender I prove,—
 But think not I dream of thee, Tybalt, my love.

"A dainty song," said Wanda, when they had finished their carol, "and I swear by my bubble, a pretty moral!—I used to sing it with Gertie, once my playfellow, and now, by the grace of God and his master, no less than a woman; and we were moved by the outgo for being so entranced by the melody, that we lay in bed two hours after sunrise, singing the ditty between sleeping and waking—my house wife at thinking of the time ever since. Nevertheless, I have played the part of Anna-Maria, to please you, fair sir."

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

KNIGHT AND WANDA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
 Ever sang along the country;
 We was the Widow of Wycombe South,
 And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tyndale he came,
 Ever sang along the country;
 And his brother, God save us, was man of great fame,
 And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the lord, of his uncle the squire,
 He hunted in rhyme and in country;
 She bids him go back by his own road now,
 For she was the widow would say him nay.

WANDA.

The next that came South, came by land and by sea,
 Merrily along the country;
 There's a gentleman, God wit, and his's name was of Wales,
 And where was the widow might say him nay?

He bawled up Morgan up Gertie up Hugh,
 As Tyndal up Alice, quoth his country;
 She said that was widow for as many was her son,
 And she bids the Widdow, tread his way.

But then next came a parson, a parson of Kent,
 Jolly along the country;
 He spoke to the widow of living and next,
 And where was the widow could say him nay?

Scene

On the knight and the guests were both left on the wine,
There for to sing their merrily;
For a possessor of kind, with his party read,
There never was a widow could say less say.

"I would, Wanda," said the Knight, "that our host of the Tryngston, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain, heard this thy story in praise of our kind yemen."

"So would not I," said Wanda—"but for the harm that hangs at your bidding."

"Ay," said the Knight,—"this is a pledge of Lanchley's goodwill, though I am not like to need it. There needs on this high wold, I am assured, being round, at our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yemen."

"I would say, Haverham," said the Justice, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peacefully."

"Why, what meant thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wanda; "for green trees here are as well as stone walls. But must thou converse me this, Sir Knight—What is thy wine pitcher and thy glass better empty than full?"

"Why never I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for as simple as a mirror! Thus hath best empty thy pitcher see thou pass it to a house, and leave thy money at home as thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterslack.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wanda; "it may relieve a poor man's mind to take off his mail when he hath a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to the rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of all evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do such service. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it may save them some trouble."

"We are bound to pay for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba, "but in the town, not in the greenwood, like the Abbot of Saint Eves, whom they caused to say mass with an old hollow oak-tree for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight, "these ye-men did thy master Colman generous service at Dorquellstone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba, "but that was in the fashion of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba; how mean you by that?" replied his companion.

"Many thing," said the Jester. "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old squire used to call his up-lying, as fair as leave the Jew heaps with his debtors, and like him, give out a very little, and take large credit for doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf, the ever-bid way which the blessed text hath promised to charitable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba,—I know nothing of ciphers or rules of exchange," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "as your valour be so dull, you will please to learn, that these honest fellows balance a good deal with one not quite so knavish; as a crow, given to a bagging filer with an hundred hymns taken from a fat abbot, or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the felony?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping whity company sharpeneth the apprehension. You said nothing so well, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken revels with the black Monk,—But to go on. The money-men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the burning of a mill—the chastising of a choir against the rebuilding of a church—the setting free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff; or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a French frecklin against the burning alive of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in short, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the wisest to meet with them when they are at the worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then, they have some compensation, and are for making up matters with Heaven. But when they have struck

an even balance, Heaven help those with whom they meet upon the ground! The travellers who first meet them after their good service at Turquoise would have a useful saying. And yet," said Wamba, leaning down up to the Knight's side, "there be suspicious who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yourer enemies."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"HARRY, sir, but we have Malcoide's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a battalion of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Turquoise. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our state of arms.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"I'm the villain to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impudence."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Lockley's horn?"

"What! would you not," continued the Knight, "against a score of such rascals as these, whom one good knight could drive before him as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close night of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight strode the clasp of the halberd, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tut-tut-tut," said he, whistling the notes; "ay, I know my game as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight, "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Fay, but rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceeds the license—Be ware ye tamper not with my passions."

"Urgo me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or Folly

will show a close pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to juggle with thee. Keep the horn as thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knowest!"

"Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," continued Wamba, as he approached with great caution.

"My knightly word I pledge; only come on with thy faithful self!"

"Nay, then, Valour and Folly are once more become companions," said the Jester, coming up quickly to the Knight's side; "but, in truth, I have not such beliefs as that you bestowed on the barly Friar, when his holiness reiled on the green like a king of the anapies. And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valour name himself, and shake his name; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that eye on the back-cut for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glances of a scorpion from amongst the grass leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a thicket chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou hast in the right cut."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the gorget, and by the shield which hung round his neck.

"Thanks, truly squire," said the Knight;—"Wamba, let us deal with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of impossible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my minions?"—The men

made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation, "have we traitors here?"

The opponents, desperate as they were, bore back from an arm which scored death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terror of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight, in blue armour, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, sprang forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider, but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a false stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at the moment, Wamba, wheeled the leg, for the whole had passed so speedily, that he had not time to do so again. The sudden sound made the warriors here back once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false sword!" exclaimed he to the blue knight, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horse blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The blue knight, who had taken another spear, waiting the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, leaped on the skirts of the light, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground, yet the situation of the Knight of the Featherlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely armed, and began to be besieged by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so many points at nearly the same moment, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeoman broke forth from the glade, headed

by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not deserved in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt bold soldier, than of a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies.—Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the ruffians who, braced by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armorer as well as your quarry—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he raised the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock, grained locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse?" he said, in astonishment, "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive Knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not to what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam."

"Revenge?" answered the Black Knight; "I never wronged thee—On me thou hast wrought to revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst scorn—was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter?" replied the Black Knight; "a proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue!—Stand back, my master, I would speak to him alone.—And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth—unless who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but he better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow,

and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled hero, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar," said the King.

"No that is in the King's clutch," answered Fitwren, "knows it were useless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard: "the King prays not on prostrate carmenes—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine injury in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Arjou as connected with thy story. If thou art found on English ground after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest—or if thou breakest night that can attend the honors of my house, by Saint George! not the other itself shall be a necessity. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very piazzas of thine own castle.—Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your people have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the peasant, "I would send a shaft after the strutting vulture that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou hearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and to his distinguished character of *Cœur-de-Lion*, the peasant at once knelt down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humour had already conquered the blush of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the fresh arising from exertion.—"Arise," he said, "my friends!—Your misadventures, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Trepolizane, and the ransom you have this day offered to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, leave Locksley!"—

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Lord, but know me under the name, which, I fear, some have blown too widely out to

have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.”

“King of Outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!” said the King, “who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine! But be assured, brave Outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage.”

“True says the proverb,” said Wamba, interposing his word, but with some abatement of his usual pointance,—

“When the cat is away,
The mice will play.”

“What, Wamba, art thou dumb?” said Richard; “I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight.”

“I take flight!” said Wamba; “when do you ever find Jolly separated from Valour! There lies the trophy of my sword, that good grey goblin, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, confounding his master by those booghts in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for a mailley jacket does not brook lance-heads, as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword’s point, you will grant me that I scanted the count.”

“And to good purpose, honest Wamba,” replied the King. “Thy good service shall not be forgotten.”

“Oughter! Oughter!”—exclaimed, in a subservient tone, a voice near the King’s side—“my Leds will carry me no farther—but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have execution before I am led to execution!”

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Prior on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been with him during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, as Wamba expressed it, like the tucks of the mouth of a pike. Yet this human affection of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous expression which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

“For what art thou cast down, and frost?” said Richard;

“Fate’s L. Lachry.”

"art thou afraid thy diocesan should learn how truly thou dost serve our Lady and Saint Dunstan?—Tush, man! fear it not; Richard of England keeps no secrets that pass over the finger."

"Nay, most gracious Sovereign," answered the Hermit (well known to the carmen in penny busines of Robin Hood, by the name of Friar Tuck), "it is not the crosser I fear, but the sceptre.—Alas! that my amiable face should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sitte the woad there!—In truth I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear may ache it for a while day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around, if it was not as well repaid—or, if thou thinkst I still owe thee ought, and wilt stand forth for another counter-buff!—"

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I had mine own returned, and with many—may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fairly!"

"If I could do so with cuffs," said the King, "my creditors should have little reason to complain of an empty exchequer."

"And yet," said the Friar, remembering his former hypocritical countenance, "I know not what penance I ought to perform for that most amiable blow!"—

"Speak no more of it, brother," said the King; "after having sined so many cuffs from Papists and malefactors, I were vain of reason to quarrel with the buffet of a clerk as holy as he of Copesthorpe. Yet, more honest Friar, I think it would be best both for the church and thyself, that I should procure a license to smother thee, and retain thee as a penance of our guilt, serving in stead of our penance, as formerly in attendance upon the altar of Saint Dunstan."

"My liege," said the Friar, "I humbly crave your pardon; and you would readily grant my excuse, did you but know how the sin of laziness has beset me. Saint Dunstan—may he be gracious to us!—quails quite in his robe, though I should forget my crimes in killing a fat buck—I stay out of my cell sometimes a night, doing I wot not what—Saint Dunstan never complains—a quiet master he is, and a peaceful, as ever was made of wood.—But to be a penance in attendance on my sovereign the King—the honour is great, doubtless—yet, if I were but to stay aside to comfort a wife in one corner, or to kill a deer in another, it would be, 'Where is the dog Friar?'

says one. 'Who has seen the accursed Turk? says another. 'The undrugged wheels destroy more victims than half the country brooks,' says one deeper; 'And in hunting after every shy doe in the country' quoth a second,—In fine, good my Lords, I pray you to leave me as you found me; or, if it might you desire to extend your benevolence to me, that I may be considered as the poor Clerk of Saint Dunstan's cell in Copeland, to whom any small donation will be most thankfully acceptable."

"I understood thee," said the King, "and the Holy Clerk shall have a grant of vest and warden in my woods of Wansdiffe. Mark, however, I will not assign thee three hundred every manor; but if that do not prove an apology for thy staying thirty, I am no Christian knight nor true king."

"Your Grace may be well served," said the Prior, "that, with the grace of Saint Dunstan, I shall find the way of multiplying your most bounteous gift."

"I nothing doubt it, good brother," said the King; "and as venison is but dry food, our cellarer shall have orders to deliver to thee a butt of sack, a carbot of Malaga, and three bags-loads of ale of the best stroke, yearly.—If that will not quench thy thirst, thou must come to court, and become acquainted with my butler."

"But for Saint Dunstan?"—said the Prior.

"A cope, a stole, and an altar-cloth shalt thou also have," continued the King, crossing himself—"But we may not turn our game into earnest, but God punish us for thinking more on our follies than on his honour and worship."

"I will answer for my patron," said the Prior, joyously.

"Answer for thyself, Prior," said King Richard, somewhat sternly; but immediately stretching out his hand to the Monarch, the latter, somewhat abashed, bent his knee, and saluted it. "Thou dost less honour to my extending palm than to my doctored feet," said the Monarch; "thou dost only kneel to the one, and to the other dost prostrate thyself."

But the Prior, afraid perhaps of again giving offence by continuing the conversation in too loose a style—a false step to be particularly guarded against by those who converse with monarchs—bowed profoundly, and fell into the rite.

At the same time, two additional personages appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

*As bred to the feelings of high degree,
 Who live not more happy, though greater than we !
 Our passions to us,
 Under every green tree,
 In all that gay woodland, right welcome ye be.*

BACCHANTE.

Two new comers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe, on the Prior of St. Ralph's palfrey, and Gurth, who attended him, on the Knight's own war-horse. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds, when he saw his master hospitalised with blood, and six or seven dead bodies lying around in the little glade in which the battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised to see Richard, surrounded by so many strong attendants, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, and a perilous retinue therefore for a prince. He hesitated whether to address the King as the Black Knight-errant, or in what other manner to denote himself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard First-come as himself, since thou wast here in the company of true English hearts, although it may be they have been cooled a few drops such by warm English blood."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant Outlaw, stepping forward, "my assurances can add nothing to those of our sovereign ; yet, let me say somewhat proudly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath not true subjects than those who now stand around him."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, "since thou art of the number—But what mean these marks of death and danger ? these slain men, and the bloody armour of my Prince ?"

"Traitors hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the King, "but, thanks to these brave men, traitors hath not its name—But, now I behold you, thou too art a traitor," said Richard, smiling, "a most disobedient traitor ; for were not our orders positive, that thou shouldst repose thyself at Saint Ralph's until thy wound was healed ?"

"It is healed," said Ivanhoe ; "it is not of more consequence than the wounds of a soldier. But why, oh, why, noble Prince,

will you then risk the hearts of your faithful servants, and expose your life by lonely journey and rash adventures, as if it were of no more value than that of a mere knight-errant, who has no interest on earth but what lance and sword may procure him?"

"And Richard Plantagenet," said the King, "desires to more than make his good lance and sword may acquire him—and Richard Plantagenet is ponder of achieving an adventure, with only his good sword, and his good arm to speed, than if he led to battle a host of a hundred thousand armed men."

"But your kingdom, my Lord," said Deshae, "your kingdom is threatened with dissolution and civil war—your subjects harassed with every species of evil, if deprived of their sovereign in some of those dangers which it is your duty pleasure to meet, and from which you have but this moment narrowly escaped."

"Ho! ho! my kingdom and my subjects?" answered Richard, impulsively; "I tell thee, Sir Wilfred, the best of them are most willing to wage my follies in kind—For example, my very faithful servant, Wilfred of Deshae, will not obey my positive commands, and yet make his king a heady, because he does not walk exactly by his advice. Wink of us has most reason to upbraid the other!—Yet forgive me, my faithful Wilfred. The time I have spent, and am yet to spend, in retirement, is, as I explained to thee at Saint Botolph's, necessary to give my friends and faithful nobles time to assemble their forces, that when Richard's return is announced, he should be at the head of such a force as enemies shall trouble to face, and thus subdue the malicious treason, without even unsheathing a sword. Hastings and Duke will not be strong enough to move forward to York for twenty-four hours. I must have news of Salisbury from the south; and of Beauchamp, or Warwickshire; and of Merton and Percy in the north. The Chancellor must make sure of London. The soldiers as apprentices would subject me to dangers, other than my lance and sword, though backed by the bow of bold Robin, or the quarterstaff of Friar Tuck, and the horn of the sage Wamba, may be able to rescue me from."

Wilfred bowed in submission, well knowing how vain it was to contend with the wild spirit of chivalry which so often impelled his master upon dangers which he might easily have

avoided, or rather, which it was unpardonable in him to have sought out. The young knight sighed, therefore, and held his peace; while Richard, rejoiced at having released his counsellor, though his heart acknowledged the justice of the charge he had brought against him, went on in conversation with Robin Hood.—"King of Outlaws," he said, "have you no refreshment to offer to your brother sovereign? for these dead hours have found me both in excess and appetite."

"In truth," replied the Outlaw, "for I seem to live to your Grace, our table is chiefly supplied with"—He stopped, and was somewhat embarrassed.

"With venison, I suppose?" said Richard gayly; "better food at hand there can be none—and truly, if a king will not remain at home and play his own game, methinks he should not leave too hard if he finds it killed to his hand."

"If your Grace, then," said Robin, "will again honour with your presence one of Robin Hood's places of rendezvous, the venison shall not be lacking; and a sloop of ale, and it may be a cup of reasonably good wine, to drink it withal."

The Outlaw accordingly led the way, followed by the baron. Mornick, more happy, probably, in this chance meeting with Robin Hood and his foresters, than he would have been in again assuming his royal state, and presiding over a splendid circle of peers and nobles. Novelty in society and adventure were the salt of life to Richard Cour-de-Lion, and it had its highest relish when enhanced by dangers encountered and surmounted. In the heart-broken King, the brilliant, but restless character, of a knight of romance was in a great measure rekindled and revived, and the personal glory which he acquired by his own deeds of arms, was far more dear to his excited imagination than that which a course of policy and wisdom would have spread around his government. Accordingly, his reign was like the course of a brilliant and rapid meteor, which shoots along the fane of heaven, shedding around an unnecessary and perishing light, which is instantly swallowed up by universal darkness; his deeds of chivalry furnishing themes for bards and minstrels, but affording none of those solid benefits to his country on which history loves to pause, and hold up as an example to posterity. But in his present company Richard showed to the greatest imaginable advantage. He was gay, good-humoured, and free of misadventure in every rank of life.

Beneath a huge oak tree the silver repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men, officers to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough knights soon had their eye for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged—the stories of former doeds were told with advantage; and at length, and while boasting of their successful infection of the lava, as one reflected they were speaking in presence of their natural guardian. The merry King, nothing heeding his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. The natural and rough ease of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed as anything should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety. "We are honoured," he said to Ivanhoe apart, "by the presence of our gallant Sovereign, yet I would not that he dined with these, which the circumstances of his kingdom may render precious."

"It is well and wisely spoken, brave Robin Hood," said Willard apart; "and know, moreover, that they who jest with Majesty, even in its gayest mood, are but toying with the lion's whelp, which, on slight provocation, uses both flags and claws."

"You have touched the very cause of my fear," said the Outlaw; "my men are rough by practice and nature, the King is busy as well as good-humoured; nor know I how soon causes of offence may arise, or how warmly it may be received—it is time this revel were broken off."

"It must be by your management, then, gallant footman," said Ivanhoe; "for each blast I have designed to give him serves only to induce him to prolong it."

"What I so soon risk the peace and favour of my Sovereign!" said Robin Hood, pausing for an instant; "but, by Saint Christopher, it shall be so. I was endeavouring his grace did I not peril it for his good.—Here, Southlack, get thee behind yonder thicket and wind me a Norman blast on thy bagle, and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

Southlack obeyed his captain, and in less than five minutes the revels were startled by the sound of his horn.

"It is the bagle of Malvoisin," said the Miller, starting to his feet, and seizing his bow. The Friar dropped the flagon, and grasped his quarter-staff. Wamba stopped short in the

midst of a port, and betook himself to sword and target. All the others stood to their weapons.

Man of their precarious course of life change readily from the banquet to the battle; and to Richard the exchange seemed but a succession of pleasures. He rolled for his helmet and the most cumbersome parts of his armour, which he had laid aside; and while death was getting them on, he laid his strict injunctions on Wilfred, under pain of his highest displeasure, not to engage in the skirmish which he supposed was approaching.

"Thou hast fought for me an hundred times, Wilfred—and I have seen it. Thou shalt this day look on, and see how Richard will fight for his friend and kingdom."

In the meantime Robin Hood had sent off several of his followers in different directions, as if to reconnoitre the enemy, and when he saw the company offensively broken up he approached Richard, who was now completely armed, and kneeling down on one knee, craved pardon of his Sovereign.

"For what, good yeoman?" said Richard, somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already granted thee a full pardon for all transgressions? Thinkest thou our word is a feather, to be blown backward and forward between us? Thou must not have had time to commit any new offence since that time?"

"Ay, but I have through," answered the yeoman, "if it be an offence to deprive my prince for his own advantage. The league you have heard was made of Malvoisin's, but sworn by my direction, to break off the banquet, but it trampled upon hours of former import than to be thus dilled with."

He then rose from his knee, folded his arms on his breast, and in a manner rather respectful than submissive, awaited the answer of the King—like one who is conscious he may have given offence, yet is confident in the rectitude of his motive. The Hood smiled in anger to the countenance of Richard, but it was the first transient emotion, and his sense of justice instantly subdued it.

"The King of Sherwood," he said, "grudge his wisdom and his wise-deed to the King of England? It is well, bold Robin!—but when you come to see me in merry London I trust to be a less signed host. Thou art right, however, good fellow. Let us therefore to home and away—Wilfred has been impatient this hour. Tell me, bold Robin, hast thou never a friend in thy band, who, not content with advising, will needs direct thy

motions, and look miserable when thou dost promise to set me free?"

"Such a one," said Robin, "is my Lieutenant, Little John, who is even now absent on an expedition as far as the borders of Scotland; and I will vow to your Majesty, that I am sometimes displeased by the freedom of his counsels—but when I think twice, I cannot be long angry with one who can have no motive for his society save zeal for his master's service."

"Then art right, good yeoman," answered Richard; "and if I had Ibrahim, on the one hand, to give grave advice, and recommend it by the sad gravity of his brow, and thee, on the other, to track me into what thou thinkest my own good, I should have as little the freedom of mine own will as my king in Chateaufort or Northwiche.—But come, now, let us hurry on to Coningsburgh, and think no more on't."

Robin Hood assured them that he had detached a party in the direction of the road they were to pass, who would not fail to discover and apprise them of any secret ambushes; and that he had little doubt they would find the ways secure, or if otherwise, would receive such timely notice of the danger as would enable them to fall back on a strong troop of archers, with which he himself proposed to follow on the same route.

The wise and attentive precautions adopted for his safety softened Richard's feelings, and removed any slight prejudice which he might retain on account of the deception the Outlaw Captain had practised upon him. His eyes were extended he lent to Robin Hood, assured him of his full pardon and future favour, as well as his firm resolution to restrain the tyrannical exactions of the forest rights and other oppressive laws, by which so many English yeomen were driven into a state of rebellion. But Richard's good intentions towards the bold Outlaw were frustrated by the King's untimely death; and the Charter of the Forest was extracted from the unwilling hands of King John when he succeeded to his hereditary throne.—As for the rest of Robin Hood's career, as well as the tale of his tremendous death, they are to be found in those black-letter garlands, once sold at the low and easy rate of one halfpenny.

"Now deeply purchased at their weight in gold."

The Outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King, attended by Ibrahim, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived, without any inter-

rapids, within view of the Castle of Coningsburgh, while the sun was yet in the horizon.

There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is closely blended with woodland, and on a mound ascending from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its name seems implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the Kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears tokens of very great antiquity. It is situated on a mound at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped or defended by six huge external buttresses which project from the circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower as if to strengthen or to support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and a good way higher up; but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turret communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building, with these singular accompaniments, is as interesting to the lover of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Sceptarchy. A barrow, in the vicinity of the castle, is pointed out as the tomb of the memorable Hengist; and various monuments, of great antiquity and curiosity, are shown in the neighboring clunyard.*

When Omer-de-Lice and his retinue approached this rude yet stately building, it was not, as at present, surrounded by external fortifications. The Saxon architect had exhausted his art in producing the mass keep defensible, and there was no other circumlocution than a rude barrier of palisades.

A huge black banner, which floated from the top of the tower, announced that the auspices of the late owner were still in the act of being solicited. It bore no emblem of the deceased's birth or quality, for universal homage were then a novelty among the Normans clergy themselves, and were totally unknown to the Saxons. But above the gate was another banner, on which the figure of a white horse, rudely painted,

* Note H. Coningsburgh Castle.

indicated the nation and rank of the deceased, by the well-known symbol of Hengist and his Saxons warriors.

All around the castle was a zone of busy commotion; the each funeral banquet was times of general and profuse hospitality, which not only every one who could claim the most distant connection with the deceased, but all passengers whatsoever, were invited to partake. The wealth and consequence of the deceased Athelstan, commanded this custom to be observed to the fullest extent.

Numerous parties, therefore, were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated, and when the King and his attendants entered the open and unguarded gates of the external barrier, the space within presented a scene not easily reconciled with the name of the assemblage. In one place cooks were toiling to roast huge oxen and fat sheep, in another, hogheads of ale were set abroad, to be drained at the freedom of all comers. Groups of every description were to be seen devouring the food and swallowing the liquor thus abandoned to their discretion. The tallest Saxon earl was drenching the soles of his half-year's hunger and thirst, in one day of gluttany and drunkenness—the same pampered baron and gold-leather was eating his morsel with gusto, or curiously officiating the quality of the meat and the skill of the brewer. Some few of the poorer Norman gentry might also be seen, distinguished by their shaven chins and short cloaks, and not less so by their keeping together, and looking with great scorn on the whole assembly, even while condescending to avail themselves of the good cheer which was so liberally supplied.

Headlongs were of course assembled by the same, together with straggling soldiers returned from Palestine (according to their own account at least), pedlars were displaying their wares, travelling mechanics were inquiring after employment, and wandering players, hedge-players, Saxon minstrels, and Welsh harp, were scattering papers, and extracting mistuned dirges from their harps, crowds, and notes.* One went forth the praises of Athelstan in a solemn panegyric; another, in a Saxon genealogical poem, rehearsed the carnage and havoc wrought by his noble ancestry. Jesters and jugglers were not wanting,

* The crowd, or crowd, was a species of riddle. The riddle, a sort of game, or rather hardy game, the strategy of which was managed by a wheel, from which the instrument took its name.

nor was the occasion of the assembly supposed to render the expression of their profoundest condolences or improper. Indeed the ideas of the Saxons on these occasions were as natural as the ways were made. If sorrow was thinking, there was drink—if hungry, there was food—if it sank down upon and softened the heart, here were the means supplied of mirth, or at least of amusement. Nor did the assistants seem to avail themselves of these means of consolation, although, every now and then, as if suddenly remembering the cause which had brought them together, the men groaned in silence, while the females, of whom many were present, raised up their voices and shrieked for very woe.

Such was the scene in the castle-yard at Coningsburgh when it was entered by Richard and his followers. The constable or steward deemed not to take notice of the groups of inferior guests who were perpetually entering and withdrawing, unless so far as was necessary to preserve order; nevertheless he was struck by the good idea of the Monarch and Irwin, more especially as he imagined the features of the latter were familiar to him. Besides, the approach of two knights, for such their dress bespoke them, was a rare event at a Saxon assembly, and could not but be regarded as a sort of honour to the deceased and his family. And in his aside dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, this important personage made way through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests, then conducting Richard and Irwin to the entrance of the tower. North and Wanda speedily found acquaintance in the court-yard, nor presumed to intrude themselves any farther until their presence should be required.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

I found them standing at Wanda's corpse.
And there was such a solemn melody,
"Twas deathful songs, tears, and sad sighs,—
Such as old grandmothers, wringing by the head,
Are wont to utter on the night side.

Our Fair.

THE mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early

times in which it was erected. A flight of steps, as deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower, by which the adventurous antiquary may still, or at least could a few years since, gain access to a small stair within the thickness of the main wall of the tower, which leads up to the third story of the building,—the two lower being dangerous or useless, which neither moves air nor light, save by a square hole in the third story, with which they seem to have communicated by a ladder. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all of four stories, is given by stairs which are carried up through the external buttresses.

By this difficult and complicated entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful brother, was entered into the royal apartment which occupies the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred, by the diffidence of the ascent, gained time to gather his bow in his mantle, as it had been held expedient that he should not present himself to his father and the King should give him the signal.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. These were all old, or at least elderly men; for the younger men, to the great displeasure of the seniors, had, like Irvines, broken down many of the barriers which separated for half-a-century the Norman victors from the vanquished Saxons. The stern and powerful looks of these venerable men, their silence and their martial postures, formed a strong contrast to the levity of the revelers on the outside of the walls. Their grey locks and long full beards, together with their antique tunics and loose black mantles, noted well with the singular and rude apartment in which they were seated, and gave the appearance of a band of ancient warriors of Wales, recalled to life to mourn over the decay of their national glory.

Cedric, seated in equal rank among his countrymen, seemed yet, by common consent, to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard (only known to him as the valiant Knight of the Palfrey) he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation, *Woe had*, meaning at the same time a point to his head. The King, as stranger to the customs of his English subjects, returned the greeting with the

appropriate words, Divine food, and partook of a rep which was handed to him by the steward. The same courtesy was offered to Theodore, who pledged his father to observe, supplying the usual speech by an inclination of his head, but his voice should have been recognised.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Colwyn arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was situated as it were out of one of the external bastions. As there was no opening, saving a very narrow loophole, the place would have been nearly quite dark but for two flambeaux or torches, which shone, by a red and smoky light, the arched roof and naked walls, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material.

Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of the bier knelt three priests, who held their heads, and withdrew their prayers with the greatest signs of ceremonial devotion. For this service a splendid service was paid to the convent of Saint Edmund's by the mother of the deceased, and, that it might be fully deserved, the whole brethren, among the house Dominicans, had transferred themselves to Colingburgh, where, while six of their number were constantly on guard at the performance of divine rites by the house of Abbotsbury, the others failed not to take their share of the refreshments and amusements which went on at the castle. In maintaining this peace watch and ward, the good monks were particularly careful not to interrupt their hymns for an instant, lest Zerkowich, the ancient Saxon Apollon, should lay his clutches on the departed Abbotsbury. Nor were they less careful to prevent any unauthorised laymen from touching the pall, which, having been thus used at the funeral of Saint Edmund, was held to be decorated & hallowed by the priest. If, in truth, these attentions could be of any use to the deceased, he had some right to expect them at the hands of the brethren of Saint Edmund's, since, besides a hundred mansever of gold paid down at the consecration, the mother of Abbotsbury had announced her intention of endowing that foundation with the better part of the lands of the deceased, in order to maintain perpetual prayers for his soul, and that of her departed husband.

Richard and Wilfred followed the Saxon Colwyn into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with solemn

aid to the untimely hour of Adeline's death, they followed his example in deeply crossing themselves, and uttering a brief prayer for the soul of the departed soul.

This act of pure charity performed, Celina again motioned them to follow her, gliding over the stone floor with a noiseless tread; and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory, which adjoined to the chapel. It was about eight feet square, hallowed, like the chapel itself, out of the thickness of the wall, and the loophole, which enlightened it, being to the west, and widening considerably as it sloped inward, a beam of the setting sun found its way into its dark recess, and shewed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long morning robes, and her flowing tangle of black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her light-coloured and flowing tresses, which time had neither thinned nor tingled with silver. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation. On the stone table before her stood a crucifix of ivory, beside which was laid a missal, having its pages richly illuminated, and its boards adorned with chips of gold, and bones of the same precious metal.

"Noble Edith," said Celina, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers, come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant Knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

"His bravery has my thanks," returned the lady; "although it be the will of Heaven that it should be displayed in vain. I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companions, which hath brought them hither to behold the widow of Adeline, the mother of Adeline's son, in her deep hour of sorrow and lamentation. To your care, kind friends, I intrust them, assured that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying indeed the story immediately above. From this room, one yet

the door was opened, presented a low and melancholy stream of vocal music. When they entered, they found themselves in the presence of about twenty natives and masters of distinguished French language. Four machines, Rowena leading the choir, started a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only here able to decipher two or three stanzas :—

Dark souls dead,
Thy thro' all vast;
Thy heart both woe'd
Thy faded form
Thy voice and weep—
Corruption claims her kind

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown,
To seek the nation of men,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain,
Of nations done before

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be !
Till purged and clean,
Am' holy praise,
Shall see the angels free.

While this dirge was sung, in a low and melancholy tone, by the French choristers, the others were divided into two bands, of which one was engaged in looking, with such embroidery as their skill and taste could compass, a large effete pall, destined to cover the bier of Atholstan, while the others busied themselves in selecting, from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended for the same mournful purpose. The behaviour of the natives was decorous, if not marked with deep affliction ; but now and then a whisper or a smile called forth the rebuke of the superior matrons, and here and there might be seen a dame more interested in ascertaining to find out how her mourning-robe became her, than in the dismal ceremony for which they were preparing. Neither was this propensity (if we must needs confess the truth) at all diminished by the appearance of two strange knights, which attracted some looking up, peeping, and whispering. Rowena, since, too proud to be vain, paid her greeting to her father-in-law with a graceful courtesy. Her demeanour was serious, but not dejected ; and it may be doubted whether thoughts of brother, and of the uncertainty of his fate, did not claim as great a share in her anxiety as the death of her husband.

To Galdie, however, who, as we have observed, was not

sometimes disheartened on such occasions, the sorrow of the word seemed so much deeper than any of the other mounds, that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane."—It may be doubted whether this communication went a far way to lessen Wilfrid's disposition to sympathize with the mourners of Cheshamstead.

Having thus formally introduced the guests to the different chambers in which the obsequies of Athelstane were celebrated under different forms, Cedric conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honorable guests, whose more slight connection with the deceased might render them unwilling to join those who were immediately affected by the unhappy event. He assured them of every accommodation, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I came to remind you, noble Thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted my named, noble Knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment!"—

"Of that also," said the King, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me right, that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Be the Knight of the Patterlock," said Cedric, colouring, and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is more fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Patterlock—know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou?" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"Ha, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose dearest interest—whose dearest wish, is to see her sons united with each other—And, how now, worthy Thane! hast thou no boon for thy prison?"

"To Norman Mood," said Cedric, "it hath never boded."

"Reserve thine boons, then," said the Monarch, "until I

shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Norman and English."

"Prince," answered Gwladis, "I have ever done justice to the bravery and the worth.—Nor am I ignorant of the claim to the crown through thy descent from Matilda, sister to Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm of Scotland. But Matilda, though of the royalaxon blood, was not the heir to the sovereignty."

"I will not dispute my title with thee, noble Thane," said Richard, calmly; "but I will bid thee look around thee, and see where thou wilt find another to be put into the scale against it."

"And hast thou wandered hither, Prince, to tell me so?" said Gwladis.—"To uphold me with the ruin of my race on the grave has done of for the last action of Norman royalty!"—His countenance darkened as he spoke.—"It was boldy—it was rashly done!"

"Not so, by the holy rood!" replied the King; "it was done in the frank confidence which one brave man may repose in another, without a shadow of danger."

"Then repeat well, Sir King—for King I own thou art, and wilt be, despite of my fierce opposition,—I dare not take the only mode to prevent it, though thou hast placed the strong temptation within my reach!"

"And now to my boon," said the King, "which I ask not with one jot the less confidence, that thou hast refused to acknowledge my lawful sovereignty. I require of thee, as a man of thy word, as pain of being held faithless, man-sworn, and violating,* to forgive and receive to the paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Iwerdon. In this reconciliation thou wilt even I have an interest—the happiness of my kind, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And thou is Wilfred?" said Gwladis, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Iwerdon, presenting himself at Gwladis's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Gwladis, raising him up. "The son of Iwerdon knows how to keep his word, even when it has been pressed to a Norman. But let me see thee in the dress and costume of the English nobility—no short cloaks, no gay bonnets, no fantastic plumes in thy desert household. Be

* *Infamia.*

that would be the son of Othrio must show himself of English ancestry.—Then art about to speak," he added, sternly, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrayed husband—all our French spectators would shudder as were we to think of a new union for her on the grave of him she should have wedded—him, so much the more worthy of her hand by birth and ancestry—is yet dead. The ghost of Athelstan himself would blot his bloody garments, and stand before us to forbid with dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Othrio's words had raised a spectre; for scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstan, striped in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something risen from the dead!

The effect of this apparition on the persons present was utterly appalling. Othrio started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes first opened fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of closing. Ivaine crossed himself, repeating prayers in French, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory; while Richard alternately said, *Beastock*, and swore, *Mort de ma vie!*

In the meantime, a horrible noise was heard below stairs, some crying, "Secure the treacherous monks!" others, "Down with them into the dungeon!"—others, "Pick them from the highest battlements!"

"In the name of God!" said Othrio, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose!—Loving or dead, noble Athelstan, speak to Othrio!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time—Alas, midst them!—I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which were three ages—Yea, bread and water, Father Othrio! By Heaven, and all saints in it, better good hath not passed my window for three long days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstan," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of

the storm at Torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was driven through the tooth."

"You thought so, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba did. My teeth are as good steel, and that my sapper shall presently find—No thanks to the Templar though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flung, being availed by the handle of the good man with which I wanted the blow; had my steel run down on, I had not valued it a rush, and had dealt him such a counter-blow as would have spoilt his retreat. But as it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unscathed. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered about me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—(no open one, by good luck)—placed before the altar of the church of Saint Edmund's. I awoke repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Prior and Abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtful, and so very pleased to find the man alive, whose loss they had supposed themselves to be. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down—my feet tied so fast that mine could not stir at the very remembrance—the place was utterly dark—the outside, as I suppose, of their scoured canvas, and from the close, stifled, damp smell, I conceived it is also used for a place of sepulture. I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villains peeped in. They would have perceived me I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the purry short-breathed voice of the Father Abbot.—Saint Joseph I have different from that tone with which he used to ask me for mother's milk of the launce.—the dog has feasted with me from Christmas to Twelfth-night."

"Have patience, noble Athelstane," said the King, "take breath—tell your story at leisure—beware me but such a tale is as well worth listening to as a romance."

"Ay but, by the road of Brighthelm, there was no romance in the matter!" said Athelstane.—"A barley loaf and a pitcher of water—that they gave me, the signorally wretches, when my father, and I myself had starved, when their best resources were the fishes of beam and measures of corn, out of which they wheedled poor wretches and bondsmen, in exchange for their

poison—the most of foul ungrateful rapiers—badly bread and ditch water to such a patron as I had been! I will stroke them out of their nest, though I be excommunicated!”

“Eek, in the name of Our Lady, noble Atholstone,” said Cedric, grasping the hand of his friend, “how didst thou escape this imminent danger?—did their hearts relent?”

“Did their hearts relent?” asked Atholstone.—“Do you melt with the sun? I should have been there still, had not some stir in the streets, which I find was their promotion hitherward to cut my thousand throats, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, announced the escape out of their hands. I heard them droning out their death-pulses, while judging they were busy in respect for my soul by those who were thus finishing my body. They went, however, and I waited long for food—an wonder—the good Sacristan was even too busy with his own provender to mind mine. At length, down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavour of wine and spices about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, for he left me a sack of pasty and a flask of wine, instead of my dinner due. I ate, drank, and was inspirited; when, to add to my good luck, the Sacristan, too tony to discharge his duty of Sunday filly, locked the door behind the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my attention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed, was more rusted than I or the villain Abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming in the clamps of that infernal dragon.”

“Take heart, noble Atholstone,” said Richard, “and partake of some refreshment, as you proceed with a tale so dreadful.”

“Partake?” quoth Atholstone; “I have been partaking five times to-day—and yet a morsel of that necessary ham were not altogether foreign to the matter; and I pray you, fair sir, to do me justice in a cup of wine.”

The guests, though still agape with astonishment, pledged their remonstrated landlord, who thus proceeded in his story. He had indeed now many more listeners than those to whom it was commenced, for Edith, having given certain necessary orders for arranging matters within the Castle, had followed the Good-olive up to the stranger’s apartment, attended by as many of the guests, male and female, as could squeeze into the small room, while others, crowding the staircases, caught up as

erroneous edition of the story, and transmuted it still more successfully to those beneath, who again sent it forth to the vulgar without, in a fashion totally irreconcilable to the real fact. Atholstan, however, went on as before, with the history of his escape—

"Feeling myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself up stairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and remained with fasting, night; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roasting, to the apartment where the worthy Sauritan, as it so please ye, was holding a devil's mess with a huge bottle-bellied, broad-shouldered brother of the grey flock and cord, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman. I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my grave-clothes, as well as the clanking of my chains, made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood aghast; but when I knocked down the Sauritan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, dodged a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff."

"This must be our Friar Tuck, for a count's ransom," said Richard, looking at Iveson.

"He may be the devil, as he will," said Atholstan. "Fortunately he missed the aim, and as my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key, which being amongst others at the sexton's belt; and I had thought of beating out the innard's knives with the bunch of keys, but gratitude for the sack of party and the drink of wine which the rascal had imparted to my captivity, came over my heart; so, with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, pushed some heated meat, and a business bottle of wine, with which the two venerable brethren had been regaling, went to the stable, and found in a private stall my own best palmy, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy Father Abbot's particular use. Either I came with all the speed the beast could compass—man and mother's son dying below me whenever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially so, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpsehood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my own castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the marketplace very merry, considering they are assembled to celebrate their lord's funeral—I say the sower thought I was

dressed to bear a part in the treacher's manumission, and so I got admission, and did, but disclose myself to my master, and not a hasty mortal, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee, never will I dare a morrow so conspicuous as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race."

"Talk not to me of delivering any one," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself. I am more intent on punishing that villain Abbot. He shall hang on the top of this Castle of Coningsburgh, in his cope and stole; and if the stairs be too stout to admit his fat carcass, I will have him creased up from without."

"But, my son," said Edith, "consider his sacred office."

"Consider my three days' fast," replied Athelstane; "I will have their blood every one of them. Front-de-Bourc was burnt alive for a less matter, for he kept a good table for his prisoners, only put too much garlic in his last dish of pottage. But these hypocritical, ungrateful slaves, so often the self-lauding benefactors at my board, who gave me neither pottage nor garlic, more or less, they die, by the seal of Kinglet!"

"But the Pope, my noble friend," said Cedric—

"But the devil, my noble friend"—curst Athelstane; "they die, and so more of them. Were they the best men on earth, the world would go on without them."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric; "forget such wretches in the career of glory which lies open before thee. Tell this Norman prince, Richard of Anjou, that, long-haired as he is, he shall not hold undisturbed the throne of Alfred while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of free-will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—there will knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I have tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"My son," said Edith, "think on thy royal rights!"

"Think on the freedom of England, dejected Prince!" said Cedric.

"Mother and friend," said Atholstan, "a trace to your upbringings—bread and water and a dungeon are more virtuous mortifications of ambition, and I ran from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it. One half of those vain follies were pulled into my ear by that perfidious Abbot Wolfric, and you may now judge if he is a counsellor to be trusted. Since those plans were set on agitation, I have had nothing but hurried journeys, indignities, blows and bruises, imprisonments and starvation, besides that they can only end in the murder of some thousands of quiet folk. I tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the Abbot."

"And my ward Eowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Atholstan, "be reasonable. The Lady Eowena came not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Willmof's glove better than my whole person. There she stands to smother it—Nay, blush not, Eweroman, there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country squire—and do not laugh either, Eowena, for gowns, clothes and a thousand more, God knows, no matter of marriage—Nay, as thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better yet—Give me thy hand, or rather lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship.—Here, cousin Willmof of Evesham, in thy flower of romance and sighs—Hoy! by Saint Dunston, my cousin Willmof hath vanished!—Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the flaring I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked round and inquired for Evesham, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gerth and his armour, and had left the party.

"Fair women," said Atholstan to Eowena, "could I think that the sudden disappearance of Evesham was occasioned by other than the weightiest reasons, I would myself rue it."

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Evesham had disappeared, than Eowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Atholstan, "women are the least to be trusted of all mankind, monks and abbots excepted. I am an

which, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss in boot—There, earnest grave-clothes have surely a spell on them, every one flies from me.—To you I turn, noble King Richard, with the robes of allegiance, which, as a *lego-subject*—

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the courtyard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Iremson, and after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to him, thrown himself upon a stool, compelled the Jew to kneel another, and set off at a rate, which, according to Wanda, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

"By my halcyons!" said Atholstan, "it is certain that Zerkback hath possessed himself of my castle in my absence. I return in my grave-clothes, a pledge restored from the very squires, and every one I speak to reminds me soon as they hear my voice!—But it kills not talking of it. Come, my friends—such of you as are left, follow me to the banquet-hall, but my score of us disappears—it is, I trust, as yet tolerably drunk, as becomes the offspring of an ancient Scotch noble; and should we tarry any longer, who knows but the devil may fly off with the supper!"

* The remediation of Atholstan has been much criticised, as too violent a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a necessity, to which the Author was compelled to have recourse, by the vehement entreaties of his friend and poet, who was insensible to the fiction being conveyed to the reader.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

To Mowbray's door as happy in his tower,
That they may break his fasting woman's bower,
And show the ruder husband in the door,
A self content!

SCENE II.

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Precinctory, of Trappistown, about the hour when the bloody day was to be met for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest

desire to look on blood and death is not peculiar to those dark ages; though in the gladiatorial exercises of single combat and general warfare, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when warlike are better understood, an execution, a burning match, a riot, or a meeting of mutual reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested, except to see how matters are to be conducted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the heroic language of immortal talismen, fates or doughbolls.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Precinctory of Templarism, with the purpose of witnessing the procession, while still greater numbers had already surrounded the till-yard belonging to that establishment. The enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the Precinctory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the lower of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully pallisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of arms, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Precinctors, and Knights of the Order. Over them floated the sacred standard, called *Le Sacre-ense*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for the purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose colour and African features, then as here known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men started not squealing now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips, and showed their white fangs, as if they gazed at the

thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled convents could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the facts which Satan had performed during that busy and agony period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due.

"Have you not heard, Father Dunnet," quoth one hearer in another advanced in years, "that the devil has carried away bodily the great Baron Thane, *Athelstane of Coningsburgh*?"

"Ay, but he brought him back though, by the blessing of God and Saint Dunstan."

"How's that?" said a brisk young fellow, dressed in a green smock embroidered with gold, and having at his heels a stout lad bearing a heap upon his back, which betrayed his vocation. The Minstrel seemed of no vulgar rank; for, besides the splendour of his gaily befringed doublet, he wore around his neck a silver chain, by which hung the sword or key, with which he tuned his harp. On his right arm was a silver plate, which, instead of bearing, as usual, the cognizance or badge of the house in whose family he belonged, had barely the word *Strawson* engraved upon it—"How came you by that?" said the gay Minstrel, musing in the conversation of the peasants; "I come to seek one subject for my rhyme, and, by'r Lady, I was glad to find two."

"It is well enough," said the older peasant, "that after *Athelstane of Coningsburgh* had been dead four weeks"—

"That is impossible," said the Minstrel; "I saw him in life at the Passage of Arnes at *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*."

"Dead, however, he was, as she translated," said the younger peasant; "for I heard the Monks of Saint Edward's singing the death's hymn for him; and, moreover, there was a rich gentleman and lady at the Castle of Coningsburgh, as right was; and neither had I gone, but for Michel Parkyn, who"—

"Ay, dead was *Athelstane*," said the old man, shaking his head, "and the more pity it was, for the old Baron blood"—

"But, your story, my masters—your story," said the Minstrel, somewhat impatiently.

"Ay, ay—continue on the story," said a burly Friar, who stood beside them, leaning on a pole that exhibited an appar-

ance between a pilgrim's staff and a quarter-staff, and probably acted as either when common served,—“Your story,” said the stalwart churchman; “have not daylight about it—we have short time to spare.”

“An please your reverence,” said Deane, “a drunken priest came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund’s”—

“It does not please my reverence,” answered the churchman, “that there should be such an animal as a drunken priest, or, if there were, that a layman should so speak him. Be naturally, my friend, and consider the holy man only wrapt in meditation, which makes the head dizzy and feet unsteady, as if the stomach were filled with ewe wine—I have felt it myself.”

“Well, then,” answered Father Deane, “a holy brother came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund’s—a sort of hedge-priest in the village, and kills half the deer that are stolen in the forest, who loves the drinking of a pint-pot better than the ringing-bell, and drinks a flask of beer worth ten of his brethren; for the rest, a good fellow and a merry, who will flourish a quarter-staff, dance a horn, and dance a Cheshire round, with a’ or a man in Yorkshire.”

“That last part of thy speech, Deane,” said the Minister, “has saved thee a rib or two.”

“Yea, man, I fear him not,” said Deane; “I am somewhat old and stiff, but when I thought for the bell and run at Doncaster”—

“But the story—the story, my friend,” again said the Minister.

“Why, the tale is but this—Athelstan of Goringburgh was buried at Saint Edmund’s.”

“That’s a lie, and a loud one,” said the Prior, “for I saw him borne to his own Chisle of Goringburgh.”

“Nay, then, we’ll tell the story yourself, my masters,” said Deane, turning angry at these repeated contradictions; and it was with some difficulty that the hour could be prevailed on, by the request of his comrades and the Minister, to renew his tale.—“These two were friends,” said he at length, “when this reverend man will needs have them such, had continued drinking good ale and wine, and what not, for the best part of a minister’s day, when they were wakened by a deep groan, and a clanking of chains, and the figure of the deceased Athelstan entered the apartment, saying, ‘Ye evil sleepers!’”—

"It is false," said the Friar, harshly, "he never spoke a word."

"So ho! Friar Tuck," said the Minister, drawing him apart from the rustic, "we have started a new here, I find."

"I tell thee, Allen-a-Dale," said the Hermit, "I saw Athelstan of Cheshamburgh as much as bodily eyes ever saw a living man. He had his shroud on, and all about him smelt of the sepulchre—A bath of such will not wash it out of my memory."

"Fahse!" answered the Minister, "thou dost but just with us!"

"Nay, believe me," said the Friar, "as I docted not a knock at him with my quarter-staff that would have felled an ox, and it glided through his body as it might through a pillar of smoke!"

"By Saint Hubert," said the Minister, "but it is a wondrous tale, and fit to be put in notice to the next time, 'Borrow came to the old Friar.'"

"Laugh, if ye list," said Friar Tuck; "but as ye catch me singing on such a theme, may the next ghost or devil carry me off with him leading! No, no—I instantly formed the purpose of assisting at some good work, such as the burning of a witch, a judicial combat, or the like matter of golly service, and therefore am I here."

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of Saint Michael of Templestree, a venerable building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Priory, broke short their argument. One by one the silver sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the ear was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Priory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, walked from the crevice, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptory, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed as a knight in height armour, but without his lance, shield and sword, which were borne, by his two squires, behind him. His face, though

partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his turban-top, bore a strong and rugged expression of justice, in which pride seemed to contend with immoderation. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet raised his pouting eyebrows with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lanes of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Councils of Mount-Picquet, and Albert de Melroisin, who acted as goliathmen to the champion. They wore in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of squires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warriors on foot, in the same white livery, amongst whose portiers might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undaunted step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, but perhaps there should be among them some of those amulets which Selim was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to dissipate them of the power of confusion even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened heart regretted the fate that had converted a creature so gently into a vessel of wrath, and a wretched slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and heads bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the till-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary pause, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his goliathmen, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the squires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike disgusting to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her life moved through no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarise her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the choiry of his order was placed around and behind him, such in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the absorption, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and Reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Bice, condemning her to die as a sorceress;—here, I say, he standeth, each battle to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your noble and manifested pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his counsel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Crossin and the T-tyther."

"Sir, and most reverend Father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation to the hand of the good Knight Courade de Bock-Findart; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take an oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his

Jeune The trumpets then again sounded, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud,—“Open, open, open—Here stands the good Knight, Sir Bruce de Lion-Ourlibert, ready to do battle with any knight of true blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful ransom of her own body, and to such champion the reverend and valiant Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of men and sword, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat.” The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

“No champion appears for the appellant,” said the Grand Master. “Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any man to do battle for her in this her cause.” The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Lion-Ourlibert, suddenly turning his horse’s head toward that end of the hall, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca’s chair as soon as the herald.

“Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?” said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

“Albeit de Malvoisin, it is,” answered Beaumarchais; “for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel.”

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms:—“Demand, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?”

“Say to the Grand Master,” replied Rebecca, “that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, but I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge each delay as his terms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is to man’s extremity, will take me up a deliverer, and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!” The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

“God forbid!” said Louis Beaumarchais, “that Jew or Pagan should triumph us of justice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death.”

The herald communicated the words of the Great Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guiderbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful to many ears: now I would know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. These hated spears—that chain—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something sacred—the fearful picture of a vision, which speaks my sins with hideous features, but conscience not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that those faggots are destined to constrain my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca—dreams," answered the Templar; "all visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wise fallacious. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knives and dotted dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zensor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I was him in single fight from the Sultan of Tunisland—mount, I say, behind me—in one short hour is parent and legacy far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new course of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and cease the noise of Bois-Guiderbert from their list of monstrous slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Templar," said Rebecca, "beginst—not in this last extremity must thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes. I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—swill thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed resolute," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, remove thy place to attend the same—The shades are changing on the circle of the dial—Come, brave Bois-Guilbert—come, thou hope of our holy Order, and soon to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's hand, as if to lead him back to his station.

"Take refuge! what means thou by thy hand on my arm?" said Sir Brian, angrily. And, shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed—but, like the Greek dog, it barks whatever approaches it."

The Judges had been over two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Peter Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess—and yet, by some order, it is said that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring soon on the steel cap of yonder Sarra Tampler, as he carried the matter off then."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery, and the knights, fatigued by Malvoisin, whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca fulfilled. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hoarse shout echoed, "A champion! a champion!" And despite the prophecies and predictions of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, rather from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the exclamation of the herald who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered proudly and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain

with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and traitorous, and to defy the Friar de Bois-Chailbert, as a traitor, swindler, and her; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of our Lady, and of Messengers Saint George, the good knight."

"The stronger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple wreaths not forth her champions against careless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Iveshoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice, "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to arrange out of thee this leopish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Iveshoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the field at Arre—remember the Passage of Arre at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gaze of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldest do battle with Wilfred of Iveshoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relics it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Chailbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Iveshoe, "Dog of a Heron! take thy leave, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Iveshoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus I am, and not otherwise," said Iveshoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself—Rebecca," said he, rising up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fettered by an emotion which the day of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are unhealed—Must not that great man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Irwin was already at his post, and had closed his vision, and resumed his lance. Bon-Ouillbert did the same; and his squire remarked, as he changed his vision, that his lion, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an oily paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—"Fatis vos duces prout duces!" After the third cry he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the page of battle, Robeson's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Lancee allez!*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The warred horse of Teutobach, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steel of the Triumpher. This lance of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Irwin had bent, in unperceiving touch the shield of Bon-Ouillbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, rolled in his saddle, but his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Teutobach, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bon-Ouillbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "undriven and unchivalrous—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished!"

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to restrain the conquered champion. His eyes were closed,—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of

death. Unminded by the loss of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own controlling passion.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"But welcome too!"

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

So I saw his end, like an old wife's story.

WYNNET.

While the first moments of surprise were over, Wyldest of Inverke demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless.—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Inverke, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his chaquie be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel.—And for the maiden!"—

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bala-Guilbert for mine own property.—Inverke, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and then scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Inverke, "hath taken this good man for its victim. He was not to be honoured in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadily on the corpse, "if it may be so—he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full bravely. But we must waste no time.—Behave, de thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the king's attendance, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason."

The Grand Master had instantly stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors.—He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Solomon, within the gate of his own Preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? and by whose authority in this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the knight.—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his voice, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present.—Comrade Mont-Picard, it is well for thee thou art born no subject of mine.—But for thee, Malvoisin, thou dost with thy brother Philip, ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not—look up, and behold the Royal Standard of England float over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner!—Be woe, Domusacola, and make no brotherly opposition.—Thy hand is in the King's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our Order."

"Be it so," said the King, "but for this one sake tar me not with usurpation now. Disperse thy Chapter, and depart with thy followers to thy next Preceptory (if thou canst find one), which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England.—Or, if thou wilt, remain, to share our hospitality, and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command?" said the Templar; "never!—Chaptermen, raise the Psalm Quire *Domusacola*!—Knights, squires, and followers of the holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of Jerusalem!"

The Grand Master spoke with a dignity which contrasted even that of England's king himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep around the watch-dog, when they hear the baying of the wolf. But they refused not the civility of the secret flock.—There were dark brows of defiance, and looks which manifested the hostility they dared not to profess in words.

They drew together in a dark line of spears, from which the white cloaks of the knights were visible among the dusky garments of their retainers, like the lighter-coloured edges of a saddle cloth. The multitude, who had raised a clamorous shout of repugnance, paused and gazed in silence on the formidable and experienced body to which they had unwarily bade defiance, and shrunk back from their front.

The Earl of Essex, when he beheld them press in their assembled form, dashed the reins into his charger's sides, and galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers, in opposition to a host so formidable. Richard drew, as if he loved the danger his presence had provided, rode slowly along the front of the Templars, calling aloud, "What, are! Among so many gallant knights, will none dare splinter a spear with Richard!—Sire of the Temple! your ladies are not van-quished if they are not worth the silver of a broken lance!"

"The Brothers of the Temple," said the Grand Master, riding forward in advance of their body, "fight not on such idle and profane quarrel—and not with thee, Richard of England, shall a Templar cross lance in thy passage. The Pope and Princes of Europe shall judge our quarrel, and whether a Christian Prince has done well in bolstering the cause which thou hast to-day adopted. If unassailed, we depart, smiting no man. To thine honour we refer the armour and household goods of the Order which we have bequeathed us, and on thy conscience we lay the scandal and offence thou hast this day given to Christendom."

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march of an Oriental character, which formed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, and moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.

"By the splendour of Our Lady's knee!" said King Richard, "it is pity of their lives that these Templars are not so bravely as they are disciplined and valiant."

The multitude, like a third car which waits to halt till the signal of its departure has turned its back, raised a feeble shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing—she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. But one word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered feelings.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my sweetest treasure—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the good youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca, "O no—no—no—I must not at this moment dare to speak to him—dine ! I should say more than—No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath come forth like a strong man with his spear and shield, holding his life as nothing, so he might release thy captivity ; and, therefore, the daughter of a people strange unto him and his—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca—"it shall be still more so—but not now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachel, father, grant my request—not now."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, hesitating, "they will deem us more cowardly than mere dogs !"

"But thou seest, my dear father, that King Richard is in presence, and that"—

"True, my heart—my sweet Rebecca !—Let us leave—let us leave !—Marry he will look, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison—and protest for exacting it, should he need any, may rise out of my simple traffic with his brother John. Away, away, let us leave !"

And hurrying his daughter in his arms, he conducted her from the hall, and by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of Rabbi Nathan.

The Jewess, whose fortune had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Black Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to Richard with the Lion's Heart, and down with the warring Templars !"

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said Bruckton to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King took the precaution to bring them with him, notwithstanding Earl, and as many of thy trusty followers."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"Gallant Irvines," said Raen, "dost thou know our Master so well, and yet suspect him of talking so wise a pretence? I was driving towards York, having heard that Prince John was making head there, when I met King Richard, like a true knight-errant, galloping hither to achieve in his own person this adventure of the Templar and the Jewess, with his own single arm. I accompanied him with my hand, almost smother his consent."

"And what news from York, brave Earl?" said Irvines; "will the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bide July's sun," said the Earl; "they are dispersing; and who should come posing to bring us the news, but John himself?"

"The traitor! the ingrateful basest traitor!" said Irvines; "did not Richard order him into confinement?"

"Oh! he received him," answered the Earl, "as if they had met after a hearty party; and, pointing to me and our men-at-arms, said, 'Thou seest, brother, I have some angry men with me—dost thou best go to our mother, pray let my dutiful affection, and speak with her until men's minds are cooled.'"

"And this was all he said?" inquired Irvines; "would not any one say that this Prince invites men to treason by his demeray?"

"Just," replied the Earl, "as the man may be said to invite death, who undertakes to fight a combat, having a dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said Irvines; "but, remember, I banded him my own life—Richard, the welfare of his kingdom."

"Those," replied Raen, "who are specially masters of their own wills, are seldom remarkably attentive to that of others.—But let us haste to the castle, for Richard meditates pardoning some of the subordinate members of the conspiracy, though he has poisoned their principal."

From the judicial investigations which followed on this occasion, and which are given at length in the *Wentworth Manuscript*, it appears that Maurice de Sancy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France; while Philip de Malvoisin, and his brother Albert, the Preceptor of Templars, were

were executed, although Waldemar Friseno, the son of the conspirator, escaped with impunity; and Prince John, for whose behalf it was undertaken, was not even rescued by his good-natured brother. No one, however, pitied the fate of the two Hildemans, who only suffered the death which they had both well deserved, by many acts of filialhood, cruelty, and oppression.

Scarcely after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quelling the troubles that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric tasted and perceived more than once at the summons—but he refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England; for, whatever head the Saxons might have made in the event of a civil war, it was plain that nothing could be done under the undisputed dominion of Richard, popular as he was by his personal good qualities and military fame, although his administration was widely various, now too indulgent, and now allied to despotism.

But, moreover, it could not escape even Cedric's reluctant observation, that his project for an absolute union among the Saxons, by the marriage of Rowena and Athelstane, was now completely at an end, by the mutual dissent of both parties concerned. This was, indeed, an event which, in his scheme for the Saxon cause, he could not have anticipated; and even when the determination of both was broadly and plainly manifested, he could scarce bring himself to believe that two Saxons of royal descent should scruple, on personal grounds, at an alliance so necessary for the public good of the nation. But it was not the less certain: Rowena had always expressed her repugnance to Athelstane, and now Athelstane was no less plain and positive in proclaiming his resolution never to pursue his address to the Lady Rowena. Even the natural shyness of Cedric's craft beneath those obstacles, where he, remaining on the point of justice, had the task of dragging a reluctant pair up to it, one with each hand. He made, however, a last vigorous attack on Athelstane, and he found that reconstructed spirit of Saxon equity engaged, like country spirits of our own day, in a furious war with the clergy.

It seems that, after all his deadly measures against the Abbot

of Saint Edmund, Athelstan's spirit of revenge, what between the natural indolent kindness of his own disposition, what through the prayer of his mother Edith, arrested, the most holier (of the period), to the clerical order, had terminated in his keeping the Abbot and his monks in the dungeons of Cheshamburgh for three days on a meagre diet. For this atrocity the Abbot remonstrated him with unsuccess, and made out a dreadful list of complaints in the bowels and stomach, suffered by himself and his monks, in consequence of the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment they had sustained. With this controversy, and with the means he had adopted to counteract the clerical prosecution, Cedric found the mind of his friend Athelstan so fully occupied, that it had no room for another idea. And when Rowena's name was mentioned, the noble Athelstan prayed leave to quaff a full goblet to her health, and that she might soon be the bride of his kinsman Wilfred. It was a desperate case therefore. There was obviously no more to be made of Athelstan; or, as Wamba expressed it, in a phrase which has descended from Saxon times to ours, he was a cock that would not fight.

There remained between Cedric and the determination which the lovers desired to come to, only two obstacles,—his own shyness, and his dislike of the Norman dynasty. The former feeling gradually gave way before the entreatments of his word, and the pride which he could not help nourishing in the fame of his son. Besides, he was not insensible to the honour of aligning his own line to that of Alfred, when the superior claims of the descendant of Edward the Confessor were abandoned for ever. Cedric's aversion to the Norman race of kings was also much undermined,—first, by consideration of the impossibility of ridding England of the new dynasty, a feeling which goes far to create loyalty in the subject to the king *de facto*, and secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the blunt manners of Cedric, and, to see the language of the Wandering Minstrel, as dealt with the noble Saxon, that, ere he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Iwerke.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble Minster of York. The King himself attended, and from the

comforts which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and laboring degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights, than they could reasonably hope from the precarious chance of a civil war. The Church gave her full solemnities, graced with all the splendor which she of Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Quick, gallantly apparelled, attended as usual upon his young master whom he had served so faithfully, and the magnificent Wamba, decorated with a new cap and a most gorgeous set of silver bells. Shewers of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partners of his more prosperous career.

But besides the domestic retinue, these distinguished knights were celebrated by the attendance of the high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the universal jubilee of the lower orders, that marked the marriage of two individuals as a pledge of the future peace and harmony between two races, which, since that period, have been so completely mingled, that the distinction has become wholly invisible. Cedric lived to see this union approximate towards its consummation; for as the two nations mixed in society and formed intermarriages with each other, the Normans adopted their customs, and the Saxons were reformed from their rusticity. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Third that the mixed language, now termed English, was spoken at the court of London, and that the hostile distinction of Normans and Saxons seems entirely to have disappeared.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bond, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her husband, Eglar, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their party might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, countenancing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She rose, and would have conducted her lovely

visitor to a seat; but the stranger looked at Elfrida, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena about Elfrida. had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair radiant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bowing her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the unadorned hair of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer me a defence so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forget the hellishness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband boarded his life against each fearful odds in the hill-yard of Templestowe."

"Damaid," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your exceeding charity towards him in his wounds and misfortune. Speak, is there ought remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarcely recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boodi, King of Granada—whither we go, seats of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moors exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has thrown with the King—the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is an evil-stroke for the children of my people. England is a heartless den—harder an over-laboured desolate, which stoops between two burdens. Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Jewish hope to rest during her wanderings."

"But you, maiden," said Berenice—"you surely can have nothing to fear. She who carried the scepter of France," she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Bruce and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is true, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gift between us. Our breeding, our birth, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, bestow on me one request. The helmet will hang over thy face; deign to take it, and let me see the features of which fate speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Berenice; "but, regarding the same from my window, I remove the veil." She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, and partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also, but it was a momentary flushing; and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it profusion and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanity may mix with an expression so lovely, how should we think that which is of worth for bearing some other of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I have my noble deliverer united with."

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Berenice—"I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Trevelyan and the fate of Templestowe—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept thisasket—startle not at its contents."

Berenice opened the small silver-chasedasket, and perceived a coronet, or necklace, with surjewels of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, touching back theasket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca—"You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, too often

multipled, would not influence half so much as you slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let us not think you given us wretchedly all of my nation as your countrymen believe. Think ye that I prize those sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty! or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child! Accept them, lady—to me they are valuable. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy?" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "Oh, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will warn you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the more calm and nobly resigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment suited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then consented, to one of which you came to refuse?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to man, feeding the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said, "may He who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you his dearest blessings! The bark that waits at home will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxa related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more, from the recollection of the

obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be surprising too curiously to ask, whether the recollection of Euboea's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have expected.

Evadne distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with further marks of the royal favour. He might have risen still higher, but for the premature death of the heroic Count-de-Léon, before the Castle of Chalus, near Limoges. With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic monarch, perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines composed by Dr. Johnson for Charles of Sweden:—

His life was destined to a single action,
A petty interest and an "honour" bound;
He left the name at which the world gave pain,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.



NOTES TO IVANHOE.

NOTE A, p. 12.—GILBERT JANE.

[Mr. Lockhart, in his *Memoirs of Scott*, says—"The introduction of the character of Joyce and her father, originated I said, in a conversation that Scott held with his friend Burns during the winter season of his bodily sufferings in the early part of the year 1816. Mr. Burns, while sitting by the Walter's bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable antipathy by their Christian neighbours, being still looked up at aghast in their own quarter by great gobs; and Mr. Burns, partly in solicitation, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and divert it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel. Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, he reminded Mr. Burns of this conversation, and said, 'You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences!'"

NOTE B, p. 17.—JACONS OF THE FOREST.

A most useful provision of these agricultural times was the Forest Laws. These oppressive enactments were the prototype of the German Censorship, for the forest laws of the time were mild and humane; while those of William, unrelentingly attached to the exercise and its rights, were in the last degree tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest laws attributes to his passion for hunting, where he retired, among a happy village in the condition of that one commemorated by my friend, Mr. William Gifford's *Lines*—

"Amongst the rules of the stream,
The midnight crows found a game,
A wondrously place;
The robbers Cresspoe and there,
Who watch the flock, that stole there,
To beguile out his chase."

The dialling dogs, which might be necessary for keeping flocks and herds from running in the den, was called *dinging*, and was in general use. The

Charles of the Forest, designed to leave these cells, deduce that aspirants, as vices, for leaving dogs, shall be made every third year, and shall be then done by the vote and testimony of twelve men, not otherwise; and they whom designated by these found released, shall give three challenges for money, and for the future no more as shall be taken for leaving. Each leaving also shall be done by the same ceremony used, and which is, that those shall shall be set off against the ball of the right foot. See on this subject the *Harvard Manuscript* (Lond. 1830, 8vo) on the *Mayan Chords of King John* (a most beautiful volume), by Richard Tatham.

NOTE C, p. 31.—*THESE SCENES.*

The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the complexity of the scenes of *John de Bole-Gilbert*, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of table decorations when my friend Mr. Lewis introduced us to the garden and window of the architect of the *British Museum*, in his *Charles Spenser*. But toward the objection with great courage, and avowed, to reply, that he made the scene black in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast, and that, could he have desired a similar advantage from staining his narrative line, this she should have been.

I do not pretend to place the imagination of any color as highly as this, but neither will I allow that the author of a modern romance remains in charge to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he confine himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious contradictions. In this point of view, what can be more natural than that the Thompsons, who, we learn, copied closely the language of the *Arabic* warriors with whom they fought, should use the service of the colored Africans, whom the idea of war transferred to war nations? I see now, if there are no precise proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can justify us positively to conclude that they never did. Besides, there is no instance in *Benbow*.

John de Benbow, an excellent juggler and skilful, undertakes to effect the escape of *Richard de Bole*, by presenting himself in England at the court of the king, where he was confined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth," and succeeded in keeping himself on the king as an Ethiopian minister. His object, by strategies, the escape of the prisoner: *Benbow*, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages.*

NOTE D, p. 175.—*MISREMARK.*

The name of *France*, it is well known, was divided between the German and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word *Yot* is pronounced as *rot*, and the inhabitants of the northern regions, whose speech, bearing more affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word as, *Yot*.

* *Observations on Benbow and Montebello*, printed in *Walter's Journal of the British Museum*, p. 175.

poets of the former class were called *Maestros*, and their poems *Zang*; those of the latter were termed *Procedimentos*, and their compositions called *romances*, and other names. Richard, a professed admirer of the former manner as all the Bretonese would insist upon the inferiority of the latter. It is less likely that he should have been able to compare or say as King-Richard said; yet so much do we wish to maintain him of the Lion Heart to the hand of warlike when he led, that the much rather, if there be any, may readily be forgiven.

NOTE B, p. 161.—BARNES OF THE ARCADE.

The Moody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold, over his brother, the victorious York, and an auxiliary force of Danes or Norwegians, took place in 1066 at Stamford, Hereford, or Stamford, a ford upon the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and fertile country. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining section, is still shown to the present generation, was heroically contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length placed with a spear thrust through the plank of the bridge from a foot beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains some remains of the battle. Stone-throw, sword, and the heads of soldiers, or hills, are often found there; one place is called the "Dane's wall," another the "Dane's hole." There is tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain, remained a year, or, at least, six, that the trough, or boat, in which the soldier floated, under the bridge to strike the blow, had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the *Spanish feast*, which may all may be a corruption of the *Spanish feast*. For more particulars, Deane's History of York may be referred to.

NOTE F, p. 161.—TOWNSMAN OF THE FINE.

This novel species of heresy may remind the reader of that in which the Spaniards subjected themselves, in order to obtain a discovery of his concealed wealth. But, in fact, no instance of similar heresy is to be traced among heresies, and seems to be the result of Queen Mary's time, containing as many other examples of heresy. Every reader must realize, that after the fall of the Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church Government had been established by law, the rank, and especially the wealth, of the Bishops, Abbots, Priests, and so forth, were no longer valued in estimation, but by the representatives of the church, as, in the Scottish heresy called them, leaders of the impieties of the heretics, though having no claim to the spiritual character of their predecessors in office.

Of these laymen, who were then treated with extraordinary reverence, some were men of high birth and rank, like the famous Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St. Andrews, who did not fail to keep for their own use the robe, head, and revenues of the church. But if, on the other hand, the laymen were men of inferior importance, who had been introduced into the office by the interest of some powerful person, it was generally understood that the

new Abbot should guard for his patron's benefit such houses and monasteries of the church lands and other as might offend their persons, the king's share of the booty. This was the style of those who were widely called "Lollards" Bishops, being a sort of imaginary prelate, whose image was set up to enable his patron and principal to plunder the houses under his name.

There were other cases, however, in which men who had got much of their wealth, themselves, from business of obtaining lands for their patron, without having the influence sufficient to satisfy their purpose; and these houses frequently unable to protect themselves, however unwilling to submit to the exactions of the feudal tyrant of the district.

Beaumont, secretary to John King, recounts a singular course of oppression practised on one of these smaller abbots (in 1371) by the Earl of Hereford in Ayrshire, whose object of feudal influence was so wide that he was usually named the King of Carrick. We give the fact as it occurs in Beaumont's Journal, only providing that the Journalist held his master's opinions, both with respect to the Earl of Hereford as an oppressor of the King's party, and as being a detester of the practice of granting church revenues to laymen, instead of their being devoted to pious uses, such as the support of the clergy, expense of schools, and the relief of the national poor. His struggle in the narrative, therefore, is well deserved feeling of antipathy against the tyrant who employed the tactics, with a tone of ridicule towards the parties, so it, after all, is had not been ill bestowed as such an opinion and unphilosophical character as a minor abbot. He calls his narrative,

THE EARL OF HERFORD TREASURY MASTER OF A PRIOR (S. A. LITTLE) AND

"Master of the Shewery, being the Captain James Shewery of Chesham, by means of the Queen's intercession, obtained the abbey of Cheshamstead. The said Earl, thinking himself greater than any King in those quarters, determined to have that whole country (as he calls it) under him, to pay at his pleasure; and because he could not find any security on his feudalistic appetite satisfied, the said Earl was carried Thence to Mr. Allen, being in company with the Earl of Derby (John de Camerley), was, by the Earl and his friends, enticed to leave the safeguard which he had with the said Earl, and come to make good cheer with the said Earl. The simplicity of the imprisoned Earl was suddenly struck, and as he passed his time with them certain days, which he did in privacy with Thomas Camerley, wrote to the said Earl, after which the said Mr. Allen passed, with great company, to visit the place and towers of Cheshamstead (the abbey), of which the said Earl having nearly advanced, determined to go in person (the tyranny which long before he had conceived). And so, on King of the country, apprehended the said Mr. Allen, and carried him to the house of Devens, where the Countess he was honorably treated (gave a place to our lord my entertainment plentiful). And, after that certain days were spent, and that the Earl could not obtain the free of Cheshamstead, according to his own appetite, he determined to provide a building which might keep that which neither Duke nor Bishop could do for a long time. And so the said Mr. Allen was carried to a secret chamber: With him passed the honorable Earl, his thoughtful brother, and

* A Deaconess (i.e., wife's sister) died, and passed before a cow who was fast bound to before the altar in park with her wife. The resemblance between such a Victim and a lady cannot be found the temperature of a female in some painful pains, is easily understood.

such as were appointed to be stewards of that banquet. In the drawing there was a girl from Shalimar, under a tree; other girls pretence was not seen. The first remark was, "My Lord, Albeit!" said the King, "It will please you to visit him, that with your own consent you should be my companion, because you should not remain yourself in the hands of others." The Albeit answered, "Would you, my lord, that I should make a maid for the poor pleasure? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am here; neither yet have I any pleasure in your company." "But ye shall receive with me, nevertheless, at Albeit," said the King. "I am willing to make your will and pleasure," said the Albeit, "in this place." "Ye must take they say," said the King, "and with that were presented unto him certain letters to Albeit, amongst which there was a five pound note, and a certificate from the King, and a charter of free of all the lands of Chesham, with all the domains necessary for the King to leave him to live. For all military, marriage, appurtenance, husbandry, and that he might upon that, deliver him, the great King of Shalimar was so much-escape him for ever, that the Emperor's Albeit escaped the law for a means to deliver.

"After that the King spent his money, and saw that he could not come to his purpose by his means, he commanded his lords to prepare the banquet, and as first they lay at the banquet, that is, they took all the Albeit's clothes over to the state, and were they bound him in the banquet-side bags to the wall and with his arms to the other; and as they began to bind him, they the five pound note to the Albeit, according to his bags, according to his children and army; and that the next night was done, but that it might not be seen, they spent all Shalimar with all (being to a great house) seated ready; Lord, that there to my ready! And that the saying of the Albeit was should not be heard, they should be ready that the note might be stopped. It may be supposed that some portion of the King's (Shalimar's) money was there. In that banquet they told him your own, till that when he came the King's note to Shalimar him, for he had no more gold to his own purse so would he give enough to Shalimar his pain. The famous King of Shalimar and his lords preparing the next to be done, commanded it to be kept for the day, and the King himself began the game in this manner: "Albeit, Albeit, you are the most absolute man that ever I saw; if I had known that ye had been so certain, I would not for a thousand crowns have married you so, I never did so to any before you." And yet he returned to the next question within two days, and meant not till that he should be done his purpose, that is, that he had got all his game money for himself to see half would he had said to it. The King himself himself was enough so long as he had the half-wanted Albeit to his satisfaction, and yet being pleased of his pleasure by means of his former wealth, left the game of Shalimar to the benefit of some of his servants, and the half-wanted Albeit to be kept there as prisoner. The Lord of Shalimar, and of whom company the said Albeit had been before, notwithstanding that the contrary, but the intention of the man, part to the next, and some letters of intention of the power of the man according to the order, which being destroyed, the said that the manuscript was destroyed, and yet he had some. But perhaps was there some, neither to be offered to be delivered, neither yet to the purchase (a person) of the letters to obtain any further money, for in that time that was destroyed, and the letter suddenly was contained in Shalimar, in hope of the matter where and register of that most treasure of her own treasure, of whom before the said King was called man, and yet, otherwise than once, he had suddenly seen to the King and to his Knight.

The Jeweled then rectify the complaint of the injured Albeit Stewart, Commissioner of Chesham, to the Knight and Petty Council, covering his

having been caused, partly by battery, partly by force, in the black vault of Denzay, a strong fortress, built over rock overlooking the Irish channel, where the rains are still visible. Here he stated he had been required to execute letters and warrants of the whole chamber and peers upon belonging to the Abbey of Coneyng, which he utterly refused as an unreasonable demand, and the more so that he had already conveyed them to John Stewart of Cardross, by whose request he had been made Commissioner. The commissioners pressed to state, that he was, after many warnings, whipped, bound, and his hands caged to fire in the manner already described, till, compelled by means of agony, he subscribed the charter and letters presented to him, of the contents of which he was totally ignorant. A few days afterwards, being again required to execute a ratification of these deeds before a notary and witnesses, and refusing to do so, he was once more subjected to the same torture, until his anger was so excessive that he exclaimed, "Ere ye, yea, why do ye not strike your villages like me, or blow me up with a barrel of powder, rather than torture me thus miserably!" upon which the Earl commanded Alexander (Michael), one of his attendants, to stop the prisoner's mouth with a napkin, which was done accordingly. Thus he was once more compelled to submit to such tyranny. The petition concluded with stating, that the Earl, under pressure of the deeds thus indignantly obtained, had taken possession of the whole place and King of Coneyng, and enjoyed the profits thereof for three years.

The doom of the Pardon and Council shows singularly the total intolerance of justice at this inhuman period, even in the most distant cases of oppression. The Council declined interference with the cruelties of the arbitrary justice of the county (which was completely under the control of the Castle garrison), and only insisted, that he should forbear molestation of the unfortunate Commissioner, under the penalty of two thousand pounds Scots. The Earl was appointed also to keep the peace towards the celebrated George Buchanan, who had a pension out of the same Abbey, in a similar attack, and under the like penalty.

The consequences are thus described by the Journalist clearly quoted:—

"The said Laird of Denzay perceiving that the justice justice could neither help the oppressed, nor yet be assisted, applied his mind to the next remedy, and in the end, by his servants, took the house of Denzay, where the poor Laird was kept prisoner. The Laird lies in the Castle in captivity, and is entirely surrounded land and bywater that pertained to the head of the Clanvane, and as within a few hours was the house of Denzay destroyed again. The master of the Castle was the traitor (as the readers or listeners) and would not stop, but in the last would lay fire to the dungeons, with an small banding that all should within the house should die.

"He was required and attended by those that were within to be more moderate, and not to hazard himself by fighting. But no consideration would help, till that the chief of my householders burned the chamber, and then caused his father present to keep. The Laird of Denzay had before presented (petitioned) of the authorities, letters, charging all Scottish subjects to the Kings Majesty, to assist him against that cruel tyrant and manœuvre justice, the Earl of Cardross, which letters, with his private writings, he petitioned, and earnestly begged the consideration of His Majesty's Majesty with the other Lords, that the Scottish company draw back on the house, and on the other approached, destroyed the house with

more open, delivered the said Mr. Allen, and several like to him, who, publicly at the sacred altar of the said altar, he declared how everything was contained, and how the married. Many declared that the testament as he did, attempting only to escape the death and, therefore, publicly did commit all things that were done by this testimony, and especially he avoided the infidelity of his own writings, he was, of a first part back and another part back, out of a chapter of his. And so the lower president, and committee (18th day, the 15th of February 1895) in the custody of the said Lord of Burgundy and of his servants. And so finally was the appointment of profit, present, and shall be themselves provided, unless he seriously injured. And this has for the greatly concerned, to give occasion into others, and to make as (and the numerous dealing of dependent nobility, to look more diligently upon their labours, and to put down both side the world, and that themselves (as if by accident) of their own dominions, and that the world may be subjected and subordinated to others, itself, and even the imagery of all its symbols, who are not worthy of the matter of man, but ought to receive nobility in the earth, with whom they must have without end, for their contempt of God, and thereby committed against the universe. Let Charles and his brother be the first to be the example unto others. Amen. Amen."*

This extract has been somewhat amended or misquoted in antiquity, to render it more intelligible to the present reader. I have to add, that the Comander of Burgundy, who interfered in behalf of the oppressed history, was themselves a private branch of the Charles family, but held different politics, and was powerful enough, in this, and other instances, to bid them desist.

The ultimate issue of this affair does not appear; but as the house of Charles are still in possession of the greater part of the fief and lands which belonged to Comarquet Abbey, it is probable the house of the King of Charles was strong enough, in those disorderly times, to retain the prey which they had so successfully laid upon.

I may also add, that it appears, by some papers in my possession, that the Abbots of Comarquet Keepers on the Doctel were accustomed to transmit their prisoners, by sending them to the free town of their vicarage, to select confessions.

NOTE Q, p. 387.—HISTORICAL

The Author has been here agitated with like hostility, in having charged word upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that hostility had only its first rude edge during the process, and that all the violence of the hostile intent was the work of time, and liberalized as a weak later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Golden of America, like the Golden of Arca, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

ABSTRACTS FROM

In consideration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the arms which were assumed by Geoffrey of Breteigne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross quarter passed diagonal with four little crosses on, upon a field argent, displaying three metal upon metal. The handle here used to signify this emblematic fact in different manner.

* Comarquet's Journal.

but Fenn gallantly contends, that a phrase of Shelley's qualities should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nation, and the same Fenn, insist that the chiefs of the Crusade must have accepted of Godfrey this extraordinary and unwarlike condition, in order to induce those who should believe them to make inquiries; and hence give them the name of *crusade* impostors. But with reverence to those great authorities, it seems unlikely that the mounted princes of Europe should have assented to Godfrey's odd proposal as much contrary to the general rule, if such rule had then existed; at any rate it proves that metal upon metal, now associated a scholastic in journey, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. See Fenn's *Annals of Scotland*, p. 423; *Letters 1188*. Nicolson's *Scotland*, vol. i. p. 116; second Edition.

NOTE II, p. 114.—TUMES'S DESCRIPTION.

It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scots—the words of the old Scotchman—the man, as the Laureate (Shelley) so happily terms them,

"Many in village and station by nature,
The artist is death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their destination and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulster, she may be not unreasonably supposed to return to the wild strains which sustained her forefathers during the time of Paganism and unquiet society.

NOTE I, p. 114.—ROMANUS CURE-DE-LEVE.

The interchange of a cell with the jolly priest is not entirely out of character with Richard I., if romance told him aught. In the very serious romance on the subject of his adventures in the Holy Land, and his return from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a popish friar of the nation, while a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of his principal warrior, and was so imprudent as to give the challenge to this latter of ladies. The King stood forth the a true man, and received a blow which staggered him: in revenge, having previously waxed his hand, a profane challenge, I believe, to the gentlemen of the modern fancy, he returned the blow on the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot.—See, in *Allen's Specimens of English Romance*, that of *Cure-de-Leve*.

NOTE I, p. 114.—ROMANUS ALLEY.

[This *Monastery Alley* was situated in the pleasant valley of the River Fenn, or Uve, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was created in the year 1184, and was destroyed in 1591. For nearly three centuries, the ruins were left in a state nearly approaching to other conditions; but at length they were traced out and cleared at the expense of Thomas Hall of Aysbury, in the year 1800. The names of the *Alley* varies in a variety of forms, such as *Jerusalem*, *Jerusalem*, *Jerusalem*, *Jerusalem*, *Jerusalem*, &c. In *Whitaker's History of Yorkshire*, vol. i., a ground-plan of

the building is given, along with notices of the acquisition of the old Athlete and other dignitaries which are still preserved.]

NOTE K, p. 461.—*UNION-PERSON.*

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghostly association is provided for the members of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposite to religion. A gang of huggers have their Priests, and the bandits of the Apennines have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are exorcised, and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such revealed persons, in such a society, must accommodate their manners and their words to the community in which they live, and if they are occasionally clothed in degrees of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, etc., on most occasions, loaded with unwarmed ridicule, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Notice the fighting scenes in the old play of the John Oldcastle, and the famous trial of Robin Hood's band. Here were such characters that there exists a tradition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular clericalism of this class, who associated themselves with border robbers, and denounced the boldest efforts of the private taxation, by violating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst other and in persons of the earth, without regard to canonical laws, and with very and dirty ethics, and unlearned ethics, altogether improper for the occasion.

NOTE L, p. 462.—*LOCHLEY.*

From the ballads of Robin Hood, we learn that this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Lochley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told.

[According to tradition, a village of this name was the birthplace of Robin Hood, while the country in which it was situated remained unincorporated. There is a house-like printed about the middle of the 17th century with the title of "*A Short History of Lord Robin Hood, showing his birth, etc., calculated for the recreation of Shakespeare.*" But in the ballad itself, it says—

In Lochley town, he never Nottingham,
In every street Lochley town,
There told Robin Hood, he was long and was bold,
Bold Robin of Hunsdon's name

Others say, it may serve quite as well for Nottingham as Kent, as for Nottingham.]

NOTE M, p. 465.—*CHAMBERMAINE OR CHAMBERMAINE GARDEN.*
BLACK CHAMBERMAINE.

When I last saw this interesting relic of ancient days, one of the very few remaining examples of Society's antiquities, I was strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of theory on the subject, which, from some

second acquaintance with the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to me particularly interesting. I was, however, obliged by domestic duties to postpone to my journey, without, however, to take more than a transient view of Copenhagen. Yet the idea dwelt so strongly in my mind, that I feel considerably tempted to write a page or two in detailing at least the outline of my hypotheses, leaving better opportunities to correct or retract conclusions which are perhaps too hastily drawn.

Those who have visited the Danish Islands, are familiar with the description of castles called by the inhabitants *Borge*; and by the Englishmen—for they are also to be found both in the Western Isles and on the mainland—*Duns*. Pausanias has expressed a view of the famous *Dun-Devedale* in *Elisberg*; and there are many others, all of them built after a peculiar mode of architecture, which teaches a people in the most primitive state of society. The most perfect specimen is that upon the island of Hovoe, near to the mainland of Zealand, which is probably in the same state as those inhabited.

It is a single round tower, the wall curving in slightly, and thus tending inward again in the form of a dish-bowl, so that the defences on the top might the better protect the tower. It is formed of rough stones, cemented with clay, and laid in courses or layers, with much compactness, but without cement of any kind. The tower has seven, or, apparently, had nothing of any sort, a fire was made in the centre of the space within its radius, and especially the heating was probably little more than a wall down to a sort of screen around the great central fire of the tubes. But, although the means or ingenuity of the builders did not extend as far as to provide a roof, they supplied the want by constructing apartments in the interior of the walls of the tower itself. The circumvallation formed a double enclosure, the inner side of which was, in fact, two feet or three feet distant from the other, and connected by a concentric range of long flat stones, thus forming a series of concentric rings or storerooms of various heights, rising to the top of the tower. Each of these storerooms or galleries has four windows, facing directly to the points of the compass, and rising of course regularly above each other. These four perpendicular ranges of windows advanced six, and the five being thinned, bent, or curved at least, to each of the galleries. The seven lower gallery is gallery is equally primitive. A path, on the principle of an internal plane, turns round and round the building like a screw, and gives access to the different storerooms, ascending each of them in its turn, and thus gradually rising to the top of the wall of the tower. On the outside there are no windows; and I may add, that an entrance, of a square, or sometimes a round form, gives the inhabitants of the *Borge* an opportunity to cover any sleep or estate which they might possess.

Such is the general architecture of that very early period when the Northmen swept the sea, and brought to their rude houses, such as I have described there, the principles of polished nations. In Zealand, there are several scores of these *Borge*, occupying in every bay, cape, headland, inlet, and sheltered place of advantage regularly well chosen. I remember the number of one upon an island in a small lake near Lærdale, which at high tide communicates with the sea, the access to which is very precarious, by means of a narrowway or dyke, about three or four inches wider the surface of the water. This narrowway makes a sharp angle to its approach

to the Temple. The inhabitants, doubtless, were well acquainted with this, but strangers, who might approach in a hostile manner, and were ignorant of the curve of the roadway, would probably plunge into the lake, which is six or seven feet in depth, at the bend. This must have been the doom of some Persian or Chinese of those early times.

The style of these buildings evinces that the architect possessed neither the art of using lines to extent of any kind, nor the skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a stair; and yet, with all that ignorance, showed great ingenuity in selecting the situation of Bangkok, and regulating the course to there, as well as rendering and regulating in the environs, about the buildings themselves, there a style of advance in the art scarcely consistent with the ignorance of so many of the principal branches of architectural knowledge.

I have always thought, that one of the most useful and valuable objects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of society, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeness of their first expedients, until they attain approach perfection, or, as it must frequently be, are supplanted by new and fundamental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and earlier system, and the improvements which have been suggested upon it. For example, if we retrace the recent discovery of gun to be so much improved and adapted to domestic use, as to supersede all other modes of producing domestic light, we can already suggest, some curious observations, the mode of a whole Society of Antiquaries half guided by the discovery of a pair of patent engines, and by the learned theories which would be brought forward to account for the form and purpose of an obelisk or obelisk.

Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the stupider Castle of Chongpoo—of course the finest part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it denotes the same, which must have been superior to the houses as to other buildings. The builders had obtained the art of using cement, and of erecting a building, without improvements on the original design. But in the second form, a step only was in the most ancient order—the chambers, executed in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Chongpoo still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shows by what slow degrees man proceeded from scrambling with walls and inconvenient ladders, as was effected by the galleries of the Castle of Mayno, to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their steep and broken ground.

I am ignorant if these remarks are new, or if they will be considered by clear examination; but I think, that, even fairly observed, Chongpoo offers scenes of curious study to those who may wish to trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman Conquest.

It would be highly desirable that a work should be taken of the Castle of Mayno, as it must be well understood by a plan.

The Castle of Chongpoo is thus described by Smith—

"The castle is built, the water walls standing on a platform raised from the river, but much overtopped by a high hill, on which the town stands, situated at the head of a river and surrounded with, formed by an assemblage of many hills, in which down the middle lies. West the castle is a terrace, and to the English town. The entrance is flanked in the hill by a round tower, with a sloping roof, and there are

THURSDAY TO FRIDAY

- [illegible]

